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THE MAN ON THE BRIDGE

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I

To describe a voyage across the North Atlantic, its dangers, and what it means in flesh and blood to the man on the bridge, will necessitate going into details which it is impossible for the general traveling public to know about unless told by one behind the scenes.

Let us take an ordinary summer voyage, say in the month of June or July, from Liverpool or Southampton. Let the ship be one of the flyers or one of the fast intermediate boats, conditions being about the same in both. After leaving port, the vessel's course takes her close to the land and its outlying dangers, through waters crowded with shipping. The master is not required to be on the bridge after his vessel is clear of harbor, therefore she is handed over to the officer of the watch. Except when rounding headlands, approaching harbor, or during fog, the master rarely mounts the bridge at all; everything is left in charge of the officer of the watch. There is no risk in this if the officer has had a sufficient amount of sleep. But does the officer in charge always get sufficient sleep to act quickly for the benefit and safety of those whose lives are in his keeping?

I answer, emphatically, "No." At
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times he is no more fit to be left in charge than is a lunatic; and a moment's delay, a wrong order, or the slightest let-up in his vigilance, is often all that is required to send both the liner and its freight of between three and four thousand souls to the bottom.

Take, for example, a liner leaving Liverpool for New York. Before the saloon passengers embark, the vessel must be brought from dock to the embarking-stage. The usual time for arriving at the stage is between 2.30 and 3 P. M. Now, during the periods of high water, because of the tidal docks, it is impossible for a ship to leave dock at high tide and arrive at the stage at her appointed time. Our vessel, if her appointed time coincides with high tide, must therefore leave dock on the previous morning tide, say between 2 and 3 A. M. Here is where the hardship comes in. On the day of leaving dock, officers must be aboard their ship to receive mails, baggage, and specie, and also to get her ready for sea. They will probably leave for home about 5 P. M., but they must be aboard again the same night somewhere about 11 P. M., to bring the ship from her dock through the tidal basin to her anchorage in the river. Anchor-watches will then have to be kept. At 7 o'clock the

crew 'join up,' and from then until it is time to embark steerage passengers by tender, the officers will be busy attending to their various duties. About 2 P. M. the anchor will be hove up and the liner brought alongside the embarking-stage. At the stage the officers must stand at the gangways until all passengers are aboard and the gangways landed.

The sailing-hour may be 5, 6, or 7 P. M., but whatever the time, the officers must remain on stations until the ship has left the Bar Light Vessel astern. Should the ship leave at 5 P. M. it will be at least 6.30 P. M. before she is clear of the river and channel. The watches are set. The man who has the misfortune to be second officer, and the one who is his watch-mate, are in for more of it yet. The pair will barely have time to get their dinner, don night clothes, and square up their necessary writing. At 8 P. M. they must mount the bridge and take charge of a vessel valued at perhaps seven million dollars; cargo, mail, specie, and baggage worth another million at least; with about thirty-five hundred souls aboard.

The second officer, when he goes on the bridge, has been on his feet and without sleep for at least thirty-nine hours. To stand this his early training in sail has equipped him with the necessary vitality. But his case may be even worse; for should the weather be at all hazy he will have to remain on deck as stand-by officer until 2 A. M., to take soundings if required. In nothing are my statements exaggerated. I have experienced all that I have described, many times. I have been left in charge of a liner carrying a crew of five hundred, twenty-two hundred steerage passengers, three hundred second class and about three hundred first, in all about thirty-three hundred souls. These, in addition to the valu-

able ship and freight, have been under my charge at a time when I have been from thirty to forty hours on my feet, and without sleep or rest. The safety of all has depended on my vigilance at a time when soul, mind, and body have long been worn out. To keep awake at such times is torture; one must walk, walk, walk, and get through somehow; and all this in waters crowded with shipping and where vessels are subjected to the whims of tides! At no other time in their lives, perhaps, are passengers in such jeopardy. Just when an officer should be at his best and have all his wits about him, he is as heavy as lead and worse than useless.

The seamen who are to make the voyage in the ship 'join up' at 7 A. M. on the day of sailing. The vessel leaves the dock, assisted by men who were once sailors afloat, but who now elect to stay ashore doing dock-work. The seamen have no responsibility. If they can join on sailing-day, why not the officers? Would any company not be better served by employing a staff of relief officers for such times as come round to all vessels during the course of a year?

Some years ago elaborate plans were drawn up for the safety of liners when clear of the land. I refer to the tracks agreed upon by the leading steamship companies. These tracks no doubt are a good thing and do minimize the risks of an ocean passage; but the gravest and most unwarrantable risks are taken in the very worst places in the world — the English channels — and under the worst possible conditions. Sailors on leaving port, often muddled through drink, are of no assistance to the officer in keeping a lookout. The officers, though not through drink, are worse than muddled. Their faculties are impaired, their eyes are almost closed, their bodies are worn out; all this through false economy, or ignorance

and bad management, on somebody's part. Until some fine vessel with her precious cargo is sent to the bottom through collision, these things, I believe, will not be rectified. It is only by good luck that this has not happened already. But luck will change some day. Who will pay the piper then? Not the worn-out man on the bridge, I hope.

II

And who is the man on the bridge?

I have often been asked by passengers, 'Who is that boy on the bridge? Where is the captain?' And I have answered with as good a grace as possible under the circumstances. One cannot expect these land-lubbers to know much concerning ships' 'boys'; but being one of them, I should like to explain who the 'boys' are, what their training and responsibilities. I may as well say at the outset that often they are the executive officers of the ship. Upon their skill, knowledge, and judgment, depends the safety of the liner and all aboard.

The majority of British boys destined for a sea-career start upon it at the early age of thirteen or fourteen. Boys choosing the navy or the coastal trade begin even earlier, but it is in the future officer of the mail-boat that our inquisitive passenger is interested. A natural conclusion is that the officers of mail and passenger-steamers must be of good parentage. This is so in nine cases out of ten. Although it is still possible, in the language of the sea, to come in through the hawse-pipe and go out by the poop, — in other words, to rise from an ordinary sailor to captain, — yet this possibility has practically died, in so far as it concerns liners. Therefore, parents who wish their boys to reach the top in the best class of vessel, spare no expense on their early training, and in the

majority of cases hand their sons over to the tender (?) mercies of a cadet-ship. But no matter how long a time a boy elects to stay aboard the cadet-ship, there is very little allowance made for it by the British Board of Trade. He must go through his deep-water training of three or four years before he is eligible to be examined for a second mate's certificate. The usual procedure after leaving the training-ship is for a boy to become a premium-bound apprentice to a firm owning sailing-ships. Indentures are signed for a four years' term. The boy's parents are required to pay from thirty to one hundred pounds, the amount depending upon the standing of the firm or the class of ship. After indentures are signed the real sea-work begins. Within a week the boy will be shunted off to join his ship.

The time is a critical one for the apprentice. He is entirely 'on his own.' After a very few days he is expected to find his way aloft and carry out any little odd jobs which do not call for much experience. Light men, light sails, is the code aboard a sailing-ship. The ship may be rolling, rails under, but this raises no pity for the boy: he must do his share along with the men. Boys as a rule, after very little experience, and after the softness has been knocked out of them, really enjoy this battling with the elements. They feel that they are doing a grown man's work, which after all is the only compensation a sea-life offers.

One can see logic in this toughening process in so far as it concerns the nerves, but when it comes to expecting a boy to do a man's work on a meagre and disgusting diet, the logic is less convincing. One would naturally suppose that the food given to growing boys would be of good quality and quantity; but this is not so, as the writer knows through bitter experience. Loss

of sleep owing to the four-hours-on-deck and four-hours-below system, with an all-night job on the yards thrown in occasionally; exposure in all weathers, and other hardships incidental to a life at sea, sink into insignificance if one is fed properly.

By the time the boy's four years are up, he is able to stand loss of sleep and exposure in all weathers, and is a good sailor in such matters as steering, knotting and splicing, or making and furling sail. While he has been learning the practical work, his studies also have received attention. To enable him successfully to pass his examination for second mate, he must prove to the examiners that he is capable of navigating a ship to any part of the world by means of sun and sextant. He must also produce his 'ambulance,' or first-aid certificate. If this is in order he will be handed his certificate for second mate. Officially he is recognized as a man capable of carrying out a second officer's duties on any class of vessel, be it schooner or liner. This at the age of eighteen or thereabout.

Armed with his certificate, he finds no difficulty in securing a berth as second mate in sail. His new duties call for tact, nerve, self-confidence, and a capacity for handling the toughest men in the world. On many a wild night he will be left in entire charge of a ship under canvas.

The British Board of Trade demands that a candidate for a first mate's certificate must have served as second mate for one year in sail, or at least eighteen months as third mate in charge of a watch in steam. He must satisfy the authorities that he is competent to navigate a vessel anywhere by means of sun and stars, that he has a sound practical knowledge of chart-work, and can also find the error of compasses by star or sun azimuths. His examination in seamanship is more thorough

than that for second mate, and includes the stowing and care of cargoes.

Granted his certificate, and having secured a berth as first mate, his duties are about the same as those of second mate, with this difference: he is the working man of the ship. He must plan and carry out the work as he thinks best for the safety of his ship in all weathers. Naturally the captain will keep a watchful eye on him for a time, but will not interfere with his work if it is going along satisfactorily. After twelve months in sail as first mate he is qualified to sit for his master's examination.

The word master is synonymous with captain. According to the British authorities, one is not entitled to be called captain unless one holds the King's commission; therefore the word captain when applied to the man in command of any vessel other than a man-o'-war is a misnomer, though men were called captain when in command of merchant ships long before such a thing as a navy existed.

To pass the master's examination successfully a mate must show that he can navigate a vessel by means of the sun, moon, and stars; that he can compensate the error of a compass by means of magnets. In seamanship he must give satisfaction in every detail. In addition to navigation and seamanship he is expected to know all about charter-parties and bills of lading, or any other business connected with maritime law. Signaling by Morse and semaphore, which is included in the mate's examination, also finds a place in the master's.

By the time our friend the boy is the possessor of a master's certificate, he is far ahead in what can be considered a man's work of the boy who stays ashore. The minimum age-limit for the holding of a master's certificate is twenty-one years, and the majority of

apprentices reach this goal at about that age.

There is still one more examination, and that is for extra master. This examination is honorary, and few go in for it. It treats of the theory of navigation, trigonometry, stability, naval construction, specific gravity, magnetism, metacentric heights, momentum, chart-making, and a host of other scientific subjects. Those aspiring to an officer's position on a liner must take this examination. The writer obtained this certificate at the age of twenty-two, and this is nothing out of the ordinary. But as the minimum age-limit for seventh officer on a liner is twenty-three years, the young man has still two or three years to wait before he is eligible for an officer's position.

The 'boys,' therefore, who officer passenger-steamers are boys in appearance and age only. In experience they are men in every sense of the word. The 'boy' on the bridge often has higher qualifications than the master. No matter what might happen to the master or the majority of the officers of a liner, if there were one certificated officer left, the passengers need have no fear of her not coming into port.

III

Now let us skip a couple of the most uneventful days of an ordinary voyage and place our ship somewhere in the vicinity of the fog regions, the Banks of Newfoundland. As most intelligent persons know, the Banks of Newfoundland in the summer months are crowded with fishermen. Icebergs also, in the months of June and July, make their appearance in great numbers. Now, a sailor above all men likes to see where he is going, and what is awaiting him on the line of his course. This is just what he cannot do in the summer months when crossing the ice-track and

the Banks of Newfoundland. Fog usually envelops his ship, often making it impossible for him to see the stern-head. The British authorities demand that a master be on the bridge of his vessel at all times during fog. And since fog very often extends from the Banks right into New York, it frequently falls to the master's lot to remain on the bridge sixty or seventy hours, this of course depending upon a vessel's speed. The officers in such cases maintain their ordinary sea-watches, and in comparison to the master come off lightly. The master's, in such cases, is supposed to be the guiding hand.

I have seen a master sixty years of age or thereabout stand on a bridge for over seventy hours, with eyes that were useless through strain, and hearing impaired by the constant shrieking of the fog-whistle. Is it right to expect such a man to command in case of emergency? In justice to the master and the passengers alike, should not the command be handed over to the chief officer? He is quite as capable a man as the master, and is not played out in mind and body, and may be expected to do the right thing at the right moment for the benefit of all concerned. I have often noticed passengers looking up at the bridge to see if the master is there. If they catch a glimpse of him they go away thinking that all is well. A fallacy! Certainly during the early stages of a fog he is the right man in the right place, if assisted by good officers; but after his limit is reached, he is in the way, and the law ought to demand that he give place to better men. I mean nothing derogatory to any master in what I have said. They know, and I know, that whatever action they take in an emergency will be taken mechanically and without thought.

Passengers also add to the difficulties during fog. For some unaccountable reason they all seem bent on playing

shuffleboard right under the bridge. Their shouts, laughter, and the noise of the boards, all add to the discomforts of the man on the bridge. His attention is diverted from the business in hand; picking up another vessel's fog-horn is made much more difficult by these irrelevant noises. I hope that this prod in a much-needed direction will prove fruitful. It is given with good intention.

But a thick fog is not our worst enemy. When the fog crowds in, an officer shows no hesitation in calling the master and sounding the whistle. But in hazy weather — sailor language, 'one part clear to two parts thick' — many officers hang on without doing either, especially if the master has just been on the bridge for a stretch. It is a risky business. Eyes and ears are both called on, whereas in a thick fog hearing is the only sense that can be used.

A narrow escape happened to me about six years ago when in charge of a ship carrying a full passenger-list. The night being hazy and the ship in the ice-track, I kept hanging on, until finally, after giving up hope of the weather's clearing, I did decide to call the master and start the whistle. The responsibility was his, not mine. But before this could be done, almost alongside the ship was an iceberg towering up about three hundred feet. The ship passed within twenty feet of it, going at the rate of twenty-one knots; had there been a submerged trailer attached to the berg the ship's bottom would have been ripped open. Cold as I was at the time, I went colder still and vowed that I would never again take such risks. Had the whistle been sounded it is possible that warning of the berg's approach would have been given me by the echo. Needless to say, I called the master after the danger had passed, and kept mum over the affair, too.

But sailors are forgetful creatures:

a wise Providence makes them so; if we stopped to think over our hardships and dangers, the majority of us would throw up the dog's life in disgust. The very next voyage, we were going along at the rate of about twenty knots an hour, in hazy weather, just where the tracks cross. With hardly a moment's warning the lights of another vessel — the *Deutschland*, twenty-three knots — hove in sight about an eighth of a mile away, dead ahead. There was just time for us both to hard-a-port, swing clear, and pass within a hundred feet of each other. Fright number two completely cured me of any disposition to hang on in the future. The German was going a full twenty-three knots and we a good twenty, the sea being smooth at the time. Again luck was in my way, for nobody was about except the few sailors washing the decks, the time being the middle watch, midnight to 4 A. M.

While on the subject of fogs, let us consider the question of speed and see how we stand on that score. I have often been asked by friends what speed we maintain during fog; but not being in a position at the time to answer truthfully, I have hedged. I know that our honest friends the fishermen look upon passenger-steamers as monsters of destruction, and their officers as little short of murderers. They accuse us of going full speed ahead in fog without sounding our whistles, and their accusations, I admit, are in the main just. We often go full speed ahead in fog, but we do sound our whistles. After all, does it fall so hard on them? I doubt it.

So long as leviathans plough the ocean, the dangers for the fishermen will exist. Let us allow a very liberal margin, and estimate the average tonnage of fishing-schooners at five hundred tons, this figure far exceeding the actual tonnage. On the other hand,

let us take an average liner, not of the Mauretania class but rather of the Cedric class. Estimate her tonnage at about eighteen thousand to twenty thousand tons. Let her go ahead at her very slowest speed, and find herself in collision with a fishing-boat. If possible, reduce the Cedric's speed to two knots even, — what would happen? Well, there would be no schooner left. Now if collision is unavoidable, what difference does it make to the fishermen whether they are drowned by a vessel going twenty-five knots or by one going only two? Their chances of coming out on top are *nil* in both cases. At both speeds a liner would crush the fishing-schooner as if it were an eggshell, without feeling the least shock. And the liner going full speed stands a better chance of avoiding collision than she does on reduced speed. It must be recognized that these monsters require speed, to be thoroughly under control. While speed is maintained they will answer their helms quickly, and by the use of the propellers spin round like tops nearly within their own length. On reduced speed they are slow and difficult to handle; therefore I affirm that it is to the best interests of all concerned that full speed in fog be maintained when on the broad ocean.

But let me hasten to add that I do not advocate full speed in fog in narrow waters, nor approaching land, nor across the ice-track. Crossing the Atlantic from east to west, or vice versa, the majority of vessels met with are steering in the same direction as the liner, or in opposite directions. Only when approaching land are vessels seen to be steering courses at right angles. Here is where the real danger for the liner comes in, in foggy weather. In an end-on collision between a liner and a smaller vessel, the chances are that the liner will come off with only a few bow-plates damaged, while in all probability

the other vessel will go to the bottom. In a right-angle collision it is possible for the smallest of vessels to do a liner serious harm. Many will remember the incident of La Bourgogne. This vessel attempted to cross the bows of a sailing-ship — the Cromartysire. The officer on watch underestimated the latter's speed, and the result was a right-angle collision and the loss of the liner and many hundred lives. The Craigie and Elbe collision offers another striking illustration of the seriousness of a right-angle collision. The latter vessel, a large German liner, was sunk by the former, a small coasting-steamer. Understanding, then, what danger there is, in approaching the tracks of crossing vessels masters and officers of liners do not go full speed ahead in foggy weather. The ordeal would call for too great a strain.

But no matter at what speed a liner may be going in fog, she is always open to criticism. Article 16 of the *Rules of the Road*, to be observed by all vessels on the sea, irrespective of nationality, says: 'In fog, mist, or falling snow, or heavy rainstorms by day or night, all vessels shall go at moderate speed,' etc. Note that the article says, 'moderate speed.' No definite speed is stated, therefore the article itself is open to criticism. Take the case of two vessels, one of twenty and one of eight knots' speed. In fog each slows down to what is apparently a moderate speed for her. The twenty-knot vessel, at slow, will probably go about ten knots, while the slower vessel will move through the water at about four. Both are going at moderate speed, yet the twenty-knot vessel's 'moderate' exceeds the slower vessel's full speed. Both are reduced to the slowest speed compatible with safety, but should the two vessels collide, the officers of the faster vessel would not have a leg to stand on at any court of inquiry. No

allowance would be made for the speed it is necessary to maintain in the first vessel's case for the quick handling of her. Size demands speed for safety, and until the law is altered and a graduated scale of speeds is allowed according to tonnage, the law is a gross injustice to the officers of fast-moving vessels; their certificates and professional reputations are at stake all the time.

But full-ahead across the ice-track is a different 'proposition.' Under no circumstances is full speed justifiable there. Collision with an iceberg is quite a different matter from collision with a fisherman. Though it is impossible to state with any degree of accuracy the weight of a berg, yet when one remembers that according to the laws of specific gravity only one-ninth of the weight—not height—is above water, the results of a collision would be greatly in its favor. I once heard a woman passenger ask the master what would happen if our ship struck the iceberg then in view. 'Madam,' he replied, 'the berg would go sailing on as if nothing had happened.'

All the harm any liner could do to an iceberg would be to displace a few tons of ice. Though no one can say with certainty how such fine vessels as the *Naronic* (White Star Line) and the *Huronian* (Allan Line) went a-missing, yet in nautical circles it is taken for granted that both vessels foundered after collision with icebergs. Both were bound to the United States during the ice-season, and their courses necessitated their cutting across the ice-track. I can conscientiously say that in all the time I have followed the sea in liners, I have never been with a master who did not slow down in fog when crossing the ice-regions.

In approaching land under normal conditions of weather, navigating a liner is a simple matter. In fog the ap-

proach is full of danger. Here is another case where it is absolutely necessary to slow down. But even in this case,—leaving out the danger of crossing vessels,—if one could only be certain of one's position, the best policy would be to go full speed ahead. Near land—especially the New England coast—there are currents and streams whose strength and the direction of whose flow cannot be estimated unless one has been on the spot very recently. They are not tidal streams in the true sense, but depend in a great measure for their strength and the direction of their flow on the winds that have been blowing. A ship moving slowly through the water is at the mercy of these currents for a longer time than a vessel moving along at top speed, and it naturally follows that she is likely to be set off her course to a greater degree than the fast-moving vessel.

Again, the fact that navigation, owing to the uncertainty of the elements, is not an exact science, adds greatly to one's anxiety. For example: on British Chart No. 2480, Fire Island Lightship and Sandy Hook Lightship are given as being in the same latitude. All British books of instruction, coast-pilots, 'lights of the world,' etc., give both the same latitude, namely, 40° 28' North. Now, the latest American surveys place Fire Island Lightship in 40° 28' 40" North, and Sandy Hook Lightship in 40° 28' 2" North, a difference of nearly three-quarters of a mile. This is a very important matter, as it means steering a course a degree and a half more to the southward from Fire Island Lightship to Sandy Hook Lightship. The three-quarters of a mile of difference between the two surveys is quite enough to pile any ship up high and dry.

Arrived in port, it is only natural to suppose that liner officers will make the best use of their time, which, after

all, may only be three days, or at most a week, to enjoy a well-earned rest. But certain of them — the juniors — are not allowed this privilege. After passengers have left, these officers must do gangway duty on an evil-smelling wharf, rubbing shoulders with coal-heavers and longshoremen. Instead of being allowed a whole night's rest without a break, their sleep is broken on account of having to keep watch and watch at the gangways. They do not have the responsibilities which fall to the lot of the senior officers, but their systems demand a rest, which is denied them, and which to a great extent passengers have a right to demand for them.

The homeward run needs no description, as it is about the same as the outward. But let us see what relaxation Liverpool offers after a voyage is completed. At the time of writing I have before me a letter from a friend of mine who is an officer on the *Lusitania*. The letter states that, owing to the ship's having to tie up to the Company's buoy in the river (on account of the low tides prevailing she was unable to dock), only two officers were allowed to go home, and only for twenty-four hours at a time. Just fancy! These officers, after cutting across the Atlantic at the rate of twenty-five knots an hour, were only allowed twenty-four hours to visit their homes; and, instead of being allowed a full night's rest, had to keep anchor-watches until their sailing-day came round. This, I admit, is an extreme case, but it is liable to occur more often in the future.

IV

So far, I have treated only of an ordinary summer voyage. Passengers look upon a winter passage as something to be dreaded and avoided, whereas really, so far as life and limb are concerned,

winter passages offer less risk. During the winter months, fog on the Banks of Newfoundland, or across the ice-track, is conspicuous by its absence. Icebergs have been carried south by the Arctic stream. Bank-fishermen have finished their catches and sailed for home. All that is left for passengers to fear is seasickness and a tossing about during heavy weather, which after all is good for one's liver. The man on the bridge welcomes winter with all its gales and high seas. The laugh is all on his side now. It is nothing to him to see hundreds of passengers laid low with seasickness. He can see where he is going and what is ahead of him.

But although winter presents fewer dangers, it brings greater privations. Having ploughed across all oceans and on all seas, I have no hesitation in declaring that the North Atlantic during the winter months is the worst place in the world for continuous bad weather. Cape Horn is completely outclassed. I have beaten around it a dozen times, yet I prefer it to the North Atlantic during the winter months. Of the hardships of a winter passage, I think that the cold weather experienced on approaching American shores is the greatest. The intense cold, which is never felt ashore in anything like the same degree, is intensified by the wind and by the speed of a fast-moving vessel. Ashore, the force of the wind is broken by mountains, hills, and buildings, but afloat it has a clear course, with only ships to oppose it.

In many vessels there are shelters built on the bridge; but for some unaccountable reason British officers prefer to stand out in the weather. They somehow cannot convince themselves that a proper lookout can be kept when looking through glass. Personally I prefer to be out in the weather when on watch on the bridge of a liner. I may be suffering unnecessary exposure, but

my mind is easier than it would be sheltered behind glass, and that after all is the chief consideration.

Keeping a good lookout when driving into a hard northwest squall, with hail, is a physical impossibility. Times without number I have seen the hopelessness of it, and have worried considerably while the squall lasted. My faith has been pinned on the man bound east. His vessel running before the gale enables him to keep a good lookout, and to clear out of the way of a vessel battling against it. This code is thoroughly understood by the men of the Atlantic.

The suffering which a winter voyage on the Atlantic entails upon the man on the bridge of a liner is considerable. No matter how much clothing one may have on, the icy wind will penetrate it and chill one to the bone. Walking up and down is often impossible because the bridge-deck is covered with ice and snow. For four hours almost in the one position this small hell must be endured.

I have often been told by officers in freighters that officers in liners do not know what bad weather is. Should one of my freighter brethren chance to read these pages, let me say to him that freighters, in comparison with liners, do not know what bad weather is. During heavy westerly gales the liner drives through with seldom a slow-down, while freighters with their low power simply bob up and down and make holes in the water. It is the cutting through a gale at high speed which makes the weather and sends the sprays and seas flying about. On certain vessels from land to land I have had oilskins and sea-boots on all the time when on duty, have been knocked flying off the bridge to the lower deck, and have seen part of the bridge with its three officers on it partly demolished, and the officers sent flying in all directions.

Then again the freighter men are not haunted by the fear of passengers, ignorant of the sea and its power, finding their way on deck. This fear has to be reckoned with by men on liners' bridges at all times during bad weather. The officer of the watch must use his discretion and knowledge in allowing passengers on deck. Many times his judgment will be questioned by passengers pitting their knowledge against his. Four years ago I was officer of the watch in a vessel going about nineteen knots into a moderately rough head sea. I had ordered the steerage passengers below off the fore-deck. A great deal of persuasion was necessary to convince the most stubborn and wooden-headed of them that it was for their benefit they were ordered below. Having cleared the decks and left a scuttle-hatch open for ventilation, my mind was at ease. But not for long. Two mutton-headed Swedes, more daring or ignorant than the rest, ventured on deck just as the vessel dipped and took a heavy sea over the bows. And that sea simply picked up those men and flung them about everywhere before I had time to stop the ship. One received a serious spinal injury in addition to a fractured thigh, and the other had both arms and a leg broken. For this I as officer of the watch was held solely to blame, and I suffered accordingly in the way of promotion. In matters of this kind the freighter officer has no worry, as all men aboard his ship are used to the sea and know its ways.

V

This paper would lose half its interest if no reference were made to record passages across the Atlantic. It is a well-known fact that there are tricks in all trades. The means resorted to, which I am about to describe, are practiced by nearly all navigators crossing

the Atlantic. Mention has been made of the tracks which were planned out and which all vessels must follow. These tracks, though they conduce to safety, do not represent the shortest distance across the Atlantic, say from the Fastnet to New York. Leaving New York, say in the month of June, a liner's course from Sandy Hook Lightship would be about S 84° E for one hundred and seventy-five miles. The course would then be altered to steer a little more northerly — N 87° E — for another ten hundred and fifty miles. This point when reached takes a vessel well to the eastward of the ice-track and is commonly called the 'corner.' Here the alteration of the course would be great, for the vessel, which up to the present has been steering almost due east, would have to follow the great circle track drawn from the corner to Fastnet Rock. Let this course from Sandy Hook Lightship to the corner represent one side of a triangle, and the great circle track from the corner to Fastnet Rock another side. At that point where the course suddenly alters to the northward an obtuse angle is formed. So far we have only two sides to our triangle, nor can we give it the remaining side.

As I cannot illustrate my argument by diagram, I will try to express what I mean in another form. From Sandy Hook Lightship to what is called 'the corner' is twelve hundred and twenty-five miles on the southern track on a straight course. Now suppose that for the sake of making a record passage a navigator chooses to leave the straight line at about eight hundred miles from New York and to strike up north on a great circle track of his own, different from the one he is supposed to follow: he may save about a hundred miles. Should he make a long cut and go only about five hundred miles, instead of the of-

ficial twelve hundred and twenty-five miles, on his straight-line course from New York before striking north, his distance by the time he reaches the Fastnet will be much less than the official distance. This reduced distance saves time; but the time on passage is divided into the official, or greater, distance to arrive at the average speed. Thus the time on passage will be correct, but the average speed based on the calculation that the whole official distance was traveled will be 'faked.' It is possible when vessels are on the southern track to make a big cut, because the angle in the rhumb or straight-line course is so acute. For the sake of a smart passage, it is best to keep as far north as possible. The farther north one keeps, the less the distance in traveling between two points lying east and west.

It is noticeable that the smartest passages are made on the westward run on the southern or summer track. This cannot be altogether attributed to the fact that a vessel makes time when steering west, but rather to the fact that the outward-bound vessels can keep well to the northward of their track without the fear of being seen and reported by homeward-bound vessels. However, if a homeward-bounder could only be certain that there were no outward-bound ships in his vicinity to the northward to pick him up, the passages and average speeds would equal those of these westward runs. Although the northern track is much shorter than the southern, yet by the time vessels take it, winter with its head seas is fast approaching, and the weather conditions are entirely opposed to record-breaking.

Knowing what goes on behind the scenes, I have no hesitation in declaring that the *Mauretania's* latest record, 26.08 knots, was 'faked.' I do not believe for a moment, nor do the officers

aboard her, that she made that average covering the official distance. The Mauretania's time on passage only would be correct, and the average speed and distance made would be cooked. The reader may take it from me, that except by a miraculous fluke, all record passages are made on the westward run of a vessel supposed to be on the southern track. In the cutting, blame cannot be attached to any particular liner or to any particular ship. All are more or less guilty of the practice. Certainly there are a few conscientious men who do cover the whole official distance, but they are in a very small minority.

VI

Having discussed some of the responsibilities of a liner officer when on the bridge, let us turn to other of his duties. When it is remembered that the average crew of a liner borders on five hundred men, it goes without saying that there is work in plenty to maintain a strict discipline. This is, I believe, the hardest work that falls to our lot. Seamen, firemen, and stewards must be kept in their places and be made to perform their duties in a quiet, orderly manner. The last-named, owing to their being pampered and spoiled by passengers, are the worst to handle. The liberal tipping gives to servants aboard a ship too much money.

Any vessel, no matter what her class, should be ready for an emergency. All appliances aboard for the saving of life must be kept in order, ready for instant use. In passenger-steamers this work is increased owing to the fact that greater precautions must be taken because the great number of people aboard are ignorant of ships and their ways. Boat- and fire-drill must be carried out, and the crew allotted to their various stations. This is work enough in itself for any seven men, without their having

to perform bridge-duties. And for all these responsibilities, anxieties, exposures, and worries, not to speak of their expensive training and examination fees, what remuneration do liner officers receive as salary?

It is difficult to arrive at a definite scale of wages, as the leading companies pay slightly different wages and have different systems of payment. I shall not be far out, however, when I state that the salaries of the masters of the largest vessels range between three thousand and four thousand dollars a year. This is a rather liberal estimate. From chief officer downward the scale ranges from about fourteen hundred to four hundred dollars a year. Fourteen hundred dollars is a top figure, and is reached only after ten or fifteen years' service. An officer joining a liner as seventh officer will receive the magnificent salary of thirty-five dollars a month in return for his service, expensive training, and qualifications. In ten years he may reach fourteen hundred dollars. Out of this handsome income he will be obliged to keep himself in expensive uniforms, in addition to maintaining the outward appearance of a gentleman when ashore.

Such lavish generosity is the return the big steamship companies make to their officers who are in charge of ships valued at millions of dollars, not to speak of priceless cargoes, mail, and specie. Add to these the passengers, thousands of them, owing their lives to the skill of the man on the bridge, whose salary a decent clerk in America would scorn to accept.

There is this also about it. Size and speed have increased, while masters' salaries have considerably decreased. More voyages a year are made now than in former years. There is less home-life, on account of the shorter stays in port. Where in the old days

ships were ten days in port, they are now only three. Vacations are never granted; the only privilege in this direction is that once a year an officer may go home for all the time — usually three days — his ship is in port. Should an officer be foolish enough to fall sick through overwork, he soon finds himself on half-pay. Higher qualifications are demanded, and, above all, the demand made on the flesh and blood of the man on the bridge has increased fourfold. In every sense, a liner officer's life is a dog's life.

It is difficult to understand why it is followed by so many capable and well-educated men. The only reason the

writer can give is that the men on the bridge belong to that class of men who have the curse of the gypsy blood in their veins: the blood of wanderers, practically untamed men who cannot brook a quiet life. The same type of men is to be found in America, among cowboys, woodsmen, and miners. The breed is the same the world over.

In conclusion, I should like to say that what has been set down here cannot be applied in particular to any line, ship, master, or officer. The methods and practices are practically the same in all mail-lines, and differ only in details which do not affect to any marked degree what has been said.

THROUGH THE EYES OF THE GEOLOGIST

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

DURING the past few years I have had great pleasure in reading, or learning to read, the earth's history through the eyes of the geologist. I have always had a good opinion of the ground underfoot, out of which we all come, and to which we all return; and the story the geologists tell us about it is calculated to enhance greatly that good opinion.

I think that if I could be persuaded, as my fathers were, that the world was made in six days, by the fiat of a supernatural power, I should soon lose my interest in it. Such an account of it takes it out of the realm of human interest, because it takes it out of the realm of natural causation, and places

it in the realm of the arbitrary and non-natural. But to know that it was not made at all, in the mechanical sense, but that it grew — that it is an evolution, as much so as the life upon the surface; that it has an almost infinite past; that it has been developing and ripening for millions on millions of years, a veritable apple on the great sidereal tree, ameliorating from cycle to cycle, mellowing, coloring, sweetening, — why, such a revelation adds immensely to our interest in it.

As with nearly everything else, the wonder of the world grows, the more we grasp its history; the wonder of life grows, the more we consider the chaos of fire and death out of which it came; the wonder of man grows, the more we peer into the abyss of geologic

time and of low bestial life out of which he came.

Not a tree, not a shrub, not a flower, not a green thing growing, not an insect of an hour, but has a background of vast eons of geologic and astronomic time, out of which the forces that shaped it have emerged, and over which the powers of chaos and darkness have failed to prevail.

The modern geologist affords us one of the best illustrations of the uses of the scientific imagination that we can turn to. The scientific imagination seems to be about the latest phase of the evolution of the human mind — this power of interpretation of concrete facts, this Miltonic flight into time and space, into the heavens above, and into the bowels of the earth beneath, and bodying forth a veritable history, a warping of the powers of light and darkness, with the triumph of the angels of light and life, that makes Milton's picture seem hollow and unreal. The creative and poetic imagination has undoubtedly already reached its high-water mark. We shall probably never see the great imaginative works of the past surpassed or even equaled. But in the world of business, of engineering, and of scientific discovery and interpretation, we see the imagination working in new fields and under new conditions, and achieving triumphs that mark a new epoch in the history of the race. Nature, which once terrified man and made a coward of him, now inspires him and fills him with love and enthusiasm.

The geologist is the interpreter of the records of the rocks. From a bit of strata here, and a bit there, he recreates the earth as it was in successive geologic periods, as Cuvier reconstructed his extinct animals from fragments of their bones; and the same interpretative power of the imagination is called into play in both cases, only the paleontologist has a much narrower field to work

in, and the background of his re-creations must be supplied by the geologist.

Everything connected with the history of the earth is on such a vast scale, — such a scale of time, such a scale of power, such a scale of movement, — that in trying to measure it by our human standards and experience we are like the proverbial child with his cup on the seashore. Looked at from our point of view, the great geological processes often seem engaged in world-destruction rather than world-building. Those oft-repeated invasions of the continents by the ocean, which have gone on from Archæan times, and during which vast areas which had been dry land for ages were engulfed, seem like world-wide catastrophes. And no doubt they were such to myriads of plants and animals of those times. But this is the way the continents grew. All the forces of the invading waters were engaged in making more land.

The geologist is made bold by the facts and processes with which he deals; his daring affirmations are inspired by a study of the features of the earth about him; his time is not our time, his horizons are not our horizons; he escapes from our human experiences and standards into the vast out-of-doors of the geologic forces and geologic ages. The text he deciphers is written large, written across the face of the continent, written in mountain-chains and ocean-depths, and in the piled strata of the globe. We untrained observers cannot spell out these texts, because they are written large; our vision is adjusted to smaller print; we are like the school-boy who finds on the map the name of a town or a river, but does not see the name of the state or the continent printed across them. If the geologist did not tell us, how should we ever suspect that probably where we now stand

two or more miles of strata have been worn away by the winds and rains; that the soil of our garden, our farm, represents the ashes of mountains burned up in the slow fires of geologic time?

Only the geologist knows the part played by erosion in shaping the earth's surface as we see it. He sees the ghosts of vanished hills and mountains all about us. He sees their shadowy forms wherever he looks. He follows out the lines of the flexed or folded strata where they come to the surface, and thus sketches in the air the elevation that has disappeared. In some places he finds that the valleys have become hills and the hills have become valleys, or that the anticlines and synclines, as he calls them, have changed places — the result of the unequal hardness of the rocks. Over all the older parts of the country the original features have been so changed by erosion that, could they be suddenly restored, one would be lost on his home farm. The rocks have melted into soil, as the snowbanks in spring melt into water. The rocks that remain are like fragments of snow or ice that have so far withstood the weather. Geologists tell us that the great Appalachian chain has been in the course of the ages reduced almost to a base level, or peneplane, and then reelevated and its hills and mountains carved out anew.

We change the surface of the earth a little with our engineering, drain a marsh, level a hill, sweep away a forest, or bore a mountain, but what are these compared with the changes that have gone on there before our race was heard of? In my native mountains, the Catskills, all those peaceful pastoral valleys, with their farms and homesteads, lie two or three thousand feet below the original surface of the land. Could the land be restored again to its first condition in Devonian times, probably the fields where I hoed corn and potatoes

as a boy would be buried one or two miles beneath the rocks.

The Catskills are residual mountains, or what Agassiz calls 'denudation mountains.' When we look at them with the eye of the geologist we see the great plateau or tableland of Devonian times out of which they were carved by the slow action of the sub-aerial forces. They are like the little ridges and mounds of soil that remain of your garden-patch after the water of a cloudburst has swept over it. They are immeasurably old, but they do not look it, except to the eye of the geologist. There is nothing decrepit in their appearance, nothing broken or angular or gaunt or rawboned. Their long, easy flowing lines, their broad, smooth backs, their deep, wide, gently sloping valleys, all help to give them a look of repose and serenity, as if the fret and fever of life were long since passed with them. Compared with the newer mountains of uplift in the West, they are like cattle lying down and ruminating in the field beside alert wild steers with rigid limbs and tossing horns. They sleep and dream with bowed heads upon the landscape. Their great flanks and backs are covered with a deep soil that nourishes a very even growth of beech, birch, and maple forests. Though so old, their tranquillity never seems to have been disturbed; no storm-and-stress period has left its mark upon them. Their strata all lie horizontal, just as they were laid down in the old seas, and nothing but the slow gentle passage of the hand of Time shows in their contours. Mountains of peace and repose, hills and valleys with the flowing lines of youth, coming down to us from the fore-world of Paleozoic time, yet only rounded and mellowed by the eons they have passed through. Old, oh, so old! but young with verdure and limpid streams, and the pastoral spirit of to-day.

It was the geologist that emboldened Tennyson to sing,—

The hills are shadows and they flow
From form to form and nothing stands;
They melt like mists, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But some hills flow much faster than others. Hills made up of the latest or newest formations seem to take to themselves wings the fastest.

The Archæan hills and mountains, how slowly they melt away! In the Adirondacks, in northern New England, in the Highlands of the Hudson, they still hold their heads high and have something of the vigor of their prime.

The most enduring rocks are the oldest; and the most perishable are, as a rule, the youngest. It takes time to season and harden the rocks, as it does men. Then the earlier rocks seem to have had better stuff in them. They are nearer the paternal granite; and the primordial seas that mothered them were, no doubt, richer in the various mineral solutions that knitted and compacted the sedimentary deposits. The Cretaceous formations melt away almost like snow. I fancy that the ocean now, compared with the earlier condition when it must have been so saturated with mineral elements, is like thrice-skimmed milk.

The geologist is not stinted for time. He deals with big figures. It is refreshing to see him dealing out his years so liberally. Do you want a million or two to account for this or that? You shall have it for the asking. He has an enormous balance in the bank of Time, and he draws upon it to suit his purpose. In human history a thousand years is a long time. Ten thousand years wipe out human history completely. Ten thousand more, and we are probably among the rude cave-men or river-drift men. One hundred thousand, and we are — where? Probably among the

simian ancestors of man. A million years, and we are probably in Eocene or Miocene times, among the huge and often grotesque mammals; and our ancestor, a little creature, probably of the marsupial or lemur kind, is skulking about and hiding from the great carnivorous beasts that would devour him.

Little man, least of all,
Among the legs of his guardians tall
Walked about with puzzled look,
Him by the hand dear Nature took.
Dearest Nature, strong and kind,
Whispered, darling, never mind!
To-morrow they will wear another face,
The founder thou! these are thy race.

I fancy Emerson would be surprised and probably displeased at the use I have made of his lines. I remember once hearing him say that his teacher in such matters as I am here touching upon was Agassiz, and not Darwin. But Nature certainly took his 'little man' by the hand and led him forward, and on the morrow the rest of the animal creation 'wore another face.'

II

In my geological studies I have had a good deal of trouble with the sedimentary rocks, trying to trace their genealogy and getting them properly fathered and mothered. I do not think the geologists fully appreciate what a difficult problem the origin of these rocks presents to the lay mind. They bulk so large, while the mass of original crystalline rocks from which they are supposed to have been derived is so small in comparison. In the case of our own continent we have, to begin with, about two millions of square miles of Archæan rocks in detached lines and masses, rising here and there above the primordial ocean; a large triangular mass in Canada, and two broken lines of smaller masses running south from it on each side of the continent, inclosing a vast interior sea between them.

To end with, we have the finished continent of eight million or more square miles, of an average height of two thousand feet above the sea-level, built up or developed from and around these granite centres very much as the body is built up and around the bones; and of such prodigious weight that some of our later geologists try to account for the continental submarine shelf that surrounds the continent on the theory that the land has slowly crept out into the sea under the pressure of its own weight.

And all this, — to say nothing of the vast amount of rock, in some places a mile or two in thickness, that has been eroded from the land-surfaces of the globe in later geological time, and now lies buried in the seas and lakes, — all this, we are told, is the contribution of those detached portions of Archæan rock that first rose above the primordial seas. It is a greater miracle than that of the loaves and the fishes. We have vastly more to end with than we had to begin with. The more the rocks have been destroyed, the more they have increased; the more the waters have devoured them, the more they have multiplied and waxed strong.

Either the geologists have greatly underestimated the amount of Archæan rock above the waters at the start, or else there are factors in the problem that have not been taken into the account. Lyell seems to have appreciated the difficulties of the problem, and, to account for the forty thousand feet of sediment deposited in Paleozoic times in the region of the Appalachians, he presupposes a neighboring continent to the east, probably formed of Laurentian rocks, where now rolls the Atlantic. But if such a continent once existed, would not some vestige of it still remain? The fact that no trace of it has been found, it seems to me, invalidates Lyell's theory.

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Archæan time in geologic history answers to prehistoric time in human history; all is dark and uncertain, though we are probably safe in assuming that there was more strife and turmoil among the earth-building forces than there has ever been since. The body of unstratified rock within the limits of North America may have been much greater than is supposed, but it seems to me impossible that it could have been anything like as massive as the continent now is. If this had been the case there would have been no great interior sea, and no wide sea-margins in which the sediments of the stratified rocks could have been deposited. More than four-fifths of the continent is of secondary origin and shows that vast geologic eras went to the making of it.

It is equally hard to believe that the primary or igneous rocks, where they did appear, were sufficiently elevated to have furnished through erosion the all but incalculable amount of material that went to the making of our vast land-areas. But the geologists give me the impression that this is what we are to believe.

Chamberlin and Salisbury, in their recent college geology, teach that each new formation implies the destruction of an equivalent amount of older rock — every system being entirely built up out of the older one beneath it. Lyell and Dana teach the same thing. If this were true, could there have been any continental growth at all? Could a city grow by the process of pulling down the old buildings for material to build the new? If the geology is correct, I fail to see how there would be any more land-surface to-day than there was in Archæan times. Each new formation would only have replaced the old from which it came. The Silurian would only have made good the waste of the Cambrian, and the Devonian made good the waste of the Silu-

rian, and so on to the top of the series, and in the end we should still have been at the foot of the stairs. That vast interior sea which stretched, in Archæan times, from the rudimentary Alleghany Mountains to the rudimentary Rocky Mountains, and is now the heart of the continent, would still have been a part of the primordial ocean. But instead of that, this sea is filled and piled up with sedimentary rocks thousands of feet thick, that have given birth on their surfaces to thousands of square miles of as fertile soils as the earth holds.

That the original crystalline rocks played the major part in the genealogy of the subsequent stratified rocks, it would be folly to deny. But it seems to me that chemical and cosmic processes, working through the air and the water, have contributed more than they have been credited with.

It looks as if, in all cases when the soil is carried to the sea-bottom as sediment, and again, during the course of ages, has been consolidated into rock, the rocks thus formed have exceeded in bulk the rocks that gave them birth. Something analogous to vital growth takes place. It seems as if the original granite centres set the world-building forces at work. They served as nuclei around which the materials gathered. These rocks bred other rocks, and these still others, and yet others, till the framework of the land was fairly established. They were like the pioneer settlers who plant homes here and there in the wilderness, and then in due time all the land is peopled.

The granite is the Adam rock, and through a long line of descent the major part of all the other rocks directly or indirectly may be traced. Thus the granite begot the Algonquin, the Algonquin begot the Cambrian, the Cambrian begot the Silurian, the Silurian begot the Devonian, and so on through the Car-

boniferous, the Permian, the Mesozoic rocks, the Tertiary rocks, to the latest Quaternary deposit. But the curious thing about it all is the enormous progeny from so small a beginning; the rocks seem really to have grown and multiplied like organic beings; the seed of the granite seems to have fertilized the whole world of waters, and in due time they brought forth this huge family of stratified rocks. There stands the Archæan Adam, his head and chest in Canada, his two unequal legs running, one down the Pacific Coast, and one down the Atlantic Coast; and from his loins, we are told, all the progeny of rocks and soils that make up the continent have sprung, one generation succeeding another in regular order. His latest offspring are in the south and southwest, and in the interior. These are the new countries, geologically speaking, as well as humanly speaking.

The great interior sea — epicontinental, the geologists call it — seems to have been fermenting and laboring for untold eons in building up these parts of the continent. In the older Eastern States we find the sons and grandsons of the old Adam granite; but in the South and West we find his offspring of the twentieth or twenty-fifth generation, and so unlike their forbears: the Permian rocks, for instance, and the Cretaceous rocks, are soft and unenduring, for the most part. The slates, too, are degenerates, and many of the sandstones have the hearts of prodigals. In the Bad Lands of Arizona I could have cut my way into some of the Eocene formations with my pocket-knife. Apparently, the farther away we get from the parent granite, the more easily is the rock eroded. Nearly all the wonderful and beautiful sculpturing of the rocks in the West and Southwest is in rocks of comparatively recent date.

Can we say that all the organic matter of our time is from preëxisting organic matter? one organism torn down to build up another? that the beginning of the series was as great as the end? There may have been as much matter in a state of vital organization in Carboniferous or in Cretaceous times as in our own, but there is certainly more now than in early Paleozoic times. Yet every grain of this matter has existed somewhere in some form for all time. Or we might ask if all the wealth of our day is from preëxisting wealth — one fortune pulled down to build up another, thus passing the accumulated wealth along from one generation to another. On the contrary, has not there been a steady gain of what we call wealth through the ingenuity and the industry of man directed toward the latent wealth of the earth? In a parallel manner has there been a gain in the bulk of the secondary rocks, through the action of the world-building forces directed to the sea, the air, and the preëxisting rocks. Had there been no gain, the fact would suggest the ill luck of a man investing his capital in business and turning it over and over, and having no more money at the end than he had in the beginning.

Nothing is in the sedimentary rock that was not at one time in the original granite, or in the primordial seas, or in the primordial atmosphere, or in the heavens above, or in the interior of the earth beneath. We must sweep the heavens, strain the seas, and leach the air, to obtain all this material. Evidently the growth of these rocks has been mainly a chemical process — a chemical organization of preëxisting material: as much so as the growth of a plant or a tree or an animal. The color and texture and volume of each formation differ so radically from those of the one immediately before it as to suggest something more than a mere mechan-

ical derivation of one from the other. New factors, new sources, are implied. 'The farther we recede from the present time,' says Lyell, 'and the higher the antiquity of the formations which we examine, the greater are the changes which the sedimentary deposits have undergone.' Above all have chemical processes produced changes. This constant passage of the mineral elements of the rocks through the cycle of erosion, sedimentation, and reorganization, has exposed them to the action of the air, the light, the sea, and has thus undoubtedly brought about a steady growth in their volume and a constant change in their color and texture. Marl and clay and green sand and salt and gypsum and shale, all have their genesis, all come down to us in some way, or in some degree, from the aboriginal crystalline rocks; but what transformations and transmutations they have undergone! They have passed through nature's laboratory and taken on new forms and characteristics.

'All sediments deposited in the sea,' says my geology, 'undergo more or less chemical change'; and many chemical changes involve notable changes in volume of the mineral matter concerned. It has been estimated that the conversion of granite rock into soil increases its volume eighty-eight per cent, largely as the result of hydration, or the taking up of water in the chemical union. The processes of oxidation and carbonation are also expansive processes. Whether any of this gain in volume is lost in the process of sedimentation and reconsolidation, I do not know. Probably all the elements that water takes from the rocks by solution, it returns to them when the disintegrated parts, in the form of sediment in the sea, are again converted into strata. It is in this cycle of rock-disintegration and re-formation that the processes of life go on. Without the decay of the

rock there could be no life on the land. Water and air are always the go-betweens of the organic and the inorganic. After the rains have depleted the rocks of their soluble parts and carried them to the sea, the waters come back and aid vegetable life to unlock and appropriate other soluble parts, and thus build up the vegetable and, indirectly, the animal world.

That the growth of the continents owes much to the denudation of the seabottom, brought about by the tides and the ocean currents, which were probably much more powerful in early than in late geologic times, and to submarine mineral springs and volcanic eruptions of ashes and mud, admits of little doubt. That it owes much to extra-terrestrial sources — to meteorites and meteoric dust — also admits of little doubt.

It seems reasonable that earlier in the history of the evolution of our solar system there should have been much more meteoric matter drifting through the interplanetary spaces than during the later ages, and that a large amount of this matter should have found its way to the earth, in the form either of solids or of gases. Probably much more material has been contributed by volcanic eruptions than there is any apparent evidence of. The amount of mineral matter held in solution by the primordial seas must have been enormous. The amount of rock laid down in Paleozoic times is estimated at fifty thousand feet, of which thirteen thousand were limestone; while the amount laid down in Mesozoic times — for aught we know, a period quite as long — was fully eight thousand feet, indicating, it seems to me, that the deposition of sediment went on much more rapidly in early geologic times. We are nearer the beginning of things. All chemical processes in the earth's crust were probably more rapid. Doubtless

the rainfall was more, but the land-areas must have been less. The greater amount of carbon dioxide in the air during Paleozoic times, would have favored more rapid carbonation. When granite is dissolved by weathering, carbon unites with the potash, the soda, the lime, the magnesia, and the iron, and turns them into carbonates and swells their bulk. The one thing that is passed along from formation to formation unchanged is the quartz sand. Quartz is tough, and the sand we find to-day is practically the same that was dissolved out of the first crystalline rocks.

Take out of the soil and out of the rocks all that they owe to the air, — the oxygen and the carbon, — and how would they dwindle! The limestone rocks would practically disappear.

Probably not less than one-fourth of all the sedimentary rocks are limestone, which is of animal origin. How much of the lime of which these rocks were built was leached out of the land-areas, and how much was held in solution by the original sea-water, is of course a question. But all the carbon they hold came out of the air. The waters of the primordial ocean were probably highly charged with various chlorides and sulphates and carbonates, such as the sulphate of soda, the sulphate of lime, the sulphate of magnesia, the chloride of sodium, and the like. The chloride of sodium, or salt, remains, while most of the other compounds have been precipitated through the agency of minute forms of life, and now form parts of the soil and of the stratified rocks beneath it.

If the original granite is the father of the rocks, the sea is the mother. In her womb they were gestated and formed. Had not this see-saw of land and ocean taken place, there could have been no continental growth. Every time the land took a bath in the sea,

it came up enriched and augmented. Each new layer of rocky strata taken on, showed a marked change in color and texture. It was a kind of evolution from that which preceded it. Whether the land always went down, or whether the sea at times came up, by reason of some disturbance of the ocean-floors in its abysmal depths, we have no means of knowing. In any case, most of the land has taken a sea-bath many times, not all taking the plunge at the same time, but different parts going down in successive geologic ages. The original granite upheavals in British America, and in New York and New England, seem never to have taken this plunge, except an area about Lake Superior which geologists say has gone down four or five times. But the Laurentian and Adirondack ranges have never been in pickle in the sea since they first saw the light. In most other parts of the continent, the see-saw between the sea and the land has gone on steadily from the first, and has been the chief means of the upbuilding of the land.

To the slow and oft-repeated labor-throes of the sea we owe the continents. But the sea devours her children. Large areas, probably continental in extent, have gone down and have not yet come up, if they ever do. The great Mississippi Valley was under water and above water time after time during the Paleozoic period. The last great invasion of the land by the sea, and probably the greatest of all, seems to have been in Cretaceous times, at the end of the Mesozoic period. There were many minor invasions during Tertiary times, but none on so large a scale as this Cretaceous invasion. At this time a large part of North and South America, and of Europe, and parts of Asia and Australia, went under the ocean. It was as if the earth had exhaled her breath and let her

abdomen fall. The sea united the Gulf of Mexico with the Arctic Ocean, and covered the Prairie and Gulf States, and came up over New Jersey to the foot of the Archæan Highlands. This great marine inundation probably took place several million years ago. It was this visitation of the sea that added the vast chalk-beds to England and France. In parts of this country limestone-beds five or six thousand feet thick were laid down, as well as extensive chalk-beds. The earth seems to have taken another great hitch in her girdle during this era. As the land went down, the mountains came up. Most of the great western mountain-chains were formed during this movement, and the mountains of Mexico were pushed up. The Alps were still under the sea, but the Sierras and the Alleghanies were again lifted.

It is very interesting to me to know that in Colorado charred wood, and even charcoal, has been found in Cretaceous deposits. The fact seems to give a human touch to that long-gone time. It was, of course, long ages before the evolution of man, as man, had taken place; yet such is the power of association that those charred sticks instantly call him to mind, as if we had come upon the place of his last camp-fire. At any rate, it is something to know that man, when he did come, did not have to discover or invent fire, but that this element, which has played such a large part in his development and civilization, was here before him, waiting, like so many other things in nature, to be his servant and friend. As Vulcan was everywhere rampant during this age, throwing out enough lava in India alone to put a lava-blanket four or five feet thick over the whole surface of the globe, it was probably his fire that charred the wood. It would be interesting to know if these enormous lava-flows always followed the subsidence of some

part of the earth's crust. In Cretaceous times both the subsidence and the lava-flows seem to have been world-wide.

III

We seem to think that the earth has sown all her wild oats, that her riotous youth is far behind her, and that she is now passing into a serene old age. Had we lived during any of the great periods of the past, we might have had the same impression, so tranquil, for the most part, has been the earth's history, so slow and rhythmical have been the beats of the great clock of time. We see this in the homogeneity of the stratified rocks: layer on layer for thousands of feet as uniform in texture and quality as the goods a modern factory turns out, every yard of it like every other yard. No hitch or break anywhere. The bedding-planes of many kinds of rock occur at as regular intervals as if they had been determined by some kind of machinery. Here, on the formation where I live, there are alternate layers of slate and sandstone, three or four inches thick, for thousands of feet in extent; they succeed each other as regularly as the bricks and mortar in a brick wall, and are quite as homogeneous. What does this mean but that for an incalculable period the processes of erosion and deposition went on as tranquilly as a summer day; there was no strike among the workmen, and no change in the plan of the building, or in the material.

The Silurian limestone, the old red sandstone, the Hamilton flag, the Oneida conglomerate, where I have known them, are as homogeneous as a snow-bank, or as the ice on a mountain lake; grain upon grain, all from the same source in each case, and sifted and sorted by the same agents, and the finished product as uniform in color and quality as the output of some great mill.

Then, after a vast interval, there comes a break: something like an end and a new beginning, as if one day of creation was finished and a new one begun. The different formations lie unconformably upon each other, which means revolution of some sort. There has been a strike or a riot in the great mill, or it has lain idle for a long period, and when it has resumed, a different product is the result. Something happened during each interval. What?

Though in remote geological ages the earth-building and earth-shaping forces were undoubtedly more active than they are now, and periods of deformation and upheaval were more frequent, yet had we lived in any of those periods we should probably have found the course of nature, certainly when measured by human generations, as even and tranquil as we find it to-day. The great movements are so slow and gentle, for the most part, that we should not have been aware of them had we been on the spot. Once in a million or a half-million years there may have been terrific earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, such as seem to have taken place in Tertiary times, and at the end of the Paleozoic period. Yet the vast stretches of time between were evidently times of tranquillity.

It is probable that the great glacial winter of Pleistocene times came on as gradually as our own winter, or through a long period of slowly falling temperature; and as it seems to have been many hundred thousand times as long, this preceding period, or great fall, was probably equally as long — so long that the whole of recorded human history would form but a small fraction of it. It may easily be, I think, that we are now living in the spring of the great cycle of geologic seasons. The great ice-sheet has withdrawn into the far north, — like snowbanks that linger in our woods in late spring, — where it still

covers Greenland as it once covered this country. When the season of summer is reached, some hundreds of thousands of years hence, it may be that tropical life, both animal and vegetable, will again flourish on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, as it did in Tertiary times. And all this change will come about so quietly and so slowly, that nobody will suspect it.

That the crust of the earth is becoming more and more stable seems a natural conclusion; but that all folding and shearing and disruption of the strata is at an end is a conclusion we cannot reach in the face of the theory that the earth is shrinking as it cools.

The earth cools and contracts with almost infinite slowness, and the great crustal changes that take place go on, for the most part, so quietly and gently that we should not suspect them were we present on the spot, and long generations would not suspect them. Elevations have taken place across the beds of rivers without deflecting the course of the river: the process was so slow that the river sawed down through the rock as fast as it came up. Nearly all the great cosmic and terrestrial changes and revolutions are veiled from us by this immeasurable lapse of time.

Any prediction about the permanence of the land as we know it, or as the race has known it, or of our immunity from earthquakes or volcanic eruptions,

or of a change of climate, or of any cosmic catastrophe, based on human experience, is vain and worthless. What is or has been in man's time is no criterion as to what will be in God's time. The periods of great upheaval and deformation in the earth's crust appear to be separated by millions of years. Away back in pre-Cambrian times, there appear to have been immense stretches of time during which the peace and repose of the globe were as profound as in our own time. Then at the end of Paleozoic time — how many millions of years is only conjectural — the truce of eons was broken, and the dogs of war let loose; it was a period of revolution which resulted in the making of one of our greatest mountain systems, the Appalachian, and in an unprecedented extinction of species. Later eras have witnessed similar revolutions. Why may they not come again? The shrinkage of the cooling globe must still go on, and this shrinkage must give rise to surface disturbances and dislocations, perhaps in the uplift of new mountain-ranges from the sea-bottom, now undreamed of, and in volcanic eruptions as great as any in the past. Such a shrinkage and eruption made the Hawaiian Islands, probably in Tertiary times; such a shrinkage may make other islands and other continents before another equal period of time has elapsed.

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY TOURISTS

BY E. S. BATES

A Journey is a Fragment of Hell.

— AWLIYAI EFENDI.

A SILESIAN gentleman, Hentzner by name, who acted as traveling tutor in the last year of the sixteenth century, acknowledges that the troubles of a traveler are great, and finds only two arguments to countervail them: first, that man is born unto trouble; and secondly, that Abraham had orders to travel direct from God. Abraham, however, did not have to cross the Channel. Otherwise, perhaps, the prospect of sacrificing himself, as well as his only son Isaac, would have brought to light a flaw in his obedience. There was, it is true, the chance of crossing from Dover to Calais in four hours three hundred years ago, but in 1610 two ambassadors waited at Calais fourteen days before they could make a start; and making a start by no means implied arriving — at least, not at Dover. One gentleman, after a most unhappy night, found himself at Nieuport next morning, and had to wait three days before another try could be made. Yet another, who had already sailed from Boulogne after waiting six hours for the tide, accomplished two leagues; and being becalmed for nine or ten hours, returned to Boulogne by rowing-boat, and posted to Calais, found no wind to take him across there, and had to charter another rowing-boat at sunset on Friday, reaching Dover on Monday between four and five in the morning. It was naturally a rare occurrence to go the whole distance by small boat, because of the

risk. Lord Herbert of Cherbury was the most noteworthy exception. The noble lord made three attempts from Brill, and covered distances varying from a point just outside the harbor to halfway, but each time arrived at Brill again. Eventually, he went by land to Calais, where the sea was so dangerous that no one would venture, — no one except one old fisherman, whose boat, as he himself acknowledged, was one of the worst in the harbor, but who, on the other hand, did not mind whether he lived or died.

Going by the North Sea, the usual havens were Gravesend, and Flushing or Brill, in spite of Brill's shallow harbor-bar (passed on one occasion with only two feet of water under the keel, when 'Mr. Thatcher, a merchant of London, who had goods therein, was so apprehensive that he changed colours and said he was undone, "Oh Lord," and suchlike passionate expressions'). A forty-eight-hour passage was nothing to grumble at. Arthur Wilson, the historian of James I's reign, left Brill in an old twenty-five-ton mussel-boat, at the bottom of which he lay for three days and three nights, seasick and expecting drowning, until he came ashore at — The Hague.

Among many other experiences of the kind, that of John Chamberlain, the letter-writer, may be chosen. Setting out from Rotterdam, after twenty-four hours' sailing he had been within sight of Ostend and was back again at Rotterdam. There he stayed a fortnight, putting to sea at intervals and

always returning. Then the wind came fair for Calais, but veered round rather too soon, and the first haven the ship could reach was Yarmouth, after two days' running before the storm. It was low tide; the ship went aground while entering, and for some time it looked like being lost with all hands; but the keel slipped off again, and the waves drove the ship against the piles at the head of the breakwater. Some thought it worth while trying to jump ashore; three of these the others saw drowned, and one was crushed to death against the piles. But in the end the rest landed safely in boats, and buried the dead; and Chamberlain himself, after a winter evening spent wandering in the rain and wind about Newmarket heath, when his guides had lost their way, arrived in town at eleven P. M. on the twentieth day after first leaving Rotterdam.

On this route the ownership of the vessel might fairly be guessed by the amount of swearing that went on. Dutch ships had no prayers said, and rarely carried a chaplain even on the longest voyages; but swearers were fined, though it were no more than naming the Devil. Psalm-singing would go on aboard any vessel manned by Protestants, on account of the popularity of the music written for the Reformers; but if a vessel had a garland of flowers hanging from its mainmast, that again would show it to be a Dutchman, and meant moreover that the captain was engaged to be married.

The passage-boats were about sixty feet long, which then meant a tonnage of about the same figure. They had a single deck, beneath which the passengers might find shelter if the merchandise left them room. The complement of passengers may be taken as seventy. The highest total of passengers I have found mentioned for a single ship is two thousand, but that

was between Constantinople and Cairo, the vessels employed on official business exclusively between those two places being the largest in the sixteenth-century world. Apart from these, the maximum tonnage was about twelve hundred, and a five-hundred-ton ship was reckoned a large one. An average Venetian merchantman measured about ninety feet by twenty by sixteen, a tonnage, that is, of about one hundred and sixty-six, according to English sixteenth-century reckoning.

As for accommodation in the larger boats, two Englishmen, writing separately, say that they neither changed their clothes nor slept in a bed while at sea, and there is no reason to suppose that any one else did who travelled under ordinary conditions. Cabins were to be had in the high-built sterns; even in Villamont's moderate-sized ship, there were eight decks astern, the fourth from the keel, which served as the captain's dining-room, accommodating thirty-nine persons at meal-times, all of whom, it is clear enough, slept in cabins above or below.

The chief exception to ordinary conditions was the pilgrim-ship for Jerusalem in the days (which ceased during the sixteenth century) when special galleys ran from Venice to Jaffa and back, in the summer. Here alone could the passenger have the upper hand, since these galleys alone were primarily passenger-boats. The captain would be willing, if asked, to bind himself in writing before the authorities at Venice to take the pilgrim to Jaffa, wait there and bring him back, call at certain places to take in fresh water, meat, and bread, carry live hens, a barber-surgeon, and a physician, avoid unhealthy ports such as Famagosta, stay nowhere longer than three days without the consent of the pilgrim, receive no merchandise which might inconvenience or delay him, provide two hot meals

a day and good wine, and guarantee the safety of any belongings he might leave in the galley during his absence at Jerusalem. No agreements, however, seem to have insured the traveler against starvation diet, and therefore it was prudent to store a chest with victuals, especially delicacies, and lay in wine; for Venice once left behind, wine might be dearer, or even unobtainable. Taking victuals implied buying a frying-pan, dishes, big and little, of earthenware or wood, a stew-pot, and a twig-basket to carry when the traveler landed and went shopping; likewise a lantern, candles, and bedding, which might be purchased near St. Mark's: a feather-bed, mattress, two pillows, two pairs of sheets, a small quilt, for three ducats, but all of these would be bought back at the end of the voyage at half-price. Medicines the pilgrim must on no account forget. Care had to be taken, too, in choosing a position, not below deck, which is 'smouldering hot and stinking,' but above, where shelter, light, and air were to be had; this, of course, for the benefit of such as were unable to secure a place in the stern-cabins.

If the passenger did not find himself in a position to get these counsels of perfection carried out, this is what he would experience: 'In the galley all sorts of discomfort are met with: to each of us was allotted a space three spans broad, and so we lay one upon another, suffering greatly from the heat in summer and much troubled by vermin. Huge rats came running over our faces at night, and a sharp eye had to be kept on the torches, for some people go about carelessly and there's no putting them out in case of fire, being, as they are, all pitch. And when it is time to go to sleep and one has great desire thereto, others near him talk or sing or yell and generally please themselves, so that one's rest is broken.

Those near us who fell ill mostly died. God have mercy on them! In day-time too, when we were all in our places busy eating, and the galley bore down on the side to which the sail shifted, all the sailors called out "*Pando*," that is, "To the other side"; and over we must go; and if the sea was rough and the galley lurched, our heads turned all giddy, and some toppled over and the rest on top of them, falling about like so many drunken yokels. The meals the captain gave us were not exactly inviting; the meat had been hanging in the sun, the bread hard as a stone, with many weevils in it, the water at times stank, the wine was warm, or hot enough for the steam to rise, with a beastly taste to it; and at times, too, we had to do our eating under a blazing sun. . . . Bugs, etc., crept about over everything.'

Another, after many similar complaints, of cold food and warm drink, and of sailors who walked about on top of him when he wanted to sleep, and so on, adds a fresh one, quite unmentionable, and then goes on to say that he passes over the more unpleasant features so as not to discourage intending pilgrims.

In reckoning the length of voyages it would not be sufficient to multiply the delay from bad weather in the Channel crossings by the extra mileage of a given distance: there was the additional delay due to the difficulty of obtaining a ship at all, even in the best of weathers, a difficulty proportionate to the length of the voyage. The first-mentioned difficulty too must not be minimized; it was reasonable caricature for Sir John Harington, Queen Elizabeth's godson, to represent his Rabelaisian hero as returning from 'Japana near China,' in a '24-hours' sail with some two or three odd years beside.'

To return to difficulty number two, that of obtaining any ship, instances of

it were continually occurring. Consider the complaint that one Greenhalgh writes to his friend: how he wished to go by sea to Naples or elsewhere in Italy; went to the Exchange at London almost daily for a month to read the ships' bills hanging there; could find none to take him; took passage at Blackwall on one which was bound for Dunkirk, but which the wind carried along the coast of Norfolk; reached Dunkirk in four days and four nights; no ship to be found there Italy-bound, nor at Gravelines, nor at Calais; so came back: seven weeks wasted.

But, it may reasonably be asked, why did n't he go by land? Well, that is a question without an answer; but for any journey where the mileage by sea was near the mileage by land, men of experience of these days reckoned it safer and quicker, and consequently cheaper, to go by sea.

In the same way, the journey from Rome to Barcelona was usually made by sea, although the sailors coasted instead of going direct. All voyages in fact were coasting voyages whenever possible; no landsman was more afraid of the open sea than was the average sailor during this period, the greatest for the exploration of oceans that the world has ever seen, except, perhaps, that unknown age when the islands of the Pacific were colonized. The fear was based on the sailor's accurate knowledge of his own incapacity, revealed to us by one or two travelers who were interested in the science of navigation. A certain Frenchman embarked at Vannes for Portugal; no bearings were taken, and the pilot had no chart, but trusted to his eye for his knowledge, and as a result coasted along Galicia under the impression it was Asturias. So with the master of a certain Venetian ship that a Scot sailed in and tells us of: he had no compass, cast anchor at night and guessed his whereabouts in

the daytime by the hills he recognized. On the way back from Alexandria a storm drove them off their course, and the sailors spent hours identifying headlands, only to find themselves mistaken.

But for the most part travelers seem to have trusted to luck with regard to piracy, knowing pirates to be as inevitable as storms. The two chief centres were Dunkirk and Algiers, and as Dunkirkers and Algerines met in the Atlantic, the Baltic was the only European sea free from them. In 1573 the Earl of Worcester crossed the Channel with a gold salver as a christening present for Charles IX's daughter; the ship was attacked by pirates; eleven of his suite were killed or wounded, and property worth five hundred pounds stolen. In 1584, Mr. Oppenheim states, the French ambassador complained that in the two preceding years English pirates had plundered Frenchmen of merchandise to the value of two hundred thousand crowns; the answer was that the English had lost more than that through French pirates. So in 1600 we find the Mayor of Exeter writing about the Dunkirkers, 'scarce one bark in five escapeth these cormorants.' Repression that was exercised by the governments on both sides of the Channel had the effect of making the Mediterranean worse than it had been; for the pirates, especially English, not only followed their occupation there in person, but taught the Turks and Algerines far more about navigation than the latter would have discovered by themselves. Which, by the way, had a further result adverse to English tourists, for those Italian states that had previously been favorably inclined to England, Venice and Tuscany, both of European importance, grew unfriendly, Tuscany becoming definitely hostile.

But the state of the Mediterranean for men of all nationalities was such that it would probably be difficult to

find a detailed account of a voyage during the first half of the seventeenth century which does not mention meeting an enemy. What might happen then is best illustrated in the experience of a Russian monk of rather earlier date: 'Halfway a ship full of pirates attacked us. When their cannon had shattered our boat, they leapt on board like savage beasts and cut the ship's master to pieces and threw him into the sea, and took all they found. As for me they gave me a blow in the stomach with the butt-end of a lance, saying, "Monk, give us a ducat or a gold-piece." I swore by the living God, by God Almighty, that I had none such. They bereft me of my all, leaving me nought but my frock, and took to running all about the ship like wild beasts, waving glittering lances, swords, and axes.'

Storms also were accompanied by incidents out of a present-day tourist's experience, to a greater extent than would readily be imagined; and this especially in the Mediterranean, where a large proportion of the sailors were Greeks with vivid superstitions.

It may safely be said that control of the weather by sorcerers was altogether disbelieved in by very few persons at that time; but if the belief was held more strongly along one coast-line than another, it was along the Baltic rather than elsewhere. As late as 1670 a traveler tells us how, being becalmed off Finland, the captain sent ashore to buy a wind from a wizard; the fee was ten kroner (say thirty-six shillings) and a pound of tobacco. The wizard tied a woolen rag to the mast, with three knots in it. Untying the first knot produces just the wind they want, southwest. That slackening, untying knot number two revives it for a time; but knot number three brings up a fearful northeaster, which nearly sinks them. 'Qui nescit orare, discat navigare,' was a

much-quoted phrase; true enough of one traveler, it would appear, seeing that he is reported to have prayed during a storm: 'O Lord, I am no common beggar; I do not trouble thee every day, for I never prayed to thee before; and if it please thee to deliver me this once, I will never pray to thee again as long as I live.'

Shipwreck had an additional danger when it happened to a galley rowed by forced labor. Cardinal de Retz gives a vivid picture of what happened when the one he was in ran aground. The whole tank of galley-slaves rose in fear, or hoping to escape by swimming, or to master the vessel amid the confusion. The commander and the other officers took double-edged swords and struck down all whom they found standing.

Even a mere landing was not without risk, for the custom in force almost universally of asking every newcomer officially his business, home, destination, was still more the rule at the coast. This same cardinal, when a fugitive landing in shabby clothes at St. Sebastian, was told by the soldiers he would probably be hanged in the morning, inasmuch as the ship's captain had mislaid his 'charte-partie,' in the absence of which every one in the ship could legally be hanged without trial.

And if they had their especial sea-troubles of pirates and Greek sailors and small boats in high seas, how much more certain was seasickness and the length of its enduring! One remembered leaving Dover at two A. M. — 'What a distressed broker I was upon the sea needs not here be told, since it's not to be feared that I'll forget it, yet I cannot but tell how Mr. John Kincead and I had a bucket betwixt us and strove who should have the bucket first, both equally ready; and how at every vomit and gasp he gave he cried, "God's mercy!" as if he had been about to expire immediately.' For

preventives nobody has anything to suggest, except, appropriately enough, one Father Noah, a Franciscan, who prescribes pomegranates and mint; and Doctor Rabelais, who says that Pantagruel and company departed with full stomachs, and for that reason were not seasick; a better precaution, he continues, than drinking water some days beforehand, salt or fresh, with wine or meat; or than taking pulp of quinces, or lemon-peel, or pomegranate-juice; or fasting previously, or covering their stomachs with paper.

Yet Panurge, who was always full or filling, became seasick when the storm came. As a picture of seasickness, Rabelais' account of Panurge seasick is probably unsurpassed, and it loses nothing in Mr. W. F. Smith's translation. 'He remained all of a heap on Deck utterly cast down and metagrobolised. "What ho, Steward, my Friend, my Father, my Uncle; — O, three and four times happy are those who plant Cabbages . . . they have always one Foot on Land and the other is not far from it. . . . This Wave will sweep us away, blessed Saviour! O my Friend, a little Vinegar; I sweat again with sheer Agony. . . . I am drowning, I am drowning, I am dying. Good people, I drown. . . . Ah, my Father, my Uncle, my All, the water has got into my Shoes by my Shirt-collar. Boos, boos, boos; paisch; hu, hu, hu, ha, ha, ha, I drown . . . eighteen thousand Crowns a year to the Man who will put me ashore. . . . Holos, good People, I drown, I die! Consummation est; it is all over with me. . . . My good man, could n't you throw me ashore?"'

Seasickness was presumably more common then than now, because the discomforts were so much further from being minimized; one Englishman recommends passengers to take rose-leaves, lemons or oranges, or the roots or

leaves of angelica, cloves, or rosemary, to counteract the evil smells of the boat; he might have added, of the company too, more particularly with reference to river-traffic, because there the company was specially liable to be mixed, by reason of the cheapness of that way of traveling as compared with horseback; and because the contact with one another was close.

It is not without significance that practically all district-maps of this date mark the courses of rivers, but not of roads. In fact, few records, probably, could be found of any tour of three hundred years, worth calling a tour, which was not partly conducted by river. One advantage of river-travel was that the way was more regularly practicable than the roads, which bad weather soon rendered barely passable. Moreover, it was the pleasantest mode of journeying, especially if the boat was towed; for traveling in a sixteenth-century wagon produced something like seasickness in those unaccustomed to it. On the other hand, to get the benefit of the cheapness of river-traveling, as compared with riding, one had to wait, at times, for fellow travelers to fill the boat; also, the choice of route was, of course, more limited; and on the swifter rivers it was not usual, or worth while, to attempt an upstream journey.

On the Loire, for instance, at Roanne, where it began to be navigable, boats were all built for sale, not for hire, as they were not expected to come back; and the same practice was in use elsewhere. But this must be taken as a rule with many exceptions. On the lower Loire, towing was in regular use, and a lady who tried it, from Nantes to Orléans, says, 'Of all my travels none were, for travel sake, as I may call it, so pleasant as this.' They went on shore to sleep, but kept to the boat all daytime, for it possessed a 'hearth,' a charcoal-fire on which they did the cooking.

When rowing was to be done, the tourist found himself expected, practically compelled, to take his share on the Elbe and the Rhone, and often on other rivers too. The diarist Evelyn reckoned that he rowed twenty leagues between Roanne and Orléans, and no doubt Edmund Waller, the poet, did the same, as he was of the party. If any exemptions were made, it was himself whom the boatman exempted.

An exciting passage was that of an imperial ambassador on his way to Constantinople, down the Danube, in a boat roped to a twenty-four-oar pinnace. He was behind time, so they rowed night and day, pulling hard against a violent wind. The bed of the river was uncared-for, and collisions with tree-stumps were frequent; once it was with the bank, so hard that a few planks came away. But the ambassador got from the Turkish rowers no further answer to his remonstrances than 'God will help.' The Danube was mainly a Turkish river then.

On the rivers there were two further disadvantages to be met: delay from running aground, and danger in shooting the bridges. The latter was very great: the bridge from which Pont-Saint-Esprit on the Rhone takes its name was as notorious a place for shipwrecks as any headland; and no doubt it happened then, as later, at Beaugency, on the Loire, that ale-drinking, card-playing, and talking ceased from the moment the boatmen began to prepare for the passage underneath till the passage was safely over.

Both these drawbacks were present, to a serious extent, and for the same reason: the total absence of regulation of the flow of water. Locks, or 'sluices,' as they were termed then, were being introduced exceedingly slowly; how slowly is evident from a Frenchman's explaining in detail in his journal (without the use of any specialized terms)

the working of one on the Reno, between Bologna and Ferrara. Considering that he must have had much experience of France, and had by that time (1575) traversed all the waterways generally used for passenger-traffic in Italy, it may be concluded that locks were at least very rare in both countries.

In canals, the great achievement of the period was the cutting of one for nine miles between Amsterdam and Haarlem, in six months, at a cost of twenty thousand pounds, finished not long before Sir W. Brereton passed through it in 1634; the previous route had been by a canal in the direction of Haarlem Meer, the boat having to be lugged by hand past the dam which separated the canal from the meer. Here in Holland, too, was by far the best passenger-service in Europe: in many cases boats were towed, or sailed, between town and town every hour, with fares fixed by the local authorities; and the only usual complaint concerns the drunkenness of the boatmen, who frequently landed the passengers in the water. But there is an isolated complaint, by an Italian chaplain, which shows what the others accepted as no more than reasonable. Nearing Amsterdam, he and his passed the night in the open barge, unable to sit up, much less stand, because of the lowness of the bridges, but forced to lie, in pouring rain, on foul straw, as if they were 'gentlemen from Reggio,' a phrase that is still used in Venice as a synonym for pigs.

Nevertheless, everything considered, for practicability, comfort, cheapness, and speed,—for all these qualities the water could more than hold its own against the land under even conditions; and a traveler from Italy to Munich finishes his journey by raft down the Iser, and reckons himself a gainer in time by using that means in preference to horseback.

Another subject which needs to be treated here, although at first sight it also seems out of place, is that of the characteristics of the islands of Europe as seen by foreigners; for among the advantages of choosing the sea must be reckoned acquaintance with those places which one would never get a glimpse of without a voyage; that is, those which ships touched at but which did not form a part of the tourist's objective. Far and away the chief of these were the islands of the Levant. The opinion that the tourists have of them is probably rose-colored by the fact that they broke the monotony of a longer voyage than was otherwise necessary; but the fact remains that all agree in depicting them as the spots where human life was at its pleasantest.

Of Chios, in particular, might be used the childlike phrase which the Italians used to express the height of happiness—it was like touching heaven with one's fingers. Nowhere was there greater freedom or greater pleasure. Such was the opinion of the Italian pilgrim, Della Valle, who calls it 'the pleasure-place of the Archipelago and the garden of Greece': there was nothing but singing, dancing and talking with the ladies of the isle, not only in daytime, but up to four or five in the morning. The costume, he says, was the only thing in Chios that could have been improved; and this stricture seemed to refer to the style only, for another refers to their being so sumptuously appareled that workmen's wives went in satin and taffety, and cloth of gold and silver, with jeweled rings and bracelets. And when he goes on to say that they were the most beautiful women he ever saw, it is worth recording that he was William Lithgow, who not only covered more ground in Europe, but visited a greater number of the islands of the Mediterranean, than any other traveler at this

time. Besides, there are many to confirm it; and although three hundred years ago there was little of what we call appreciation of nature, or rather, of the modern custom of definitely expressing such appreciation, there was no lack of appreciation, and expression of appreciation, of nature when in human and feminine form.

Singing, too, seems to have been part of living hereabouts. In Crete, for instance, the men, women, and children of a household would usually sing together for an hour after dinner. When there was a seamy side to their life it was associated with politics. In this same Crete, Lithgow stayed for fifty-eight days, and never saw a Greek leave his house unarmed: generally he wore a steel cap, a long sword, a bow, dagger, and target-shield. In Zante, too, laborers went to the fields armed; but it must be taken into account that the men of Zante were peculiarly murderous: if a merchant refused to buy from them, his life would be in danger; and also, the island was under Venetian rule, — a double evil: first, because the people had no other object than that of benefiting Venetians, and secondly, because the situation implied opposition to the Turks, which was worse, much worse, than the rule of the Turks. Chios was under Turkish rule; so was Coos, the next happiest place, very rarely visited, but well worth it, partly for what Della Valle calls the 'Amorevolezza' of that generation, partly because there were still to be seen the houses of Hippocrates, Hercules, and Peleus, Achilles' father. At Corfu was the house of Judas; here were also his descendants, however much the latter denied their ancestry; and near Lesbos was the islet called Monte Sancto, because it was thither that the Devil had borne Christ to show him all the kingdoms of the earth.

Then there were all the natural

curiosities which the tourist might see in the Levant, and nowhere else: asbestos at Cyprus, likewise laudanum 'generated by the dew'; and at Lemnos the 'terra Sigillata,' famed throughout Europe for its healing properties, an interesting example of an ancient superstition taken over by Christianity; for the priestess of Artemis, who had the charge of the sacred earth in Pliny's time, had been succeeded by the Christian priest, whom the Turkish officials watched at work without interfering, in case there might be some rite which they did not know of, and on the use of which the efficacy of the earth depended.

And lastly, this is what happened when a funeral had to take place at sea: an inventory of the deceased's goods was made, the ship's bell was rung twice, a firebrand was thrown into the sea, and the announcement

made, 'Gentlemen mariners, pray for the soul of poor —— whereby, through God's mercy, he may rest with the souls of the faithful.' But it is pleasant to say that on the only occasion this form of burial is recorded the deceased was alive, if not kicking; he was at his post, the 'look-out,' curled up asleep, as he had been for forty-eight hours previously, sleeping off the effects of Greek wine.

The amount of attention given to the other islands of the Mediterranean, Sicily — which may be considered part of Italy — excepted, might well be represented by saying nothing about them; but Cardinal de Retz's remark about Port Mahon, Minorca, is too characteristic of his age to be passed over: he praises it as the most beautiful haven of the Mediterranean, so beautiful that its scenery surpassed even that employed at Paris for the opera!

ON A FLY-LEAF OF FATHER TABB'S 'LYRICS'

BY MICHAEL EARLS

No booming cataracts of song
 Entrancing thrilled thy little lyre,
 Nor Alpine heights where visions throng,
 Full of a poet's wild desire;
 But common things across the mead
 Gave minstrel wisdom to thy heart;
 Now fronded fern and elfin seed
 Wear well the halo of thine art:
 As if dead leaves on beechen trees,
 So pitiful 'neath wintry skies,
 Should feel this wind an Easter breeze
 And rise a June of butterflies.

LITTLE KAINTUCK

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

THE November wind rioted up the Jumping Creek Draft between the mountains, and flung itself full face against George Hedrick's little cross-roads' store. Hedrick pulled his stove-drafts wider.

'It's one'er them days,' he said, 'when I wished I had me er wife to say if I was ter put on my flannels er not.'

The combination of Saturday afternoon and bad weather had provided the storekeeper with a more than usually large audience, — a thing in which his soul delighted.

'Yes, sir,' he continued, clinking a couple of dead counters together, and regarding his adversary, Orin Snyder, across the checker-board, with alert, bright eyes, 'there's er whole heap er things er wife is handy fer. She can tell yer almost d'rectly whether yer late fer dinner er not; whether yer feet 'll make tracks on the kitchen-floor, and whether yer fav'rite hound's been suck-in' eggs. Er dog now, he kin do er heap, but there is certain things what only er wife is fit fer.'

He made a quick move among the checker-men, and then sat back to pat his knees, and rumble his feet in a mirthful shuffle of triumph, which was voiced presently by a roar from the spectators as it dawned upon Orin Snyder that his two kings were suddenly and fatally entrapped.

'Well, I be dogged!' he cried.

He was a heavily built mountaineer, but rejoiced in a buoyant spirit.

'Well, set 'em up ergin, George,' he said; 'I ain't beat yit.'

It was here that the door opened suddenly, unexpectedly, and a scrap of a boy stood before them,—a boy perhaps of eight, possibly of ten meagre years. He faced the store's assembly with perfect lack of self-consciousness, his fearless gray eyes roving over them all with a certain challenge, which was more of question than of defiance, and was wholly young and appealing.

'Why, howdy, stranger!' the storekeeper exclaimed, surprise and kindness in his tone.

The boy nodded, a proud little upward jerk of his dark head.

'How yer all,' he responded, with a dignity and poise that was astonishing, considering that the eyes of all the store were upon him, that below his ragged coat there was probably no shirt, and that in spite of the cold he was still barefooted.

'And what might yer name be, and where der yer come from?' Hedrick inquired.

'My name's Dan Callison, an' I was raised over in Kaintucky,' the boy answered.

Adrian Blair laughed suddenly. He was a stalwart young fellow, with a comical, almost whimsical face.

'Well, they don't 'pear ter raise fellers any too big over in there,' he said; 'er maybe they got tired raisin' you, an' jest nater'ly quit 'fore ther job was done.'

The boy turned his serious eyes upon the speaker, and seemed to take him into calm but not resentful consideration.

'I ain't done growin' yit,' he explained simply. 'And anyhow I ain't been over in Kaintucky fer er right smart little bit. I been over here in West Virginia, an' reckon that's kinder stunted me—you all don't raise fellers as big here as they do in *my* state.'

Hedrick slapped his knee in delight. 'O Lord, Adrian!' he cried. 'Looks like you got bit that time! Well, set down, stranger, an' tell us all erbout yerself,' he continued.

With no abatement of his serious dignity, the child slid down into a chair near the door.

'Oh, pshaw!' the storekeeper cried; 'set up ter ther fire, sonny. I bet yer 'most froze; you don't look like you had on any too warm close, no way.'

A sweep of color went over the small face, and a flash of defiance kindled in the gray eyes.

'I ain't cold,' the boy answered proudly, and kept his seat, in spite of the fact that his lips were blue rather than red, and that his voice had a shiver in it.

The storekeeper rose, and went behind his counter.

'I dunno how it is with ther rest er you all,' he said, 'but seems like ter me it's er powerful long time since I eat my dinner, an' I'm goin' ter have er little snack er crackers an' cheese, an' you fellers better jine in.'

More than one of the men present took up the offer with a hearty, 'Well, I don't keer ef I do, George,' encouraged thereto, perhaps, by the significant look which Hedrick gave them; so that when the turn of the small stranger came, he had the precedence of their acceptance as a cloak for his pride; but even the fierceness of that youthful sentiment could not keep the ravenous gleam altogether out of his eyes, when he received his portion.

Hedrick laid a kind hand on his shoulder.

'You take my cheer fer er spell, Little Kaintuck,' he said, 'an' let me set here an' cool off. I'm pretty nigh done to er turn.'

So the boy was forced from his chilly seat into the cosy one vacated by the storekeeper; but still his pride kept him from stretching his blue fingers out to the purring stove.

'An' where did yer come from last, sonny?' Orin Snyder inquired.

'From Charleston,' the boy answered. 'Er feller down thar put me on ther train, an' ses ter me, "You come up here in Greenbrier County, an' see if you can't find you er home fer ther winter."'

He made the statement simply, and there seemed to be no conscious appeal in it.

'Ain't you been ter *school* none? All my little fellers is goin' ter school right erlong now.'

The question this time was voiced by Lloyd Johnson. He was lank, serious, and was what might have been called the uneasy conscience of the Draft. To him the world was a cross, or at best merely a resting-place, Heaven, let it be understood, being always his true home.

Dan fixed his serious eyes upon him for a moment, without reply.

'I went ter school fer er spell onct,' he said at length, 'but I quit.'

'You quit?' Johnson's voice was heavy with conscience. 'Aw, yer ought not ter er done that. What did yer quit fer?'

Again the boy paused, running his eyes over the speaker.

'I quit,' he said, 'cause ther teacher she had my mammy put in ther lock-up.' Suddenly in the back of the gray eyes there sprang a light that was unboyish and terrible. 'Would n't *you* er quit if you'd er been me?' he demanded.

The reply was so astonishing, so un-

looked-for, that the man was taken a back.

'Would n't you?' the boy persisted, his fierce eyes upon him.

'Why, yes, reckon I would under them circumstances,' Johnson dragged out.

And Adrian Blair laughed savagely under his breath.

'An' where's yer mammy now?' the storekeeper ventured.

'She's dead.'

The boy looked out of the window. The wind sent a scud of cloud-shadows over the shining fields. The whole aspect held a wonderful sense of freedom.

'She died in ther lock-up,' he said.

After that there was a little space of awkwardness, broken presently by Orin Snyder.

'Ain't yer got *no* folks?' he demanded.

To him, son of one large family, and father of another, with a chain of relationship which stretched through the majority of the families of the Draft, and ran up to those on the mountain farms, the possibility of having no folks was a situation poignant with surprise.

'After my mammy died, I did n't have nobody,' the boy said, 'so I jest lit out fer myself.'

'An' you been trampin' ever since?' He nodded.

'What do yer do nights? You don't allers strike folks ter stay with. I'd think you'd be skeered.'

Danshook his head. 'I ain't skeered,' he said. 'If I don't hit no place ter stay, I jest lights me a big fire an' sets by hit an' sings all night, an' nothin' don't never happen.'

His eyes were big and mysterious, and the whole bearing of the child was different from what the Draft knew. It was here that Bob Saunders saw fit to laugh.

'Did yer ever know ther beat er that, now!' he cried 'He jest *sings* all night! Well I'll be dogged!'

Bob was the only other child present, — a boy of twelve hearty years who from the first had viewed the interest evinced in the small stranger with increasing jealousy.

The Kentuckian regarded him quietly and apparently with indifference, yet when his opportunity for revenge arrived he did not neglect it.

'An' what do yer do when yer gits tired?' Bob inquired, with swaggering patronage.

'Why, honey,' the other returned, speaking as one speaks to a child, 'when I gits tired I jest sets down an' rests, like any other man would do. But I reckon if I was *you*' — and here his soft drawl was exaggerated slightly — 'I'd cut me er stick-horse an' ride it fer er spell.'

The store rocked with the men's delighted laughter.

Bob leaped to his feet, his face crimson.

'I'll learn you to sass me!' he cried, doubling his fists and dancing round the stove toward the other.

Little Kaintuck rose calmly and put his back against a near-by sugar-barrel, his attitude one of nonchalant defense. Then he spoke, and again his low drawl commanded the attention of even his would-be assailant.

'Whar I comes from,' he said, 'ef two fellers gits ter fightin' they jest nater'ly slices each other right up, and' — suddenly he flung his shoulders back and leaped for the other's throat — 'I've er great mind to *kill* you!'

The ferocity and suddenness of the onslaught were more than Bob was prepared for. With a howl of sheer terror he scudded for the door, gained it a bare instant before the little pursuing fury at his back, and dashing it open,

fled away up the road on panic-winged feet.

For a moment Little Kaintuck watched his retreating figure; then he came back to his seat by the stove, disappointment looking out of his eyes.

'Well, I'll be dogged! Bob, he's a great fighter, now, ain't he!' Orin Snyder gasped, heaving great sighs of painful mirth, for his sense of humor always shook the very foundations of his being.

Adrian Blair's eyes danced. To fight was the breath of his nostrils, was the savor of his existence.

'Great Day, Little Kaintuck!' he cried, 'I jest wished you was er man. You an' me'd show these fellers what sure 'nough fightin' is then. Lord,' he said, doubling his fists regretfully, 'I'd jest like ter lick ther very hide off 'en you.'

Thus he tendered the small stranger the tribute of his highest esteem.

But Lloyd Johnson's voice struck in heavily.

'I would n't like to have one er *my* little fellers show sech er keen sperrit ter fight,' he said, shaking his head. 'No sir, I certainly would hate ter have er boy er mine so quick with his fists.'

'Well, yer never will, Lloyd, so that's one thing need n't ter worry yer none,' Hedrick comforted him.

'That's so, George, I don't b'lieve it need, not after the Christian raisin' I'm givin' 'em, no sir-ee!'

And 'No sir-ee!' Hedrick backed him up, with such emphasis that Johnson regarded him a trifle doubtfully.

But now the afternoon was beginning to close in softly in faint lights of gray and brown, and one after another of the men departed.

Orin Snyder got slowly to his feet, and stretched himself with extreme thoroughness.

'Well, Little Kaintuck,' he said, 'I'd like jest ther finest kind ter have yer

come home with me; but it's the blame truth I don't know how many kids there is there right this minute; but I'll make er pint er countin' of 'em, an' talk it over with ther woman, an' if so be there's room fer one more I'll give you ther very first chanst at ther job.'

'I'm much erbliged ter you,' Little Kaintuck replied, showing his first hint of embarrassment in his gratitude.

At length they were all gone, all, that is, save Adrian Blair. The two men and the little boy sat on in silence. In the remote corners dark shadows wavered back and forth, but the stove burned with a bright and sociable eye.

At length Adrian brought his tip-tilted chair down with a crash of decision.

'Come on, Little Kaintuck,' he said: 'it's time you an' me was hittin' ther trail fer home an' supper.'

The boy's serious little mouth relaxed into a smile. Evidently this matter-of-fact way of offering a home pleased his fancy.

But George Hedrick cut in quickly.

'Much erbliged ter you, Ade,' he said, 'but reckon Little Kaintuck an' me'll set tight an' eat at home this evenin'.'

'Well, I'll be doggoned,' Adrian said frankly, 'I ain't invitin' *you* ter supper.'

'Well, it's thersame thing,' the storekeeper responded calmly, 'seem' as me an' Little Kaintuck is goin' ter be buddies fer ther winter.'

'You *is*!' Adrian exclaimed. 'Well, now, I reckon Little Kaintuck hisself may have some word erbout that. Now, then, sonny,' turning to the boy, 'it's fer you ter say — will you come with me or stay with him? My woman's mighty good ter little strayed things,' he added as inducement.

The boy regarded them both for a

moment without reply. In the faint light from the open stove Adrian's expression was gay, was debonair and kindly, but on the other's face was an eagerness of which he himself was hardly aware.

'I'm much erbliged,' Little Kaintuck said at length, looking at Adrian, 'but I 'lowed ter stay with *him* from ther fust'; and he nodded with calm assurance towards the storekeeper.

'Ther deuce yer did!' Adrian exclaimed.

And, 'Well, I'll be dogged!' Hedrick ejaculated under his breath.

It was a theory of George Hedrick's that Solomon would never have voiced the wearied sentiment of there being nothing new under the sun if he had had the privilege of keeping a cross-roads' store, in which joyous occupation, Hedrick maintained, 'new things was allus happenin'.'

Certainly after the advent of Little Kaintuck, this, for him, was more than ever true. The presence of a child in his bachelor establishment was in itself astonishing and unusual enough, but Little Kaintuck himself was astonishing. For long stretches he was like any other boy, and then of a sudden Hedrick would find himself met by some unaccountable streak of pride or sensitiveness that fairly took the man's breath away, and left him able only to voice his surprise in the all-embracing phrase of the Draft, 'Well, I'll be dogged.'

The child was like some little wild animal, which stress of circumstances had driven into human shelter, but which always owned itself, and might at any moment be off with a bound to its native woods. The storekeeper knew this, and knew too how light was his hold upon him, and he would have given much to make the present friendship a permanency.

The winter climbed slowly up the

long Christmas hill, to plunge down through January and February to the open stretches of March, when the freed water began to run as it runs only in spring, and when the melting snow dripped musically from the sunlit eaves. And with the first hint of spring Hedrick saw something awaken in Little Kaintuck, — something which he had looked for and dreaded, and which made the boy leave his place by the stove in the evenings, and go restlessly out into the full soft dark.

Once, on a Saturday afternoon, when the spring was well under way, a crowd of uncouth people, men and women, came down from Droop Mountain, and passed the store. Little Kaintuck and Hedrick were seated on the porch in a lull of custom. At sight of the crowd, a spark of excitement leaped in the boy's eyes.

'Sang diggers!' he whispered. 'I tramped with'er gang er them onct fer er spell,' he said after a pause, and then fell silent again. But that night at supper he spoke suddenly out of a deep reverie.

'You been mighty good ter me?' he said, his remark more in the form of a wistful question, than a statement.

'Why, I really ain't done nothin' much fer you,' Hedrick returned, and rose in some embarrassment to replenish the biscuit-plate out of the hot black depths of the oven.

But the storekeeper knew well enough that any day now might find Little Kaintuck on the wing. Yet time passed, and still the boy lingered, and the man hugged himself in secret over the triumph of it.

There came at last an afternoon when business called Hedrick away, and Little Kaintuck was left in charge of the store. It was a sunny day, and a growing day; a day of Heaven and of riotous awakened life and the boy sat on the porch, and gave vent to a delicious

exultant whistle of no particular tune, and wished that a customer would come to test his skill. But it was a busy day with the Draft people. Time drifted on and still no one came to buy, and presently the boy's thoughts began to flow together in drowsy confusion, and he slept a little. But of a sudden he was broad awake, startlingly awake. There was a sound in the store at his back, — the whispered, cautious sound of a pushed-open drawer, and then on the instant the sharp alarm of the bell on the till.

Little Kaintuck leaped from his chair and across the threshold. A man was leaning over the counter, his back to the door, his hand in the money-drawer. For an instant the boy paused, gathering himself; then he sprang. Without a word, almost without a sound, he lighted on the intruder's back.

It was so sudden, so silent, and so mysterious an attack, that the man's nerve went down before it, and giving a great bound, he let out a wild yell of terror. Yet in the moment that his hands flew up and grasped the small ones at his neck, he realized that it was only a child who held him, and with a wrench he tore the clinging arms and legs free, and swung the boy round in front of him.

'You little *devil*, you!' he cried fiercely.

But Little Kaintuck, a biting, scratching, kicking ball of fire, twisted himself away, and with a swoop flung his arms about the other's legs and brought him crashing to the ground. For a moment the man was stunned, and the boy got in some vicious pomeling; but directly the thief recovered himself, and his fingers gripped the child's small neck. At that moment, however, a figure appeared in the doorway; strong hands were laid on the man's own collar, and he was jerked to his feet.

'Now then! What's all this erbout?' Adrian Blair demanded.

The thief turned upon him with an oath.

Adrian stiffened with delight.

'You'd cuss *me*, would you!' he cried, the joy of battle in his face as one hard fist went out toward the other's jaw like a piston-rod.

But the thief dodged, and springing aside, bolted out of the door and away.

'Ketch him! ketch him!' cried Little Kaintuck.

He and Adrian raced for the door together, and arriving at it simultaneously tripped each other up, and both came sprawling to the floor.

'What der yer *mean* by gettin' in my way!' the boy cried, recovering his feet, and turning furiously upon Adrian.

'Well, now, I'll be switched! Who got in *my* way I'd jest like ter know,' Adrian began.

But already Little Kaintuck had shot past him in pursuit of the thief. Outside, however, the empty road and shining landscape laughed at him, and the all-too-near woods had evidently gathered the culprit into their shelter.

Mad with disappointment, the boy flashed back upon Adrian.

'He's gone!' he burst out, panting with anger, 'he's gone! An' he had his hand in ther till — jest right in it! An' if you had n't er come in messin' things up, I'd er had him fixed in er nother pair of seconds!' He paused, struggling for breath, and shaken by his passion. 'An' I'll tell yer *one* thing, Adrian Blair!' he cried, 'ther next time you see me in er scrap with er feller, I'll jest thank you ter keep *your* fists out er hit!'

'Well, I'll be dogged!' cried Adrian. 'You'll thank me ter keep out er your scraps, will you! An' ef I had n't er walked in that identical minute, you'd er had that blamed sassy little neck er

your'n jest nater'ly wrung off. You don't erpear ter realize you was bein' choked ter death.' He paused, regarding the boy's passionate little figure. 'No,' he went on, 'er course yer don't. I jest b'lieve, 'pon my soul, you thought you was chokin' *him*! Look erhere, Little Kaintuck,' he continued seriously, 'I dunno but what I'm jest as glad you ain't growed, 'cause ef you was, I'd jest *have* ter fight you, an' hit might so be as I'd git licked myself.'

But later, when Adrian was taking his way homeward, he heard the sound of running feet behind him, and, turning, faced Little Kaintuck. The boy's cheeks were crimson from his haste, and from something else.

'Ade,' he panted, 'Ade, I'm much erbliged ter you!'

'Aw, pshaw!' said Adrian, and walked on again in embarrassment.

That night at supper, Hedrick said suddenly, 'If ther's anything out er ther store you want, Buddy, jest say what it is, an' you shall have it fer the way you lit inter that raskil this ev'nin'.'

The boy looked at him in surprise. Then his face lighted.

'Was hit anything ter do, sure 'nough?' he asked. 'Would hit make up some fer all you done fer me?'

'Oh, pshaw! hit's er whole heap more'n that,' the storekeeper returned. 'Now, jest say what hit is you want.'

Little Kaintuck was silent for a moment. 'I don't want nothin',' he said at length.

And the next morning he was gone. On a chair were neatly piled all the things — clothes and the like — that the storekeeper had given him, and the old disreputable suit of his advent had disappeared from the peg where its limp weight had hung all winter.

Hedrick sat heavily down on the side of his bed, and stared for some time at the things on the chair, all

things that go to the make-up of a little boy in the Draft. 'Oh, doggone it,' he sighed to himself. Afterwards he went downstairs, and prepared his solitary breakfast. All day long the sense of loneliness hung over him, clutching him at times with almost a physical grip.

'Well, yer might er knowed it would er been that away,' Lloyd Johnson comforted him. 'I knowed from ther very fust, he wan't the kind er little feller ter show any gratitude. But,' he added piously, 'he's one er ther Lord's creatures, so I reckon He must have some use fer him.'

'Well, if ther Lord kin make any use er *some* folks' spindling measly little kids,' Hedrick returned pointedly, 'I bet He'll know what ter do with Little Kaintuck, all right.'

At the end of the day, when Adrian Blair dropped down on the porch-steps, the storekeeper opened his heart to him.

'I knowed hit was on him,' he said, 'ther wantin' ter light out. I knowed because hit uster be that erway with me when I was er little ole kid. I uster think I wanted ter see what was over acrost one .er them furrest way-off blue mountains. It uster come on me mostly when I was grubbin'. Lord, I mind of hit all jest as well, ther kinder black smell er burnt new ground, with ther hot feelin' er everything, an' ther little fresh trickle of er branch runnin' somewheres. An' seems like I could most *hear* them way-off blue mountains er hollerin' ter me. An' I reckon if I had n't er had er mammy I thought ther world of, I'd er took my foot in my han' an' slid out er this little ole Draft like er greased streak. I uster ache so bad ter light out that I'd jest nater'ly lay down on ther ground an' cuss ev'ry blamed thing I could lay my eyes to, with ev'ry bad word my tongue could hand me. An' I reckon

too,' he added, with a desire for the exact truth, 'I cussed some, 'cause I allers did hate grubbin' er little ther worst er any of ther jobs they put me at. So's I knowed all erlong how it was goin' ter be with Little Kaintuck. But I sorter hoped maybe he'd keer enough fer me ter stay; an' when he got so big-eyed an' restless-like, an' still he did n't go, I thought hit was me was keepin' him, an' I felt terrible proud; but come ter fin' out, he was jest waitin' till he felt he hed me sorter paid off. I wished he had er stayed,' he said. 'But I reckon folks what never had no kids er their own, don't jest know how ter keep 'em,' he added, a trifle wistfully.

'Well,' Adrian said as he rose to go, 'I'm mighty sorry too he's lit out. I've been lookin' forred right erlong ter the time when he'd be big enough fer me ter lick. But maybe,' he added philosophically, 'it's all fer ther best, fer gin that time comes, I might be so stiff and staved-up that I could n't fight him, an' not bein' able ter would jest break me all up in ther clear.'

'I allers did have er nater'al born contempt fer folks as says frogs hollerin' on summer ev'nin's makes 'em feel

kinder creepy like, but dogged if hit *ain't* er lonesome sound,' the storekeeper soliloquized, left alone on his porch.

Yet lonesome as it was out of doors, the half-light of the store at his back seemed to hold still more dreary possibilities. The sun dropped behind one of the highest peaks of Droop Mountain opposite; a little shoal of clouds swam from gold to gray across the turquoise sea of the sky, and all the familiar outlook from the store faded wistfully into the blur of twilight.

'*O Lord!*' Hedrick said at length with the irritation of one whose feelings are on edge.

Somewhere close at hand there was a little rustle, and a voice spoke out of the darkness.

'Hello, Buddy!' it said.

The tone was weary, was half-sheepish and half-laughing.

'Well, I'll be doggoned!' the storekeeper cried joyfully.

For a butterfly's instant a hand caressed his knee as Little Kaintuck slid down on the step at his feet.

'I 'lowed I'd druther stay with you, after all,' he said, his voice soft and shy in the dusk.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

AMONG the changes and transformations of the past half-century none is more curious or more complete than the revolution which has overtaken Anglo-German relations. As late as 1850 Germany was not only Great Britain's admiring friend, but in some sort her pupil. On almost all points of political, economic, and constitutional theory the bulk of the German nation, with the most liberal and intelligent men at their head, looked to England as their guide. The enthusiasm for the British Constitution which Montesquieu set ablaze throughout Europe was shared nowhere more heartily than in Prussia. The debt England owed to Germany in philosophy, science, and classical poetry, was amply repaid by Adam Smith and his successors, and by the example Great Britain afforded of a nation at once self-governing, united, and powerful. British freedom and greatness became the theme of German panegyrics, and the British Empire, in those halcyon days, was not even grudged.

That was the time when Englishmen and Germans were perpetually reminding themselves that they came of common stock and had fought out together the battles of the Reformation, and of European liberty, against Louis XIV and Napoleon. For a while it seemed as if the whole movement of German destiny might develop along English lines. The gifted and powerful, if somewhat impractical, National Liberals of the day looked forward to and worked for a peaceful union of all German

states under Prussian leadership, that should closely follow the English model. Centralization, militarism, and the semi-paternal theory of government were equally abhorrent to them. What they aimed at was a liberal constitution and a popular monarchy, based upon the federal system and buttressed by a real and adequate representation of the people, and above all, by a responsible executive. Such a system, they argued, if erected in Berlin would ultimately vanquish the stubborn spirit of particularism and draw to Prussia all the states of Germany in a durable federation. This was the party, and these the views, with which the late Empress Frederick, herself an Englishwoman, was identified, and their triumph or failure meant the triumph or failure of English influence.

Opposed to them stood Bismarck, Moltke, and Roon, and ultimately King William, all alike convinced that only through war could German unity be secured. The battle between the two sections opened formally when, the Lower House having rejected the army estimates, Bismarck undertook to govern the country, double and reorganize the Prussian army, and enforce all the rigors of conscription, with or without the sanction of Parliament. The Liberals opposed him to a man, and bombarded all his proposals with precedents drawn from British sources. The result is a matter of history. Bismarck's masterly and masterful policy, and the brilliant results it led to, swept all before it, crushed the Liberals out of existence,

and hopelessly discredited the English notions and sympathies they represented. From the moment he began to get the upper hand the disparagement of all things English became a political necessity. When Sedan and the proclamation of the Emperor at Versailles brought full and final success, the whole nation was converted to the Bismarckian *Staatsidee*. The altars at which it had worshiped were overthrown, and those which it had formerly turned from in high intellectual disdain were installed in their place. Universal military service became the popular idol and a strongly centralized, half-patriarchal, and intensely active government, completely ousted the old ideals of constitutionalism and individual self-reliance.

Never was a mental revolution so speedy and comprehensive. England fell rapidly in the estimation of Germans. To deride British institutions and exalt by implication the Hohenzollern system, to belittle the British voluntary army in order that Germans might be still further convinced that conscription alone was compatible with military efficiency, grew to be the favorite pastime of German politicians, journalists, and professors. It is hardly too much to say that within the past fifty years the whole tale of English history has been rewritten to suit the change in German sentiment.

But, besides all this, Germany had some tangible grounds of complaint against England. Professor Marcks of Leipsic, in his pamphlet on Anglo-German relations from 1500 to 1900, claims that after 1848 England 'invariably showed herself unfriendly' to the German struggle for unity. 'It was so in the crisis of 1848; throughout the Schleswig-Holstein complication with Denmark, in which Germany prosecuted a claim that was inevitable and national, England was always Danish; through all the great events of that chain of years,

through all the wars in which Germany was concerned up to 1871, it was the same. Directly or indirectly, wholly or partially, England always ranged herself with the opponents, never with the friends, of German unity. She never brought her whole power to bear against it, for English Liberalism was then at the zenith of its influence, and there was scarcely a really strong English foreign policy in any direction. But what there was, was hostile to Germany.'

This is, in the main, a true bill. Great Britain greatly offended Prussian mercantile interests by refusing to assist in obtaining the neutrality of the Baltic. Her attitude on the question of the Elbe Duchies showed neither consistency nor strength, and from the Franco-Prussian War, as from the American Civil War, she emerged with nothing but the cordial, and possibly deserved, animosity of both sides. The disappearance of a weakly, divided Germany, and the rise of a powerful, aggressive empire in its place, did not greatly appeal to British sympathies or to the popular view of British commercial interests. From the moment that Germany became united, she became England's rival, not only in trade, but in political ambitions; and in neither direction was she a welcome competitor.

To this want of sympathy the defects in the national character of both peoples have contributed their inevitable share. The newly-awakened spirit of German nationalism, and of pride in the German race, seemed to foreigners to run occasionally into needless extremes, and to take on the air of a rather puerile assertiveness. It seemed for a while as if the Germans found it necessary to be continually calling attention to their fresh-won importance, lest the world should forget it. They had an unexpected consciousness of strength, and were almost morbidly anxious to have it recognized. The result was the

development of what in England was considered a vein of bumptiousness, or at least of unnecessary brusqueness. The Germans, on their part, complained that Englishmen never fully gave them their due; still affected to regard them as interesting prodigies rather than as a matured and responsible nation; would persist in that 'lecturing' attitude which Americans have long learned to know, but hardly to love, in their kinsmen; and never brought themselves to the point of admitting that Germany had grown out of British tutelage.

These things are trivial — if anything is really trivial in determining international likes and dislikes. They certainly helped, however, in widening the breach between the two peoples. Success made the Germans rather 'touchy,' and British 'superiority' flicked them on the raw. The estrangement grew sharper, on the German side at least, when the colonial fever began to influence German foreign policy, and it was found that so far as all hope of a Greater Germany, that should spread the German idea and receive German colonists and extend German trade, was concerned, the Empire had been born too late. Wherever Germany turned, she found England comfortably settled in her path. The cake, as the late Herr Richter once remarked, had been divided long ago, and nothing was left for the latest comer but the crumbs under the table. This was, and is, a natural, unreasoning, and keenly-felt grievance; and as the stress of rivalry in other spheres grew fiercer, as the Germans, duplicating British experience, began to change from a mainly agricultural to a mainly industrial basis, and as they woke, or were prodded awake, to the necessity of a strong navy and a large mercantile marine, the discovery was made that here, too, Great Britain had been before them.

That England should have acquired

such a start at so trifling a cost, while Germany was struggling through blood to attain the indispensable condition of unity, appears to Germans so monstrously unfair as to afford a strong presumption of trickery. From that to convicting Great Britain of hypocritical duplicity, of stirring up strife among her rivals while she quietly carries off the booty, is a short step. Even Americans twenty years ago had not so flattering a suspiciousness of British diplomacy as have the Germans to-day — a suspiciousness that wakes Homeric laughter among Englishmen, who are but too conscious that the great merit, or the great failing, of their diplomacy is that there is nothing to suspect in it. Nor have the ruling authorities, either at Potsdam or in the Wilhelmstrasse, done anything to dispel the bogey. They have, on the contrary, used it with consummate skill to further their own ends. Had it not been for England and the assumed necessity of being always and everywhere on guard against her wiles, it is doubtful whether the Kaiser would have been able to launch and popularize his naval programme.

Always comically surprised to find themselves disliked, always constitutionally unaware of the offense they are apt to give, Englishmen were long in gauging the new German spirit at its right significance. It is less than eleven years since Mr. Chamberlain made his incredible speech proposing an Anglo-German-American alliance against Russia. The late Lord Salisbury, to the end of his official career, was dominated by the philo-German traditions in which he grew up; and were he to revisit the earth to-day he would be astonished at nothing so much as at finding France, whom he had always dreaded as England's natural and predestined enemy, her closest friend. In this matter of their relations with Germany the mass of Englishmen, indeed, have for many

years past been considerably more advanced than their rulers. From the moment of the Kaiser's telegram to President Krüger, in 1896, skepticism toward Germany's friendliness, and suspicion of her aims, have steadily deepened in the British consciousness.

Between two empires, — the one old, somnolent, and possessed of trade, colonies, and sea-power, and the other young, aspiring, and in search of trade, colonies, and sea-power, — a certain amount of friction and jealousy was inevitable. But it has been the unhappy chance of the past decade to intensify every element of Anglo-German ill-will. The Berserker fury of the German press during the Boer War penetrated, for almost the first time in British history, the insular indifference to foreign criticism. The English, as Washington Irving noted, are bad haters. They are far too comfortable and too easy-going to keep a grudge alive. But there are limits of calumny beyond which it is dangerous to go; and the Germans overstepped them when they represented the British army in South Africa as murdering prisoners of war, forcing Boer women upon the firing-line and tying them to stakes in front of the trenches, pillaging and killing for the fun of the thing, and instituting the concentration-camps partly to kill off those interned in them by disease and starvation, and partly to provide material for the unholy appetites of British 'mercenaries.' It was borne in upon Englishmen that, had any other country but their own been in question, — had it, for instance, been France or Russia whom the German papers were reviling, — the authorities would at once, and peremptorily, have discountenanced and stopped the campaign. But as it was only England, the Chancellor himself took a hand in the game, and deliberately, when it seemed to have about blazed itself out, put fresh

fuel on the fire. On the people of the United Kingdom the contrast made a bitter impression that has not yet been wholly effaced. The storm that instantaneously, and throughout all England, broke over the Anglo-German expedition against Venezuela in 1903, had its source not only in the conviction that it was a diplomatic blunder of the first magnitude, but in a sense of outraged national dignity. After all that had passed, Englishmen could not stomach the idea of coöperation with Germany.

But it is not necessary to explore with any thoroughness the various incidents that in the past ten years have contributed to keep England and Germany at odds. They clashed over Samoa; before, during, and after the Boxer *émeute*, they disagreed repeatedly in China; over the problems of the Balkans their harmony has not at any time been more than superficial; the formation of the Anglo-French *entente* was deeply resented by the Wilhelmstrasse, and provoked the Morocco crisis that for a year and more kept all Europe in fear of war; the ending of the old irrational antagonism between England and Russia still further strengthened the apprehensions of Germany that it was the chief aim of British policy to isolate her in Europe; and all the while the commercial, and in particular the naval, rivalry between the two countries has gone on increasing in magnitude and intensity. What gives these developments their sinister significance is that they have helped to bring about, and are in turn interpreted by, a mutual spirit of distrust and alarm. In diplomacy the spirit is everything. If there is confidence, good-will, and a sincere desire for conciliation, the most formidable-looking issue proves easy of solution. If none of these qualities and conditions obtains, then the most trivial issue may engender a crisis.

Anglo-German relations bear witness

to the force of this venerable truism. It ought not to be difficult to formulate them on a rational basis. Nor would it be difficult, if international sympathies and aversions were governed by facts and reasoned probabilities instead of by unthinking impulses, baseless conjectures, and ignorant perversities. At no specific point are England and Germany in conflict. At very few points are they even in contact. No accommodation between them such as England has effected with Russia and with France is possible, because the material for such an accommodation does not exist. That is, perhaps, the first thing to be borne in mind when Anglo-German relations are approached from the standpoint of common sense. From first to last there has been in this warfare hardly anything tangible, hardly anything that could be made the subject of a diplomatic bargain, no suggestion of a clash of interests that could be averted by a give-and-take compromise, no instance of a dispute that could be stated in black and white and solved by a matter-of-fact negotiation.

But this, while it invests the Anglo-German feud with an egregious absurdity, by no means diminishes its seriousness or shortens its life. On the contrary it heightens the one and prolongs the other. Nothing in the world is so hard to counter as suspicions that cannot in the nature of things be disproved or brought to the test of fact, that relate less to the present than to some indefinite future, and that tend through infinite repetition and by their very elusiveness to acquire a certain credibility. It is suspicions of this kind that have poisoned the public mind of England and Germany. In default of facts, the two nations have made an issue of tendencies, motives, and possibilities. Neither can bring the other to book, because each professes to be thinking of 'the year after

next.' Some people in Germany seem to think that England is an enlarged edition of the *National Review*. Some Englishmen seem to think that the 'literature' of the Pan-Germans is the daily diet of the German people. The Anglophobe regards King Edward as an unblushing monster of craft and cant. The Teutophobe regards the Kaiser as the embodiment of every diplomatic black art. And so it goes. If the Hague Tribunal were called in to diagnose Anglo-German relations, they would send, not for a diplomatist, but for an alienist. Their judgment would be that the two peoples have lost all touch with actualities, and that while there is little or nothing in their material or political interests that needs adjusting, their state of mind demands instant inquiry.

The outstanding symptom of the Anglo-German ailment is a fusillade of almost identical charges. All the schemes and ambitions the anti-Germans in England impute to Germany, the anti-British in Germany impute to England. Every suspicion that is entertained in London about the Kaiser is entertained in Berlin about King Edward. Great Britain sends a squadron to visit the Baltic, and multitudes of Germans look upon its advent as scarcely less than a declaration of war. Germany increases her navy, and the British Teutophobes at once warn their countrymen to prepare for a German invasion. Great Britain settles her old-standing difficulties with France and Russia, and Germany proclaims that it is all part of a plot to humiliate and hem her in. Trouble breaks out on the Egyptian frontier, and Great Britain is instantly assured that Germany has instigated it. The British Prime Minister proposes a scheme for limitation of armaments, and Germany detects in it a consummately crafty and hypocritical conspiracy against German

interests. The Kaiser writes a friendly note to the British First Lord of the Admiralty, and the Teutophobes translate it as an attempt to influence the British naval estimates. The German Chancellor says something complimentary about England, and his words are scoffed at as one more move in a game of calculated duplicity. So far at times has the delirium gone that the humble German waiter in the English hotel has been transformed into an advance-agent of the army of invasion.

And the curious part of it is that the English and German peoples are on the whole serious, sensible, and pacific folk, who, though narrow, have never been without a capacity for seeing and thinking clearly, and who, in their saner hours, are perfectly well aware that a war between their respective countries would be a profitless crime. Yet for nearly ten years they have allowed themselves to be lashed by the extremists among them into a state of confusion and suspiciousness, where facts and realities almost cease to exist, and where reason is lost in a paper warfare of railings, mare's nests, and international *tu quoques*. Nine-tenths of the antagonism that has been fomented between them is simply a nightmare of the imagination. The remaining tenth has substance, or at least plausibility, and needs to be examined — but candidly and without heat.

There are three possible causes of an Anglo-German conflict. In British, as indeed in most foreign, eyes the German Empire is the creation of the three interdependent processes of diplomacy, war, and spoliation. Germans perhaps do not altogether realize the impression produced abroad by the character of their successes under Bismarck's *régime*. Yet only a little imagination is needed to make them understand that a power which first ingeniously isolated and then struck down Den-

mark, Austria, and France, in turn, is a power whose future course is bound to be watched with a certain nervousness. In the past forty years, although she has kept the peace, she has done little to dissipate that nervousness. She is still the one centre of disturbance and suspicion on the continent of Europe. Her diplomacy is universally distrusted. Looking to Germany's past, and to her present needs and strength, can any one, ask Englishmen, regard the era of German expansion as definitely closed? Was Tsushima the last naval battle that will ever be fought? Who believes that the present political arrangements of Europe are final and immutable? What guarantee is there that Austria, or at least Belgium and Holland, may not share the fate of the Elbe Duchies and Alsace-Lorraine?

Look at the map. Germany is an imprisoned empire. With the mouth of the Rhine, the German Tiber, in the hands of strangers, with a small and weak people astride her busiest river, Germany is like a man denied a key to his own front door. She is cut off from the full freedom of the Baltic and the North Sea, from the Mediterranean and from the Adriatic. The short and difficult coast-line between Holland and Denmark forms virtually the sole effective channel for the commerce of this powerful and ambitious nation. And the states — Holland, Denmark, Belgium — that in this way cramp Germany's development are in all cases weaker than herself. She is walled off by puny, insignificant communities from everything she most vitally needs for the protection of her security and the full utilization of her strength. Ports, territory, opportunities, lie just beyond her boundaries, — boundaries, remember, that are artificial, not permanent; drawn by diplomatists, not by nature, — and their occupation would provide for generations an ade-

quate outlet for her surplus population, her maritime ambitions and her industrial enterprise. Apart, therefore, from the real or fancied claims of race, and apart from the fantasies of the Pan-Germans, the temptation is a severe one.

But for Germany to attempt to find room by the forcible annexation of Belgium, or Holland, or both; for her to endeavor to plant herself on the mouths of the Rhine, Meuse, and Scheldt, would be an act that would argue the very dementia of jingoism. It would mean bringing England and all her neighbors in Europe, except perhaps Austria, down upon her at once. It would mean the instantaneous formation of a coalition to wrest from Germany the preponderance which Europe in the past has denied both to France and Spain. For it is an axiom of European history that whenever any single nation reaches an undue height of power, the other nations combine by instinct against her; and Germany, were she to annex Holland and Belgium, would rouse that instinct to sustained and irresistible action.

Belgium no doubt must figure in German eyes as a highly desirable asset; but the Wilhelmstrasse would assuredly hesitate long, even if there were nothing else to deter it, before it incorporated into the empire another disaffected province, with over two million Catholic electors, and a population that would fight even more tenaciously than the Poles against being Germanized. The conquest of Belgium by Germany is at the worst an infinitely remote contingency, a thing that conceivably might happen if Germany were so carried away by the lust of aggression as to be willing to face all Europe in arms. The true danger that threatens the small nations of northern Europe is, not that they may be conquered and annexed by Germany, but

that in the event of a war involving both France and Germany, their neutrality may be violated and their territory partitioned by the victors in the struggle. But merely to state the peril is to see at once how distant and intangible it is, and how little anything that is done to-day is likely to hasten or retard it.

The second possible cause of an Anglo-German conflict lies in Germany's relations with France, and, to a lesser degree, with Russia. Since Great Britain abandoned her position of 'splendid isolation' and took to forming alliances and *ententes*, friendship with France has become the pivot of her European policy. The English proclaim that it is an unaggressive friendship, which threatens no one; that its basis was a mutual desire to make an end of old, unprofitable disputes and jealousies in the sphere of colonial development; and that other nations may fairly be asked to accommodate themselves to it. Equally pacific is the interpretation they place upon their agreement with Russia, their understanding with Spain, and their alliance with Japan.

But the Germans do not accept this reading of the situation. They point out that all these compacts have one feature in common: Germany is excluded from them. They go on to remind themselves that the result of the Anglo-French Agreement of 1904 was to settle the fate of Morocco without consulting Germany and as though Germany had no interest whatever in the Shereefian Empire. They note that a similar result in regard to Persia has followed from the Anglo-Russian Agreement of 1907. They observe that every sign of the lukewarmness of Italy in supporting her allies of the Triplice is hailed in Great Britain with unconcealed gratification. They accuse the British, in short, of giving anti-German point to

their diplomacy, of tampering with the loyalty of Germany's allies, and of organizing a league of powers with the object of penning Germany in.

It is probably the case, though most Englishmen would deny it, that behind British diplomacy of the past eight years there has been a double motive. The first motive unquestionably was to make an end of the insensate antagonisms that had for so long kept apart England and France, and England and Russia. This was an object that was worth pursuing for itself alone. But while pursuing it, no British statesman could have been blind to the fact that the nearer England drew to France and to Russia, by so much was Germany's preponderance diminished. The *rapprochements* with France and Russia, while very far from being in intention a declaration of diplomatic war upon Germany, had very much the air of resembling a clearing of the decks. If they were not aimed at Germany, they were welcomed by British opinion as being, at the least, a precaution against Germany; and that this invested them with a greater attractiveness in the eyes of Downing Street, it would be difficult to deny. But whatever the calculation, if calculation there were, that underlay the new British policy of alliances and *ententes*, their effects are clear. The Triple Entente and the Triple Alliance face one another to-day in a rivalry as sharp and clean-cut as that of two gladiators in a Roman arena.

Yet there is much in the situation that remains obscure and unsettled. Great Britain has ceased to play her familiar part of neutrality in continental affairs; she is reverting rather to the principles and activities of the Palmerstonian era; but she is doing so with an uncertainty of aim, and an inadequacy in the adaptation of means to ends, that Palmerston himself would

hardly have tolerated. Thus she has established what is called an *entente* with France. But an *entente* is not an enunciation of policy. It is an indefinite state of mind and feeling; it is a condition of the international atmosphere; it prescribes no course of action, imposes no obligations, formulates no objects to be aimed at, provides against no contingencies, and is therefore liable to be interpreted by different people in different ways. Very few Englishmen would agree as to the precise nature and extent of the liabilities incurred by Great Britain on account of her *entente* with France. But the attitude of English opinion in 1905, when for a while it seemed as if Germany meant to attack France, was highly significant. It declared in effect that any such enterprise would be resisted by France and Great Britain in common.

There was no warrant for any such declaration, either in the agreement of 1904 or in the mere fact that an *entente* existed. Nevertheless it embodied a policy which the British government would have had no option but to follow. British opinion had decided that the independence of France was a British interest, to be defended, if need be, at any cost. Under similar circumstances a similar decision would be arrived at to-day, and no government could ignore it or fail to act upon it. That is a very curious situation. Without asking from France anything in return, the British people have virtually engaged themselves to join with her in warding off an unprovoked attack by Germany. There is no evidence to show that the French are prepared to reciprocate in kind.

Yet never perhaps in her whole history was there a time when Great Britain was less equipped for continental warfare than now. She is intervening in the affairs of Europe precisely at the moment when her military re-

sources, compared with those of her possible antagonists, are most manifestly inferior. This disproportion, indeed, between her commitments and her preparations to meet them has powerfully reinforced the agitation, which has long been gathering ground among the more 'advanced' section of British publicists, for universal military service. Since the security and integrity of France are now enrolled among the objects of British policy, and since these objects can be attained only on land, and not at sea, there is some justification for those who argue that Great Britain must ultimately either resume her old position of independence in Continental rivalries, or adopt conscription, or incur the risk of a humiliating disaster. Meanwhile, in the haziness as to the scope and effectiveness of the Triple Entente, and of Great Britain's share in it; its weakness both in diplomacy and in military equipment as against the resolution and overwhelming strength displayed by both Germany and Austria-Hungary; the numerical inferiority of France and the distractions of Russia; the suspicions and jealousies that multiply as each nation arms for it knows not what — in all this there is an indisputable menace to the prospects of Anglo-German peace.

But the third cause of a possible conflict between Germany and Great Britain, and the one which most engrosses attention on both sides of the North Sea, is the prodigious expansion of German sea-power. Germany in the past five years has doubled her navy estimates, and though the strain is taxing, and to some extent disorganizing, her finances, there is every sign and every probability that the future will witness still greater increases. She is spending in the current year one hundred and ten million dollars on her fleet; she has already organized the

most powerful army the world has ever seen; her coast-line is such as to be almost in itself a protection against attack; her system of administration ensures to all her executive programmes a unique consistency; a defeat at sea touches her at no vital point — Germany, for instance, can never be starved; her navy, admirably disciplined and efficient, has the further advantage of operating practically from a single base; she can build ships as fast and as well as Great Britain; and her people, though grumbling and half in revolt against the increased expenditure, are nevertheless more lightly taxed than the British, and feel within them a vigor and a consciousness of being on the crest of the rising wave that England for the most part has long since lost.

The thoroughness, patience, and prevision which Germany injects into all her undertakings make her a formidable antagonist. But to British eyes she appears particularly formidable. Everything that Great Britain is and may be in the world of material power and competition — her security, her trade, her empire, the very food of her people — depends upon the navy. Losing supremacy at sea, she loses everything. It is clear that the rivals are entering on their naval rivalry with unequal stakes. What ascendancy on the continent of Europe is to Germany, that, and more than that, is ascendancy at sea to Great Britain. To Germans sea-power is no more than a useful walking-stick; to Great Britain it is a crutch, without which she falls; and a struggle between the two powers for maritime supremacy would be essentially a struggle on Germany's part for dominion and on England's part for life. But that fact alone, vital as it is, does not give the full measure of British apprehensions. German sea-power is massed at a single point — the North Sea;

British sea-power is and must be distributed over all the seven seas, and may at any moment — there being nothing that changes so rapidly as the face of international politics — be called upon to meet a crisis in the Mediterranean or the Pacific. Again, the German Navy Department is in the main an executive department, free from parliamentary domination, able to look ahead and prepare; while the British Admiralty is in the main a political department, whose estimates and politics vary with the chances of party warfare, are framed from year to year, and are always liable to be attacked and truncated by that not inconsiderable body of British politicians who regard money spent on armaments as money wasted, and who instinctively set social reform above national security.

Remembering the traditions, the accumulated experience, and the present overwhelming superiority of the British navy, these are handicaps which a dispassionate onlooker might not consider very serious. If Englishmen regard them as portentous, it is partly because British nerves are in a 'panicky' condition; partly because Englishmen are secretly conscious that in organized discipline, efficiency, and self-sacrifice, the Germans are ahead of them; and partly because they are not only persuaded that what they possess — colonies, sea-power, a world-wide carrying-trade — is precisely what Germany is ambitious to obtain, but are also penetrated with the conviction that Germany is always on the watch to do them an ill turn. If Englishmen do not actually anticipate a German invasion, they are, on the other hand, by no means assured that the Germans are morally incapable of such an adventure; and comparatively few of them doubt that if they were at war with a first-class power, Germany

would side with their adversary. As reasonable Englishmen view it, the danger from the German navy is not so much that it will equal the British navy — though the invention of the Dreadnought, by putting all powers on nearly similar terms and by rendering all other types of ship comparatively obsolete, makes it all but impossible for Great Britain ever to regain her old-time lead — as that it will come to hold the balance of European sea-power, and may at some future crisis furnish the spear-head for an anti-British coalition.

At the very least the German fleet introduces a new factor into the naval situation. It makes it proportionately more difficult for Great Britain to maintain that commanding position at sea which her security imperatively demands. It intensifies the competitive stress, and by so much diminishes her margin of safety. It has already forced her to revolutionize her naval dispositions and to concentrate nearly ninety per cent of her maritime strength in the North Sea. It has started one agitation for abandoning the Two-Power standard and for adopting in its place a systematic policy of laying down two keels to Germany's one; another agitation for floating a naval loan of two hundred and fifty million dollars; a third, for taking the Admiralty out of politics; and it has given an extra stimulus to the movement for national military service. The Germans on their part view the massing of the British navy in the North Sea as the forerunner to a hostile attack. Few things are more discussed in the German press than the possibility of England's initiating a 'preventive war' to crush the German navy before it grows too strong. If Englishmen were Germans and if Mr. Asquith were Bismarck, that, no doubt, is how England would act. As it is, nothing of the sort

will be attempted. The rivalry will continue without pause or abatement; no agreement to limit armaments is possible, because Germany will never bind herself to accept a permanent inferiority at sea, and no other basis is compatible with British needs; we shall soon find five hundred million dollars a year being spent on naval preparations on the two sides of the North Sea.

It is futile to blame either England or Germany. Theirs is a struggle between right and right, or at least between necessity and necessity. Germany is as fully entitled to have as big a fleet as she pleases, as Great Britain is bound to have a bigger one. Between the opposing policies, needs, and ambitions contained in that single sentence, there can be no compromise. What, then, will be the upshot of it all? France and Germany, though armed to the teeth, have dwelt side by side in peace for forty years. It is possible that Great Britain and Germany may do the same. But it is equally possible that if the financial and atmospheric pressure goes on increasing; if the two nations, while forging these tremendous weapons, continue to glower at each other in mistrust and ill-will; if fears and suspicions accumulate and deepen into passionate hatreds, then any one of a hundred conceivable incidents may goad the two peoples beyond endurance and precipitate a violent collision. No one as yet can pretend to say whether the gathering clouds will pass away, or burst in storm and lightning.

But one thing at least is certain: the Anglo-German duel does not concern England and Germany alone. All powers are interested in it, the United States not least. For what is at stake is whether Great Britain and the British Empire and British maritime supremacy are to endure. The destruction of German sea-power as the result

of a conflict with England would be an important but hardly a vital event; it would no more ruin Germany than Tsushima ruined Russia; it would but slightly, and for the moment, affect the currents of international politics. The destruction, on the other hand, of the British sea-power, the disappearance of Great Britain as a first-class state, the dissolution of her empire and the rise of Germany to the mistress-ship of the seas, would be developments that would throw the whole world into confusion, and react instantaneously upon the interest and policies of every nation in it. The attitude of other powers toward an issue that contains the possibility of so reverberant a catastrophe may be one of friendliness toward Great Britain or toward Germany, but cannot possibly be one of indifference. Americans in particular will naturally ask themselves whether they are more closely united by bonds of instinctive sympathies, of commerce, and of political interest, to Great Britain or to Germany; whether under present conditions they conceive themselves menaced either in their policies or their pockets by the British Empire or by British naval supremacy; whether, in the event of Germany's achieving supreme ascendancy at sea, American interests in the Caribbean, in South America, and in the Pacific, would lose or gain; whether, next to the security and well-being of their own country, there is any higher American interest than the continuance of the British Empire on its present footing. Such questions to-day fall almost idly on American ears, and the implications concealed in them seem alien and remote to the point of fantasy. Yet the time may be coming when they will be posed with inexorable insistence, and will demand from Americans, whether they wish it or no, a decisive yea or nay.

ON THE ROAD TO OREGON

BY CHARLES M. HARVEY

I

WHEN, in 1810-11, Wilson P. Hunt, Ramsay Crooks, Robert McLellan, Donald McKenzie, and their party of trappers, voyageurs, and Indian traders were on their way from the Missouri to Astor's fur-collecting post at the mouth of the Columbia, what would they have thought if somebody had told them that they were laying the foundation of a great national highway? Yet such was the fact. For more than a thousand miles these partners and attachés of Astor's Pacific Fur Company traversed a course which was to become the Oregon Trail. In one degree or another that thoroughfare was to touch the current of the history of several nations. Without a suspicion of the political importance of their mission, Hunt and his associates were on the skirmish-line of the Americans' battle for empire on the Pacific.

At the outset Spain, Russia, England, and the United States laid claims to what was vaguely called the 'Oregon country,' covering all the territory between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific, from the northerly line of Spain's province of California to the southerly end of Russian America, the Alaska of the years since 1867. This comprised not only the present states of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, and portions of Wyoming and Montana, but much of the British Columbia of to-day.

Spain's claims were based on the voyages, at various times between 1543

and 1775, of Gabrillo, De Fuca (for whom the strait is named), Heceta, and others up the Pacific Coast to Russian America, but she did not occupy any of the coast north of California. By the treaty of 1819, in which Spain ceded Florida to the United States, she also handed over to us such rights as she had to all the territory on that coast except California.

Russia's title was based upon Behring's discovery of Alaska in 1741, and upon the discovery of territory further south by others of her navigators subsequently, such title in her case being strengthened by occupation by the Russian Fur Company, not only of Alaska but, for a few years, of spots in the Oregon region. By a treaty of 1824 Russia agreed to make no settlements south of latitude $54^{\circ} 40'$, which is the southerly point of Alaska; and the United States promised to make none north of that line. Thus Spain and Russia stepped out of the controversy, leaving England and the United States as the only claimants to the territory between California and Alaska.

England based her title on Drake's glimpse of Oregon when he was on his voyage round the globe in 1580; on Cook's visit to points along the coast in 1778; on Vancouver's explorations of part of it in 1793; and on the establishment of fur-trading posts therein by the Hudson's Bay and Northwest companies; though those posts which were south of the forty-ninth parallel, or the present boundary-line between the United States and British territory,

seem, until the third decade of the nineteenth century, to have been only temporary.

The claims of the United States were founded chiefly on the discovery of the Columbia River in 1793 by Captain Robert Gray; on the exploration of that stream along its entire length, and of some of its tributaries, by Lewis and Clark in 1805-06; and on the planting of the fur-trading factory at Astoria, near the mouth of the Columbia, in 1811, by John Jacob Astor.

Except that the record for Spain and Russia, in this narrative, has been carried forward a few years beyond that date, this was the situation in the Oregon country when Hunt and his companions left St. Louis in 1810, pushed up the Missouri to the territory of the Arickaras, in our South Dakota, and made their way overland to the Pacific, reaching Astoria in 1812. From near the point where the Portneuf flows into the Snake River, in the southeastern part of the present Idaho, onward to Astoria, Hunt passed along what was to be the Oregon Trail of the later days. Robert Stuart, Crooks, McLellan, and others of Astor's men, on their return overland from Astoria to St. Louis and New York in 1812, traversed that and other parts of the trail.

As a well-marked highway, with its eastern terminus at Independence, Missouri, and with South Pass, the point at which it crossed the continental divide, midway on its course, the Oregon Trail was still to be laid out. The trappers and immigrants, however, who were to be its explorers and path-breakers, were soon to begin work. When, during the War of 1812, Astoria was sold by some of Astor's faithless partners to one of his rivals, the Northwest Company, to save it from capture by the British sloop-of-war *Raccoon*, which was on its way up the coast to seize it; and when, because Monroe

refused to give him the protection of the government, Astor declined to re-occupy it after the British handed it back to the United States by the peace treaty of Ghent, and abandoned his field on the Pacific, some of his associates were out of employment for a few years. Meanwhile two of them—Ramsay Crooks and Russell Farnham—entered into affiliations through which they exerted some influence in shaping affairs on the great western sea.

In Washington, Crooks and Farnham interested several members of Congress, among them John Floyd of Virginia, in the Oregon region, and told them of its resources and capabilities. In 1818 a treaty was entered into between England and the United States which fixed the forty-ninth parallel, from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains, as the northerly boundary of our country, but left all the territory west of that range open for ten years to the settlers and vessels of both nations on equal terms.

Many Americans were angered at this surrender of the territory on the Pacific to England by Monroe's administration. Right here the counsel of Crooks and Farnham, supplemented by that of Hall J. Kelley, a Boston school-teacher who was an Oregon enthusiast, began to make itself felt. In 1820 Floyd introduced a bill in the House for the occupation and settlement of the territory along the Columbia. Thus the Oregon issue made its advent in Congress. A House committee, of which Floyd was chairman, reported that America's claims to the disputed territory were clear and decisive. Congress took no action. Except a few persons here and there, the country was indifferent. The average American was not yet willing

To lose himself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings.

II

At this juncture, and for the moment, the Oregon issue entangles itself with the Holy Alliance, and is the innocent cause of the formulation of the policy which became known as the Monroe Doctrine. It also delayed the operations of the trail-makers across the continent. An edict of Alexander I, which was handed to Monroe's Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, in February, 1822, by the Chevalier Polignac, the Russian minister at Washington, asserted Russia's sovereignty over all the region from Behring Sea south to latitude 51°, and shut out everybody except Russian subjects from trading in that locality. This called forth a protest from Adams, brought up a measure in the House of Representatives in 1823, on the lines of the Floyd bill of the preceding Congress, — which, like its predecessor, failed of passage, — and incited an unavailing attempt, by Benton of Missouri, to induce the Senate to declare for the immediate occupation of Oregon.

On July 23, 1823, Baron Tsyli, who had just succeeded Polignac at Washington, called on Adams, and was told by him that 'we should contest the right of Russia to any territorial establishment on this continent, and that we should assume distinctly the principle that the American continents are no longer subjects for any new colonial establishments.' The policy was proclaimed by Monroe in his message to Congress five months later, and was directed against the suspected plottings of the Holy Alliance — Russia, Prussia, Austria, and the France of the restored Bourbons.

At the moment when Adams was outlining to the Russian minister the germ of the hands-off-the-American-continent warning, the allies were crushing liberalism in Spain.

A few days before the capture of Cadiz, Canning, the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, informed Rush, the American minister at London, that the allies purposed, as soon as Ferdinand was restored to absolute sway, to hold a congress which was to deal with Mexico, Peru, Chili, and the rest of the colonies in the New World which had broken away from Spain. According to rumors current at the time, this meant that these colonies were to be divided among the intervening powers. Rush immediately sent this startling intelligence to Adams, who communicated it to Monroe, and the declaration of continental independence in the message of December was Monroe's response. This led to the treaty of 1824, already mentioned, by which Russia agreed to make no settlements south of Alaska.

The list of the claimants of Oregon was thus narrowed to England and the United States. Being unable to reach a definite agreement, the two countries, in 1827, extended the joint occupation of Oregon indefinitely, with the proviso that either nation, on giving twelve months' notice, was at liberty to abrogate it. In all those years the attitude of the British government toward Oregon was, in a large degree, dictated by the Hudson's Bay Company, which wanted to keep the Americans out, and to preserve it as a great fur-bearing field.

But here a factor stepped in which, after a long struggle, balked British plans, and, in 1846, gave the most valuable part of the disputed region over to the United States. This was colonization. Samuel J. Wyeth and his trading-company were the first in the colonization field, and they were followed shortly afterward by several missionaries. — Jason and Daniel Lee, Samuel Parker, Marcus Whitman, and Henry H. Spalding. Wyeth, a native

of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and a member of a prominent family, had made a small fortune in the cutting, storing, and exporting of ice, when his imagination was fired by Hall J. Kelley's Oregon tracts. He planned to establish fur-trading posts in the valley of the Columbia, as Astor did twenty years earlier, though on a smaller scale; and he had in mind the erection of salmon-fishing plants on the coast, and the shipment of the fish by way of Cape Horn to the eastern market. Enlisting the coöperation of the Boston firm of Henry Hall, Tucker and Williams, the brig *Sultana* was sent from Boston in 1831 to the mouth of the Columbia with supplies. This vessel was to take the furs to China, which was the best market in the world at that time.

III

Starting from Boston on March 11, 1832, with twenty men, all well-armed and equipped, and traveling by way of Baltimore, where he obtained four recruits, Wyeth pushed across the Alleghenies to Pittsburg, took the steamboat there, and, by changes of boats at Cairo and St. Louis, reached Independence, Missouri, in the latter part of April. Many of the fur-traders used Independence as an outfitting-point in their expeditions to the upper waters of the Missouri, and across the continental divide into the valley of the Columbia. South Pass, the gateway of the mountains, which was traversed by trappers, fur-traders, explorers, and immigrants of the after day, was discovered by Étienne Prévost, a member of William H. Ashley and Andrew Henry's Rocky Mountain Fur Company, in the winter of 1823-24. Wyeth himself was soon to establish another landmark on the trail, that of Fort Hall, on the Snake River, in Idaho.

On May 12, Wyeth and his party,

which had now been reduced by six desertions, left Independence, in company with sixty men of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, under command of William L. Sublette, who were on their way to their rendezvous at Pierre's Hole, in Wyoming. They went through South Pass about the middle of June, celebrated the Fourth of July on the Snake River, and reached Pierre's Hole on July 8. There seven of Wyeth's men left him, started eastward with a few returning hunters, and one of them and two of the hunters were killed by the Blackfeet.

With the eleven men who were still with him, Wyeth left Pierre's Hole on July 17, in company with a party of trappers under Milton G. Sublette, William's younger brother, encountered a large band of Blackfeet, and, after receiving reinforcements, fought and defeated the band. Pushing on again, Wyeth parted with Sublette at the headwaters of the Humboldt, in northern Nevada, and reached Fort Vancouver, then the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company in the Northwest, on October 29. From there he went to the Hudson's Bay Company's post of Fort George, Astor's old station at Astoria, where he learned that the *Sultana* had been wrecked at the Society Islands. This meant disaster for his plans. Wyeth was back at Fort Vancouver on November 19, and there the remainder of his men left him.

Baffled in his hope to establish a fur trade which could make any headway against the rivalry of the Hudson's Bay monopoly, which occupied the best of the strategic points in the valley of the Columbia, Wyeth now made a close study of the general resources of the region, and, determining to combine salmon-fishing with fur-trading in his next venture, he started eastward in February, 1833, and immediately

began to prepare for his second expedition. Wyeth was the first American who crossed the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He was the first man who traversed the Oregon Trail from Independence to the mouth of the Columbia.

When Wyeth and William L. Sublette passed through the mountains westward in 1832 they met Captain Benjamin L. E. Bonneville, then on leave of absence from the army, conducting a large and well-equipped party to Oregon, with the hope of establishing a profitable fur trade; but he, after an experience of three years, failed as completely as did Wyeth. The story of his expedition is told in a delightful way in Irving's *Adventures of Captain Bonneville*.

Organizing the Columbia River Fishing and Trading Company with the capital which he obtained in Boston and New York, Wyeth sent out the brig May Dacre from Boston for the Columbia, with articles suited to the trade in that locality, and started on his second overland journey. Leaving Independence on April 28, 1834, with sixty men, including J. K. Townsend, a young ornithologist, who told the story of the expedition, Thomas Nuttall, the botanist, and Jason and Daniel Lee, Methodist missionaries, and accompanied by his old friend Milton G. Sublette and a party of trappers, Wyeth reached the rendezvous of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, on the Green River, on June 17, and there met with one of his many disappointments. A large stock of merchandise which that company contracted with Wyeth to bring to them, and which he delivered at the stipulated place and time, was refused.

Without indulging in vain regrets, however, Wyeth went on to Snake River, which he reached on July 14. There, a few miles above the mouth

of the Portneuf, and one hundred miles north of Great Salt Lake, he erected Fort Hall, which was named for the senior member of his trading company. He intended this to be his interior depot for the collection of peltries. As a post on the Oregon Trail it figured prominently in the annals of the immigration to the valley of the Columbia in the after time, though it soon passed into the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company. After raising the stars and stripes on Fort Hall on August 5, 1834 (and this was the first direct and practical promise of the coming American domination in the disputed territory), he placed a small garrison in that post, and resumed his march to the Pacific. He reached the mouth of the Columbia in September, met his vessel, the May Dacre, which arrived about the same time, and erected a salmon-fishery.

Ill luck, however, beset him at every turn. The Indians, at the instigation, it was charged, of the Hudson's Bay Company, persecuted him and killed many of his men. While the officials of that monopoly were personally polite and considerate to him, they refused to sell supplies to him, and prevailed on most of the Indians also to refuse. The company also erected a trading-post named Fort Boisé on the Snake River, near the mouth of the Boisé, on the western border of Idaho, in territory which he expected to be tributary to Fort Hall; whereupon his enterprise collapsed.

Wyeth was daring, energetic, and resourceful, but the odds against him were too great to be overcome, in the absence of any support from the government.

Just as Wyeth was entering the mountains in 1832, four chiefs of the Flathead tribe arrived in St. Louis from the present state of Washington, went to General William Clark, Lewis's

old partner in the exploration of 1804-06, then Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and asked him to send the Bible to their people, with men to interpret it. The missionaries Daniel and Jason Lee, with three lay brothers, who accompanied Wyeth on his expedition in 1834, were the response which the Methodist Church made to this appeal, which the entire country heard. The Lees, who were the first missionaries from the United States to the Pacific slope, established posts on the Willamette and in other parts of Oregon, and these became rallying-points for immigrants who were then beginning to cross the continental divide.

Rev. Samuel Parker and Marcus Whitman, a physician, were sent out by the Presbyterians in 1835 to look over the missionary field. Parker returned to the East in that year, by way of Hawaii and Cape Horn, and Whitman came back overland. Marrying in 1836, Whitman and his wife went to Oregon in that year, accompanied by Rev. Henry H. Spalding, a young Presbyterian clergyman, also newly married. The wives of these two were the first white women who ever crossed the Rocky Mountains. Spalding started a mission among the Nez Percés, on the Clearwater, one hundred miles northeast of Walla Walla, while Whitman established a post at Waiilatpu, twenty-five miles east of Walla Walla, among the Cayuse tribe. From that time until his death Whitman was an active worker in the interest of the missions and of immigration, and there was sorrow throughout the territory when, in 1847, he, with his wife and eleven other whites, was massacred by the Cayuses.

A missionary whose name traveled farther even than Whitman's entered on his work in Oregon in 1840. This was the Jesuit Father Peter John De Smet. He established churches and

schools among the Flatheads and other Indians of the Northwest until his death in 1872, and wielded an influence among his red constituents such as was not wielded by any other American religious teacher. With the advent of the Lees, Spalding, Whitman, De Smet, and their associates of the various denominations, the work of colonization of Oregon began in a practical way.

The question of the boundary now became pressing, and the politicians at Washington became as active as the trail-makers in fighting Oregon's battles. The politicians at London also began to take an interest in that issue. Here one of the judgments of Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike, on the imagined barrenness of the Trans-Missouri region, intervened to impede his countrymen.

IV

'These vast plains of the Western Hemisphere may become in time as celebrated as the sandy deserts of Africa; for I saw in my route, in various places, tracts of many leagues where the wind had thrown up the sand in all the fanciful forms of the ocean's rolling wave.'

These words are from Pike's report, which was published in 1810, describing some of the region through which he passed on the exploration of 1806-07, which carried him from St. Louis to the Rocky Mountains, and down into New Mexico and Mexico. Here, in Major Stephen H. Long's account of the country traversed by him on his exploration between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains in 1819, and in Irving's *Astoria*, published in 1836, is the origin of the myth which projected itself over a large portion of the old-time maps of the region between the Missouri and the Pacific under the name of the 'Great American Desert.'

In the long fight which was made by

Floyd of Virginia and Baylies of Massachusetts in the House of Representatives, and by Benton and Linn of Missouri in the Senate, and by a few others in each chamber, the 'desert' constantly obtruded itself. 'Between the Missouri and the Pacific, save a strip of culturable prairie not above two hundred or three hundred miles wide, the region is waste and sterile, no better than the Desert of Sahara, and quite as dangerous to cross.' Thus spoke Edward Bates of Missouri in the House of Representatives in 1829 — the Edward Bates who was one of the aspirants to the presidential candidacy in the Republican Convention of 1860, and who became Lincoln's first attorney-general.

Captain William Sturgis, who had less excuse for such expressions than most of those who uttered them in Congress, for he had been on the Oregon coast as a trader, said in a lecture in Boston in 1838, 'Rather than have new states formed beyond the Rocky Mountains, to be added to our present union, it would be a lesser evil, so far as that union is concerned, if the unoccupied portion of Oregon Territory should sink into Symmes's Hole, leaving the western base of those mountains and the borders of the Pacific Ocean one and the same.'

As late as January, 1843, McDuffie of South Carolina exclaimed in the Senate that, for agricultural purposes, he would 'not give a pinch of snuff for the whole territory'; and added, 'I thank God for his mercy in placing the Rocky Mountains there.'

By publication in the newspapers these expressions were carried all over the country. In 1843 the *Edinburgh Review* said that the region between the western border of Missouri and the Rocky Mountains was 'incapable, probably forever, of fixed settlement,' while west of that range 'only a very small portion of the land is suscepti-

ble of cultivation.' The literary bureau of the Hudson's Bay Company, moreover, took especial pains to collect and republish everything derogatory to Oregon which was said on either side of the Atlantic, but particularly on the American side. From 1800 to 1846 it pursued the same policy in Oregon which it had practiced in Canada for two centuries. For the protection of the beaver it used all its power to keep settlers out.

Many well-known persons, however, went into the Trans-Missouri country about this time, and some of them published books which helped to correct Pike's and Long's errors. Nuttall and Townsend, already mentioned, went out to the mountains with Wyeth in 1834, and wrote accounts of the trip. In the same year George Catlin, the portrait painter, traveled up to the Mandan country, on the upper Missouri, in the American Fur Company's steamboat *Yellowstone*. Maximilian, Prince of Neuweid, made a still longer trip along the same stream in 1833, and recorded it in his *Travels in the Interior of North America*, which was published in 1843.

The testimony of these intelligent, unbiased observers went far toward removing the impression that the Trans-Mississippi region was difficult to traverse, and was not worth traversing; and this testimony was aided by the fact that wagons had crossed the continental divide.

In the interest of immigration the government at Washington began to move at last. In 1842 Tyler's Secretary of War, John C. Spencer, sent Lieutenant John C. Frémont to explore the country between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, to ascertain the best route to traverse, to find the most advantageous crossing-place over the mountains, and to report immediately.

Frémont's report, which was published in the early months of 1843, pointed out the best camping-places for wood and water on the trail, gave the distances between them, and declared, as Wyeth had done seven years earlier, that the tales of Sahara barrenness were exaggerations. Like Wyeth, Frémont also cited the fact that the immense herds of buffaloes which were on the plains assailed the notion of an absence of vegetation there. The newspapers of the principal cities printed extracts from the report, and thus an immediate impetus was given to immigration.

Frémont's work in 1842 aroused so much interest throughout the country that he was sent out with another expedition in 1843. In the same year Jim Bridger, who began his career in 1822 as a member of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, and who, later on, drifted into Astor's American Fur Company, built Fort Bridger on Black's Fork of the Green River, near the western border of Wyoming, as a trading-post and general outfitting-point, and it quickly became one of the most familiar stations on the trail. Bridger thus rendered a tribute to the immigrant, who had now superseded the trapper and fur-trader as a path-breaker of the wilderness. And the wave of immigration which Bridger foresaw made its advent in that year. This gives 1843 its claim to distinction as a great date in the battle for Oregon.

V

Westport, around and over which Kansas City, Missouri, has grown, was a point of national interest during the spring of 1843. Concentrating there in May of that year was by far the largest gathering of immigrants which the exodus to Oregon had yet seen. They came in response to liberal do-

nations of land which congressmen promised to settlers. They were also the answer to appeals for colonists who would rescue the Northwest from England.

Meetings to promote immigration were held in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and other places in the early months of the year. In the *New York Tribune*, the *Boston Journal*, the *Cincinnati Commercial*, and other papers, those meetings received prominent mention. Marcus Whitman, who, in the winter of 1842-43, made a daring ride from his post on the Willamette across the mountains and prairies to the East, in the interest of the missions and of immigration, was an object of much interest in Washington, New York, and the other centres which he visited. Many papers mentioned his exploit. Some of them gave special emphasis to the fact that he was to return with the caravan which was soon to start from the banks of the Missouri for the Pacific slope.

All this explains why 1843 saw large parties of immigrants from many quarters converge at the mouth of the Kaw as soon as the grass began to peep out at the sunshine. They came from the shores of the Hudson, the Ohio, the Connecticut, the Tennessee, and the Wabash. Assembling at that point were descendants of men who fought against Canonchet and King Philip; who marched with Boone and Harrod through Cumberland Gap; who assisted Manasseh Cutler, Rufus Putnam, and Samuel Parsons in planting the colony at the mouth of the Muskingum which laid the foundation of the old Northwest Territory; who were with 'Tippecanoe' Harrison and Richard M. Johnson when they overwhelmed Tecumseh and the British General Proctor and his troops at the battle of the Thames, in the War of 1812.

An enumeration of the names of some of the persons who gathered at the starting-point — James W. Nesmyth, Jesse Applegate, Daniel Waldo, John G. Baker, Thomas G. Naylor, and Peter H. Burnett — would be a roll-call of some of Oregon's most distinguished citizens of the after day. For effective direction and for safety, especially in going through the Indian country, which would soon be encountered, and which would have to be traversed for a thousand miles and for many weeks, a semblance of military organization was adopted. The wagons were divided into platoons of four each, the leading platoon of to-day to drop to the rear to-morrow. A stated number of wagons comprised a division, with its quota of officers. Scouts and buffalo-hunters were selected from among those who had no teams or cattle to drive, the former to watch on front and flank for Indians, and the latter to furnish the caravan with meat. A council, consisting of some of the most intelligent and alert men at the rendezvous, was chosen to settle controversies, and, after the expedition started, to act as legislature and judiciary. Out in the region to which they were to travel the government had not extended its authority. From the decisions of the council there was to be no appeal. A veteran plainsman and mountaineer was chosen as guide and pilot, and his place was at the head of the line. Marcus Whitman was to join the caravan at the point where the trail struck the Platte, and to remain with it until it reached Fort Hall. Peter H. Burnett was in general command.

A rifle-réveillé from the sentinels at four o'clock in the morning on June 1, 1843, awoke the camps on the Kaw, and the bustle of preparation for the march began. Fires were lit, breakfast cooked and eaten, the cattle and horses at the outskirts collected, and

the oxen yoked. At seven o'clock the bugle sounded the advance, the various divisions filed into the positions which had been assigned to them, and the column, stretching itself to several miles in length, broke away from Westport and the Missouri, and headed for the sunset. It was

The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

Men, women, and children were there to the number of nearly a thousand, with two hundred wagons drawn by oxen. With them were several thousand horses and cattle, and also household furniture, ploughs, and seeds. It was the kind of army that never retreats. It was a nation in transit. And the objective point, across rivers, deserts and mountains, and through an Indian-infested region larger than France and Germany combined, was two thousand miles away.

'The Road to Oregon.' The signboard with this legend which greeted them near the present town of Gardner, Kansas, on the second day out from Westport, told the immigrants that they had reached the parting of the ways, and that they must now leave the Santa Fé Trail. Their own road lay before them plainly marked by the transit of fur-traders, explorers, and desultory parties of immigrants. It was now to receive a far deeper impress.

For convenience the column divided into two sections at the crossing of the Big Blue, in Northern Kansas, the two keeping, however, within supporting distance of each other. And, six or seven hundred miles farther, when danger from Indian attack diminished, other subdivisions of the caravan were made. Thus, diversified by occasional rushes of vast herds of buffaloes across the trail, or by menaces of attack from Indians hovering near in large bands, the days, weeks, and months passed.

At night, when the weather permitted, as it usually did, there were singing and dancing by the young folks. Births, marriages, and deaths, took place on the march. The Platte, Fort Laramie, Independence Rock, South Pass, Fort Bridger, Fort Hall, Fort Boisé, and other halting-places were greeted and left behind. From their lookouts on ridges and in mountain-gorges the Sioux, Crows, and Blackfeet, seeing white women and children for the first time, read their own doom in this vast migration of a great people.

At the end of 1842 there were only five hundred American settlers west of the Rocky Mountains and north of California. When, in September, 1843, the column led by Burnett and Applegate filed across the Cascade Mountains, and down into the valley of the Willamette, a thousand were added to this population-roll, and the first corps of the American army of occupation arrived in Oregon.

VI

'After twenty-five years the American population has begun to extend itself to the Oregon. Some hundreds went a few years ago; a thousand went last year; two thousand are now setting out from the frontiers of Missouri; tens of thousands are meditating the adventure. I say to them all, Go on. The government will follow you and give you protection and land. Let the immigrants go on and carry their rifles. Thirty thousand rifles on the Oregon will annihilate the Hudson's Bay Company, drive them off our continent. The settlers in Oregon will also recover and open for us the North American road to India. This road lies through the South Pass and the mouth of the Oregon.'

These words by Benton in the Senate on June 3, 1844, showed that the

immigrants were compelling the political leaders to take action. A convention of Benton's party held in Baltimore a week before Benton spoke, which nominated Polk for President, declared in favor of the 'reoccupation of Oregon and the reannexation of Texas, at the earliest practicable period'; but the Whigs, who held their convention in the same city four weeks earlier, and nominated Clay, evaded both the Oregon and the Texas questions. From Jefferson's days to those of Pierce and Buchanan — during the period which spanned the annexation of Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and Oregon, and which saw attempts to buy Cuba, and demands for the seizure of Cuba if Spain should refuse to sell — the Democracy was the party of national expansion and imperialism, as the Republican party has been in our time.

The Democrats' campaign slogan of 'Fifty-four-forty or fight,' which meant that we should take the disputed territory up to 54° 40', or almost to the northerly line of the present British Columbia, even if we had to fight England for it, strengthened them in the North and West. Their demand for the 'reannexation of Texas,' which implied that that locality had been surrendered to Spain by the Monroe administration in the Florida cession treaty of 1819, won tens of thousands of votes for them in the South.

Polk's election was interpreted as a popular mandate for Congress and the national administration to take decisive action on the Texas and Oregon questions. The Whig Senate and the Democratic House passed a Texas annexation bill, which Tyler signed just before he left the White House on March 4, 1845; and Texas became the twenty-eighth state on December 29 of that year, ten months after Polk entered the presidency. With Texas we

inherited her boundary dispute with Mexico, Texas claiming all the territory to the Rio Grande, while Mexico said that that state's western verge did not extend beyond the Nueces. Polk immediately sent General Zachary Taylor to occupy the disputed region, and when he reached the Rio Grande, the collision came, on April 24, 1846, with General Mariano Arista, Santa Anna's commander there, which brought on the Mexican War.

While these events were taking place, immigrants were pouring across the mountains and into the valley of the Columbia. If the Democratic platform ultimatum of 'Fifty-four-forty or fight' were insisted on, it would mean war, for England was beginning to arm. Buchanan, Polk's Secretary of State, offered as a compromise the forty-ninth parallel from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific; but England, while willing to accept that parallel as far as the easternmost branch of the Columbia, insisted on making that river the boundary down to the Pacific. This would have given to England most of the present State of Washington. Polk rejected this proposition, and appealed to Congress to allow him to give the year's notice to England required in the treaty of 1829, and thus terminate the joint occupancy, as a preliminary to the assertion of exclusive jurisdiction over Oregon by the United States.

War feeling was beginning to run high in the United States and England by this time, and a conflict seemed inevitable. But after some bluster in Congress and Parliament, and some boasts by the leading newspapers of both countries, Sir Richard Pakenham, Victoria's minister at Washington, on June 6, 1846, accepted the American proposition. This was just as the first of the caravans for that year was leaving the Missouri for the promised land. Polk signed the treaty on June 15, the

Senate ratified it, and Oregon, as far north as the United States had any legitimate claim by occupation, comprising the present states of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, and parts of Montana and Wyoming, came under the stars and stripes.

England's acceptance of America's terms was opportune. At that time Zachary Taylor, having defeated Arista at Palo Alto on May 8, and at Resaca de la Palma a day later, had crossed the Rio Grande into Mexico, and was preparing for that victorious march into the interior which culminated at Buena Vista on February 2, 1847, and was to be supplemented by Scott's still more brilliant campaign in that year, which carried the American troops to the City of Mexico; General Stephen W. Kearny, with the Army of the West, was about to advance from Fort Leavenworth to Santa Fé to make the conquest of New Mexico; Colonel John C. Frémont was directing the Bear Flag revolt against Mexico in California; Commodore Sloat was about to raise the flag over Monterey, the capital of California of the early days; and the general chain of events was pushing the United States boundary to the Pacific.

When England abandoned the region below the forty-ninth parallel, the trail had done the work which its founders had marked out for it. It had won Oregon. But its task was far from being finished. In the years which were immediately ahead of it parties of immigrants in steadily increasing numbers, crossing the Missouri at St. Joseph, Council Bluffs, and other points, and striking the trail in the valley of the Platte, reinforced the main stream which came from its original terminus at the mouth of the Kaw, and made the trail busier than ever before. Darting by the lines of 'prairie schooners,' which were seldom out of sight, were

Ben Holladay's stages which made their appearance soon after the annexation, while the pony mail-carriers, beginning with 1859, swept past the rest of the procession, on their way from St. Joseph to San Francisco. On all of them — immigrants in their ox-teams, stage-coach travelers, and pony-express riders — the Cheyennes and Sioux made sporadic but resolute war.

Then came the transcontinental railway — the Union and the Central Pacific in 1869, and the Northern Pacific in 1883. This was the end of the trail. For stretches of hundreds of miles along that old thoroughfare to-day run the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, the Union Pacific, and the Oregon Short

Line. From the car-windows at many points the furrows made by the wagons more than forty years ago can still be traced.

Attempts are being made to raise funds to erect markers along this old national highway, as was done in the case of the road to Santa Fé. Either by the government at Washington or by the states through which it passes, some sort of memorial of the heroic and tumultuous days of the past ought to be set up. In larger measure than any other thoroughfare in the United States the Oregon Trail, from the mouth of the Kaw to the mouth of the Columbia, participated in the march of empire.

AT THE END OF THE LINE

BY EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS

I

THERE has always been a seductive magic to me in the railway track. As a child I would follow those long, remotely-converging lines of steel, in the hope of finding at last the meeting-point of the infinitely elongated V; and the fact that not even my occasional rides on the train ever brought me to it, and that from the rear of an observation-car the meeting-point of the rails seemed somehow to have slipped in behind us without our passing over it, — this came to be classed with the end of the rainbow as a part of the natural magic of which the queer world seemed so full. And since I have grown to man's estate, the track has still lured me with

its uncompromising directness in the face of the deviousness of nature, and with the sense of the indestructibility of the bond by which the unceasing steel links settlement and distant settlement together.

To my earlier and in a sense to my later experience, as well, the most impressive fact of the railroad line was that it never stopped. Seem to converge it might, but it never stopped. Dweller as I was, sometimes in small towns and sometimes in the country, the train seemed to thunder down that infinite parallel and pause for a moment beside the little station and the telegraph-tower and the water-tank, only to go on to infinity again. And this sense, as it were, of the both-way infinity of the

line came to be not only its most impressive, but also its most characteristic and inalienable, quality.

And then suddenly, not long ago, all the old anchors of experience were lifted or broken, and the train bore me out of my familiar haunts, out of my native country, over the Canadian border, and ever westward and northward on and on to a point whither the insatiable adventure-lust of man had pushed the frontier of civilization. And there the train stopped and I got out. In sooth, there was nothing else to do. It was the end of the line.

Only gradually did the full significance of this fact dawn upon me. At first, life was blurred with detail. I saw too much to see anything. But slowly, as the process of adjustment went on, it became clear that the key to the new life on which I had entered, the explanation of this sense of *difference* which time and experience were proving powerless to alleviate, lay in the fact that we were all living and working and thinking and feeling at the end of the line. This realization came to me first through the perception that the arrival and the departure of trains was not an incident. It was an event. The old boyhood lure of the train returned; but now it was not due to the dim consciousness of a both-way infinity, —

Into this Universe and Why not knowing
Nor Whence, like Water willy-nilly flowing,
And out of it as Wind along the Waste
I know not Whither, willy-nilly blowing.

Rather had I reached a spot where the line had at once its end and its beginning. When the train came in and stopped with the finality which was at first so strange to me, I could see with the eye of recollection what the disembarking passengers had just been through—the day after day of journey over the otherwise trackless prairie, the semi-occasional stop at a point where a great grain-elevator and a cluster of houses

marked the nucleus of settlement, the glimpse now and then of the red coat of a Royal Northwest Mounted Policeman as he paced his hundred-mile 'beat.' I could recall too the thrill of a certain moment when the train was passing a lonely cabin on the prairie, and the denizen of the little cabin had stepped to his door and waved to the passing train — had waved not with the turn of the wrist to which I was accustomed, but with a long, slow sweep of the full arm which was instinct with the majesty of the limitless silent prairie round about him. These things the new arrivals too had seen. They too were not the casual traffickers of some near-by station, but, like me, had sustained the unremitting journey of many days to reach the strange new life where the train came to a stop.

And so, too, with the starting of the train. These men who swung aboard at the warning of the whistle, to a chorus of farewells from those who knew them, and from those who, knowing them not, yet wished them *bon voyage* on their long journey — these men were to view the trackless prairie for many days, until at last the unending rails would bear them into a world becoming ever less spacious and more crowded, — would bear them on and on until they were lost somewhere in the swarming welter of the East. But the train, ah, the train would never stop.

And thus, as I have said, it came to me out of these daily arrivals and departures, these events of the train which, however repeated, never lost their significance, that the key to this new life lay in the fact that it was at the end of the line. Everywhere in the day's work and in the day's play, at the desk, in the shop, in the counting-house, on the farm, one felt the underlying consciousness that routine, tradition, the treadmill of blind habit, lay back there in a country where the

rails had already past. Back there, life was an accomplished fact, a finished machine into which you must be content to fit as a cog into its groove. But here life was in the making, still to be hammered into shape and use. And you were not merely a cog. Instead, you wielded the hammer. And so you bared your arms with a thrill, and struck and struck, — blunderingly it may be, fruitlessly sometimes it seemed, but with a perseverance and a strength born of the feeling that you were in at the making of life, and that, in the casting off of the old and the shaping of the new, you had found yourself.

II

But if the life lived here has a deeper significance, it is not wanting either in picturesque details; and these picturesque details, again, are implicit in the fact that here the railway ends. The magic of civilization which flows along these threads of steel has erected, with almost the abruptness of an Aladdin palace, a rich and thriving city. On one side of the mighty river which rolls down from the Rocky Mountains is rising a great structure of granite and marble, which will house the legislative activities of the province. On the other side of the river, the ground is being broken for a splendid group of buildings which will be the home of the Provincial University. Over the bridges which span the stream ply the trolley-cars; the business streets are alive with commerce, and the residence sections of the twin-cities blossom with well-built dwellings. Law and order, wisdom and culture, industry and finance, — these are the products of civilization, these are the result of the magic which flows along the lines of steel.

But cheek-by-jowl with these evidences of a highly developed life are

evidences of the primitive world on the edge of which we dwell. The developed life is here because the railroad comes here. The primitive life is here because the railroad stops here. The one has taken the other by surprise.

This juxtaposition of extremes, this sense of contrast, finds its most effective symbol in a long low structure of whitewashed logs within a few rods of the great Parliament building. The rambling two-story log hut is the old Hudson's Bay Company fort. Twenty-odd years ago, it shared with other western posts the shock of Riel's Rebellion, and the bullets of even more recent Indian forays are still imbedded in its walls. But now the high stockade which once surrounded it has been torn down, the old fort is tenantless, and, in the great Parliament building which is rising beside it, the quondam guardians of a frontier post are soon to be solving the legislative problems of a complex civilization.

There are other such material contrasts also: the wretched little shack wherein 'school kept' a few years ago, is only a ten-minutes' walk from the site of the Provincial University; the Edmonton City Club, with its elaborate building and all the appointments of club luxury, crowns a hill on the slope of which burrows a primitive dug-out with its crude roof half-earthed in the hillside; and tents, the mushroom growth of a night, are interspersed on the residence-streets with houses whose graceful proportions are a credit to the local architects. Some of the tents too are enriched with fine furnishings; while others, although the flimsy walls must bear the fifty-degrees-below of this far northern winter, lack even the bare necessities of decent comfort. And as if purposely to heighten the contrasts, a few of these primitive dwellings display the 'shingle' of a manicurist or a *masseuse*.

Equally replete with contrasts is the passing throng on the streets. Englishmen, Scotchmen, Frenchmen, Americans, of cosmopolitan experience and of cosmopolitan garb, rub shoulders with the 'silent smoky Indian.' Not infrequently, indeed, the contrast of costume is even more sharply drawn, when in the bitter winter the 'tailor-made' man follows the example of his copper brother and dons the warm moccasin instead of the unyielding and unprotecting shoe of civilization. The trap drawn by the high-stepping hackney crowds the primitive ox-cart on the thoroughfares. Within the department stores, with their rich and varied equipment, the woman of unmistakable *ton* and social background shops side by side with the Indian squaw and the swarthy half-breed woman of the prairies. The Indian leaves his ox-cart to take his first ride on a trolley-car; and the immigrant, bringing his numerous family into the same conveyance, shrewdly essays a 'dicker' with the conductor for wholesale rates on his large consignment of passengers.

It was on the very trolley-ride on which I witnessed this futile effort at striking a bargain, that I saw an even more typical instance of the extremes which meet at the end of the line. A rough, unkempt, and — frankly — rather malodorous person, whose speech betrayed the recency of his transplanting from the central European 'mother-country,' handed me an envelope, and asked me to direct him to the address upon it. I recognized the address at once as the residence of a man of culture whose daughter had just taken her degree at an eastern college. The immigrant, it appeared, had recently been appointed a 'school trustee' of the district in which he lived. The daughter of the gentleman whose address was on the letter was in search of local experience as a public-school teacher.

She had answered an advertisement from this district; and in response this uncouth trustee had journeyed to the city to inspect the applicant. The young lady, I knew, was shy, refined, totally inexperienced in 'roughing it.' What an experience was in store for her! Difficult — but how salutary it might be for both parties to the compact!

III

It is such incidents as these that keep one constantly reminded of the fact that this is the end of the line. But far more stimulating to the imagination, if less a matter of everyday experience, are the occasional reminders that, beyond this point where the line ends, stretch the 'silent places,' the great, dim, mysterious *terra incognita* of the Farther North. Turn to the maps, even the most recent ones, of the Province of Alberta, and compare the wealth of detail concerning the country over which the steel stretches, with the meagre information beyond the point where the steel ends. What a sense of unfathomed mystery, of unplumbed depths, of unmounted heights, in this Northland! Less and less grow the records as your finger follows the broad band of the province northward. And when you reach its northern boundary, you find yourself on the edge of a country in which facts vanish altogether, and uncertainty wavers to an interrogation-point.

Does it not give you a vivid sense of 'the little done, the undone vast,' to learn that our knowledge to-day of the great tract lying between Great Slave Lake (just north of Alberta) and Dubawnt Lake, far, far to the eastward, is gained from the recorded wanderings of an eighteenth-century explorer, Samuel Hearne, — his casual jottings, — and nothing else? And to be here at the end of the line is to be

in some sense a sharer in this mystery, this lure of the unknown.

For here, as in the past, still come the swarthy trappers with their season's gleanings, every pelt an item in the record of hardship and adventure. *Pro pelle cutem* reads the stern motto on the coat of arms of the Hudson's Bay Company; and all the willingness of the hardy adventurer to barter comfort and safety, and life itself, for the priceless fur is suggested in that pregnant phrase. Here they come, these quiet heroes of the wild, here to the end of the line. And from here, too, set out the men who have hearkened to

One everlasting Whisper, day and night repeated — so:

'Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges —

Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!'

And listening to the Everlasting Whisper, they go to explore the Unknown for the pure joy of discovery.

From here, too, go the mails for the remote posts and forts in the Farther North — to the nearer ones as often as every few weeks, but to the farther ones, only twice a year; and these goings if they are a mere incident to the careless sojourner at the end of the line, are surely an epoch to him who can see in spirit the eager hearts in those distant lonely posts.

From here, too, in the feverish Klondike days which have passed into history, the gold-seekers outfitted and started on their long journey. The men who lived here then and saw them go will tell you laughingly of their misfit outfits which bitterly-won experience taught them so soon to cast aside — stories the humor of which lies very close to tears. There were many tragedies in those days; and indeed if the tragedies to-day are fewer, they are

none the less terrible. Hunger and cold still dog the heels of him who dares the pitiless North; and Death waits ever by the trail.

But if life in the Farther North wears a grim face, it is not always untouched with humor. The pioneer has learned perforce the art of taking hardship gallantly. When the Provincial Legislature met in 1909, the member from the Far North came to Edmonton in a 'caboose,' and brought his family and his servant with him. The thermometer stood at fifty below for a part of the time during which their little house on runners was moving slowly through the snow toward the Provincial capital. It was a picnic under difficulties, but it was a picnic still. And though the member and his family lived in a hotel during the session, his wife rose to the occasion by entertaining her friends at afternoon tea in the 'caboose.' The M. P. P. and his family went serenely back again by the same conveyance when the session was over; and in the following summer, fate intervened again to save them from the commonplace; for the contest in which the member sought reelection was delayed two weeks, because the official counter from Edmonton found the rivers unnavigable on account of ice, and had to walk the last one hundred and fifty miles to the Riding.

These are some of the contrasts and some of the elements that make life at the end of the line a spur to the imagination and a healthful, heartening, stirring thing. It is good to be here, and it is especially good to be here now. For, while the life of this Far Northwest will never lose its zest and bigness, it will lose — as the indomitable industry of man pushes the railroad beyond and ever beyond — the unique charm that rests ever at the end of the line.

INCONSTANT BEAUTY

BY O. W. FIRKINS

I did not bring home the river and sky. — EMERSON.

I DID not bring the stream, the sky —
So spake the wise and gifted one,
But had they willed with him to hie,
Could he have brought the wind, the sun,
That bade the wave to arch and run,
And gave the cope its azure dye?
Or had he in the meadow stayed
Beneath the sky, beside the stream,
Could he have checked the flying gleam,
Or fixed the ripple as it played?
A risen gust, a passing shade,
Had torn or reft the fragile dream.
Beauty! It is a touch, a beam;
It is a breath that comes and goes;
It is a grace that ebbs and flows,
Though seated and secure it seem.
The form in pearl or opal stays,
But not the light that round it plays;
They still resign and still resume
With shift and dance of glow and gloom
The joyance of the kindled rays.
Ah, what shall bind the truant spell,
The coy, the wayward miracle?
Who shackle, as the instants roll,
The fleeting, fading aureole?
Nor liquid eye nor golden tress
Empales the flying loveliness.
There lives no lure, no subtle grace,
That bends not to the hour's control
Expression in the plastic face,
Emotion in the changing soul.

The Naiad seeks the welcome pool,
The Nymph is lost far down the glade:
But weep thou not too long, poor fool!
The charm had vanished, had they stayed!

Yet life, by her unchanging rule,
If stern, is also merciful.
If ebbing time the yielded grace
From fairest things shall oft recall,
Some bounty, as the seasons pace,
Shall ebbing time accord to all.
The plain and low, the mean and small,
Shall tempt by turns the stooping wing;
The glory that to naught will cling
To naught will ever distant be;
Confineless by the bolt or key,
Untrammelled by delaying gyves,
For entrance as for egress free,
Receding still, it still arrives,
O cursed, O blest, inconstancy!
Shall Beauty shrink or be afraid?
She is the moth whose wingèd speed
Forsakes the flower to woo the weed;
The moonbeam leaving in the shade
The jasmine and the rich arcade,
To bathe in lustre clear and cool
The pebble and the turbid pool;
She is the queen who turns her face
From lords in noble vestments brave,
To smile, in brief yet boundless grace,
An instant on the passing slave.
Her light the hidden charm reveals,
The fatal blot her shadow heals;
The rugged face, the soul of gloom,
Transfigured in her blessing rise;
She flies forever — 't is our doom —
Yet stoops forever as she flies.

THE CASE FOR THE NEWSPAPERS

BY WILLIAM PETER HAMILTON

THIS is an age of specialists, but it is still true that everybody thinks he knows how to run a newspaper. Most people engaged in that somewhat arduous occupation find technical knowledge useful; but it is difficult to convince the layman that it is in any way necessary. Criticism, in fact, has come to such a stage that we are seriously asked to believe that Greeley, Raymond, Bowles, and other giants of their day, did not merely write trenchant editorials with a strong personal complexion, but succeeded in offering a more thorough and honest presentation of news than the newspapers afford to-day.

Employment on a newspaper usually implies at least an elementary sense of humor. I do not believe that it would be possible to find a real newspaper man who would be willing to accept the preposterous task of apologizing for the twenty-two thousand daily newspapers of the United States. Like other established institutions, they have acquired habits which no sensible man would attempt to defend. They tend to acquire bad habits from various sources, and perhaps get the worst of them from their readers. It may be true in some cases, though it is certainly untrue as a general rule, that the newspaper is edited to suit the wishes of the advertisers. It is at least edited to suit the wishes of the reader. Without readers the paper has no advertising to sell; and if Professor Ross and other non-professional critics had any broad knowledge or experience of newspaper practice, they would know

that the reader is deadly quick to detect dishonesty. In other words, no newspaper can be permanently successful, even as an advertising medium, without a high percentage of honesty, both in its editorial columns and in the presentation of its news.

This is said with full recognition of the practice of certain notorious journals, which print unsavory details on the front page, and an editorial defense of public decency in some other part of the paper. But let us understand what we mean by "success." There may be money in printing garbage, but a self-respecting man does not regard productions such as these as successful, in any true sense of the word. There is a public which demands spicy details of the private life of notorious persons, and certain newspapers openly cater to that vicious appetite, for the money in it. People whose taste might really be offended are sufficiently warned. There is little deception about the matter. It is even a question of good taste rather than of morals. Such newspapers are certainly not numerous or in any sense representative. Their shrieking sensationalism does not offset their lack of real influence.

Nobody knows better than the practical and experienced newspaper man that there is a sordid side to his work. A newspaper, after all, is put together by a number of fallible human beings made up of littlenesses and spite as well as of the more sterling qualities. News will appear, or will be ignored, for reasons which the outsider would call

totally inadequate. The time for choice is appallingly limited. The decision on the relative importance of the news, on the degree of truth attaching to the report, on the advisability of suppression in the public interest, on the law of libel, possible injury to inoffensive persons, the innocent circulation of something which may have to be taken back on better and fuller information — all these things, and many more, have to be weighed, and the decision upon them has to be instantaneous. The editor will make plenty of mistakes, but, with a full appreciation of the justice of some complaints, they will be for the most part honest mistakes. An experience of many years has taught me that the standard of honesty, in the editorial department of newspapers at any rate, will compare favorably with that in any profession in the world.

What looks to the layman like a suitable subject for wide publicity will not have the same appearance to the experienced newspaper man. At a time of crisis in Wall Street, when an important firm had already suspended, I was strongly pressed by sincere and responsible people to deal editorially with other private institutions doing a class of business which in this case had proved dangerous. I was reproached for lacking courage, and even accused of considering the advertising of the banking houses concerned. Had any such discussion been published at that time, there need be no hesitation in saying that the result would have been several important failures of entirely solvent houses within twenty-four hours, and of such magnitude as quite possibly to have caused serious financial embarrassment. No doubt some readers would have liked to know all about the private business of these concerns. It takes courage to tell the reader that plenty of things happen every day which are none of his business.

Let us take another instance. A financier of prominence, who had also held high political office, died not many years ago. He was operated upon for appendicitis by one of the first surgeons of the day, in the presence of two others, with the usual number of nurses. In spite of this, it was asserted in common gossip, and mysteriously hinted in magazines and weekly reviews, that he had been slain by another financier of almost equal prominence, in a sordid dispute over a woman. This story, adorned with the fullest detail was hawked about to half the newspapers in New York. Its falsity was demonstrated by conscientious research; but a large section of the public still believes that there was some way in which the unsavory story could have been hushed up. There was and is no such way. If the story is true, and it is to the public interest to publish it, some newspapers will certainly do so, and that paper which does not, injures itself without helping anybody.

Here are two incidents, and they could be multiplied many times. The object here is not to whitewash the newspaper press. All that is intended is to show that, upon the whole, the public gets the news it is entitled to, and that when all temptations are considered, it owes an enormous debt to the newspapers for the suppression of what could only have done a great deal of harm. There is a wide field for reform in the newspaper press, but the charge that, taken as a whole, it does not give the news, is untenable. There is not a working journalist of any experience at all, who cannot tell stories by the score of attempts to suppress news by the offer of bribes and by the exercise of personal influence, all of which have resulted merely in securing a greater publicity.

Before we pass to the consideration of the ownership of newspapers, let us

make one point clear — if only for the sake of those who quote Greeley and the other great editors of the past so glibly. An editor's duty consists in something more than writing editorials. Every item in a newspaper has to be edited, and the honesty of the paper will show just as much in the news columns as it will on the editorial page. Plenty of instances could be offered of a poor distribution of strength in that respect — where the presentation of news is well done in spite of a weak editorial policy, or where the editorial page is clean and convincing, with the rest of the paper open to grave criticism. It is on this line that newspaper men with a proper respect for their own honor and the dignity of their calling will make their reforms. Certainly the reforms will have to be made from the inside, if they are to be of any use at all. These are times when everybody is reforming everybody else; but a newspaper reformed by its readers or by a self-elected committee of college professors, is something which my imagination fails to grasp.

Somebody must own the newspaper, and it requires relatively large capital to run it, although in this connection also there is a good deal of exaggeration. The usual form of ownership is by a corporation dominated by an individual. If that individual has any sense at all he will let his editors alone, after indicating in general outline what he thinks the policy of the paper should be. If he is himself an experienced newspaper man, so much the better. He will know that the men who are worth their salt have always been encouraged to work with a free hand, and, having indicated the results he wants, he will leave them to obtain them in their own way. This is the custom on any good newspaper, and the policy is abandoned only at the expense of serious changes in the editorial staff.

There is no workman in the world more independent than the newspaper man who really knows his business. Even if he were disposed to do dirty work for his proprietors, he would be ineffective, for the reason that he could not get good men to work under him.

It is not strictly true that the business department of a newspaper is less honest than the news department, even though a great many newspaper men do say so. There is always a certain amount of jealousy between the two departments, not because one department is less honest than the other, but because their points of view are different. The business manager knows well enough that the salaries must be paid, to say nothing of the mere cost of paper and the other expenses, and it would be hard to convince him of the policy of estranging advertisers from sheer altruism. His idea is really to treat the advertiser decently without compromising the paper. He is certainly the weakest point in the position, for the reason that he has not that specially developed conscience which is essential to successful editorial work. It must be remembered that a newspaper is not a public institution, but a private enterprise: its proprietor has no right to publish what is not so, or to ask anything of the same kind from his staff. He is entitled to say what shall not appear in his own paper. It is a matter between himself and the public. He has no monopoly of news, and if the reader does not like it, he is at liberty to buy some other paper.

This is not to say that a newspaper proprietor has a right to adopt toward the public an attitude once ascribed to Commodore Vanderbilt. Newspapers have serious responsibilities as well as rights. They have something of a public character, even if they are privately owned. It is possible to deceive by silence as well as by speech, and no

newspaper is entitled to adopt a policy of silence where actual injury is caused thereby. Everything turns upon the newspaper proprietor's conscience. There is really only one kind of honesty, but sensitiveness of conscience varies with the individual. There are plenty of newspaper proprietors who are sincerely conscientious; there are others who would repudiate the charge of dishonesty with just indignation. Many preserve their self-respect and do or leave undone things which the highest type would not tolerate. There are some who are dishonest, and unfortunately some are astute enough to conduct their newspaper dishonestly, while still maintaining a fair show of consideration for the public interest. The same degrees of comparison could be made in every profession all over the world, but the reader may not unfairly claim that the public quality of a newspaper should call for a special standard of probity.

Dishonesty in the newspaper press is far more common in the small country organ than it is in the large city dailies. In the country, the literary end and the scientific presentation of news are secondary to the urgent need of making a living. The newspaper is a business proposition all through, and in far too many cases a very sordid proposition at that. Advertising is its breath of life, and it plays the cheapest kind of politics to get what is absolutely necessary for its support. And yet it is from districts served by just such newspapers that the daily press of the great cities receives the severest criticism. Hundreds of small newspapers are controlled frankly and openly by corrupt party machines. This is accepted as a matter of course in rural and semi-rural districts, which still hold the mysterious belief that in some way, in the face of all evidence to the contrary, the standard of morality in

the country is higher than it is in the towns.

Taking up in greater detail the actual operation of a newspaper, it may be said at once that no reporter could use his office for his own pocket and hold his position long enough to make it worth while. The result in America is a not overpaid class which will compare favorably with the corresponding grades in the newspaper business of any part of the world. Higher up is the editorial staff, and if news is to be garbled for the purpose of deception, or suppressed in public or private interest, it is here that the operation must be done. The news editors cannot for any appreciable length of time print what is not true, or suppress what is, without the knowledge of the directing editorial mind, to say nothing of the proprietor. A dishonest city editor without a dishonest managing editor is unthinkable to anybody who knows the working of a newspaper. Everything that is being done is done in black and white, and the responsibility for every line in the paper can be instantly placed. Even the editor-in-chief has small opportunities for dishonesty, and could not for any length of time deceive his proprietors; while he would in the mean time earn the contempt of his subordinates; and this, to any newspaper man with his profession sincerely at heart, is a fearful price to pay for a mere pecuniary advantage.

This puts the responsibility squarely up to the proprietors of the newspaper. Stockholders may be corrupt and contented, willing to accept a profit from the real controlling interest without asking questions; but in every case some single mind is really responsible. No syndicate could possibly conduct a newspaper successfully. We talk about the days of personal control having departed with the great editors of the past. As a matter of fact, personal con-

trol was never so great or so direct, and the corporate form of ownership makes no difference in this respect. Criticism on this question has been anything but constructive; and because I wish to point out how I think newspapers can be improved, I will say now that I see no reason why the combination of an honest proprietor and an editor with the brains of a Raymond or a Greeley, is not possible. With all due respect to my profession, I cannot help expressing the opinion that we may easily find the honesty before we find the brains.

If, as Herbert Spencer says, the people get the government they deserve, they probably get the newspapers they deserve also. People who like large headlines and pretentious names signed to very indifferent articles can buy that sort of a paper; while those of us who prefer the editorial page of the *New York Evening Post* or the *Boston Transcript*, can get as high a standard of newspaper production as any reasonable man need want. There will never come a time when the majority of the people of this or any country will prefer a *Post* editorial to one of Arthur Brisbane's articles in the *Hearst American*. Mr. Brisbane's production is in a sense predigested. It is easy to understand and generally amusing to read. It suits an average intelligence, which is still one that no man can afford to despise. A great part of the world is too busy with its ordinary avocations to find time or inclination for the intellectual effort involved in digesting a newspaper editorial of a more subtle type. The newspaper must cater to all classes, and the great editor of the future will be some one who can combine the soundness of one class of editorial with the brilliance of the other.

Demonstrating that personality still controls the newspaper, I have no hesitation in saying that the endowed newspaper is an impossibility. An editor

generally responsible to an individual private control may have his troubles. Responsibility to a philanthropic public committee of amateurs would be a condition so intolerable that it is difficult to imagine any competent editor accepting it. Interested interference can be bad enough; well-meant but ill-informed meddling would render a consistent editorial policy an impossibility. By the time the amateur committee had succeeded in securing consideration for all its fads and fancies, one thing would most certainly have happened: the public would have ceased to buy the paper. You may lead the reader gently along to your fount of knowledge by judicious handling, but you cannot make him drink if he does not choose to do so. This is where the endowed newspaper would go to pieces. Competent editorial work requires experience, knowledge, education, independence, memory, technical ability, critical taste, the literary facility born of years of arduous training, and a capacity for instant judgment to an extent not exceeded in any other profession. Successful management of a newspaper without these qualities in some degree, is as impossible as the navigation of a ship by somebody ignorant of trigonometry and seamanship.

It is one thing to charge that many newspapers have been guilty of bad judgment, or even dishonesty, in the presentation of news, and quite another to say that the condition is universal or even general. So far as the cases of unfair practice instanced in a previous *Atlantic* article by Professor Ross¹ are concerned, any newspaper man of experience could oblige him with further material of the same character. What that writer entirely fails to prove is his main contention, that the public does not get the news. No newspaper can

¹ "The Suppression of Important News," in the *Atlantic* for March, 1910.

afford to ignore news which contemporaries print, and any practical man knows how difficult it would be to organize an effective conspiracy of silence. The public is protected in the best possible way by the most rigorous competition.

There is not, and never will be, a trade-union among newspaper-writers. There is a strong *esprit de corps*, and a sort of freemasonry, both here and abroad, which does much to keep up the standard of newspaper honor. It is of incalculable service to the public, but there are good and bad in all professions. There are altogether too many people who call themselves 'journalists' with no very sound reason. It is the undisciplined irregular of this character who is responsible for a good deal of mischief. The real newspaper-writer is a professional and an expert. He is as thoroughly qualified as any other professional man. The training and knowledge he requires is probably not less than that of the competent lawyer or physician; while the rewards of success are upon the whole smaller. He cannot do dirty work without earning the contempt of his fellows, and I have not come across instances, in either the general or the financial field, of the unscrupulous newspaper-writer who has remained for any length of time in the business. For a season he may succeed in publishing what is not so, but in the end he always reaches a stage where he cannot get his matter into print on any conditions whatever.

There is need for a clearer popular understanding of the true functions of a newspaper. These are the collection of news, the presentation of news, and the analysis of news. To be correctly presented, news must be edited; while an editorial which has not a direct bearing upon passing events is merely an essay, and not an editorial at all. To these indispensable functions, a news-

paper may most properly add literary and artistic features. Beyond this it has no business to go. Such an outrage upon public decency as the trial of a notorious prisoner, — when the case is still pending before the court, — by the vote of the readers of a paper, should be made a criminal offense. It would be properly punished as contempt of court in other countries. I will even say that I seriously doubt whether detective work should form any part of the duties of a reporter. This may sound very unprogressive, but a newspaper can coöperate with the public in seeing that police duty is efficiently done by the persons duly appointed for the purpose.

There is much to reform and it is hard to see how to go about it. The condition is a moral one, and any improvement, to be effective, must be achieved, not by means of public agitation or even of legislation, but through the better instincts of those responsible for what is published in the newspapers. The condition is a hopeful one. We are apt to forget that all that has been said against the press, and more, would have applied much more generally in the days of Greeley, Raymond, Bowles, or the elder Bennett. News in those days was presented in a careless, sensational, and unscientific manner. It was grossly garbled. In many cases the public interview was an unpardonable offense. Men of the highest station and the greatest probity were deliberately misquoted, and often represented as expressing views which they could not conceivably have held. Remembering that it is in the editing of the news that the chief stumbling-block lies, it can be said by any one old enough to recall the practical working of newspapers a quarter of a century ago, or even later, that a degree of license was tolerated then which would be impossible to-day.

This is not to say that there were not honorable exceptions. Then, as now, the *New York Evening Post* would not modify its news or its editorial comment for the sake of any advertiser, however large. Even then there was a percentage of honesty sufficient to keep the whole body sweet. The growth in this respect in the past decade has been remarkable, and particularly along lines where the public would not very readily recognize the change. Financial journalism presents a wide field for dishonesty, and yet it is surprisingly clean. It compares most favorably with similar work in London, where in the past few years we have seen a scandalous exposure of what corruption can do in this department of newspaper work. We are over-fond of washing our dirty linen in public, but perhaps we are not quite so black as we like to paint ourselves. A newspaper would fall to pieces of its own rottenness if it habitually practiced the deceptions which are quoted against the press as a whole. The individual may suffer from disease from time to time, but the ordinary condition of living at all presupposes an overwhelming percentage of healthy tissue.

There is nothing like publicity to keep the body politic clean. It is not public opinion, but the ceaseless industry of the newspapers, which has forced upon public-service corporations of all sorts that publicity which is doing so much to extinguish graft and inefficiency. The railroad report of fifteen years ago was an insult to public intelligence compared with the figures and facts which the railroad must give to-day. It was the newspaper instinct for news which brought this condition about. It would have been a long time before the public could have so protected itself without the assistance of the ubiquitous reporter. Doubtless there is plenty of corruption in corpor-

ate and political life now, but the press has done more to suppress it by dragging it out into the light of day than has any other single agency in the country. It was not the magazines which compelled the politicians at Albany to clean house. No considerations of valuable financial advertising prevented the freest publication of the facts about the life-insurance companies; and, indeed, there is good reason to say that it was largely newspaper investigation which enabled counsel to bring many of those facts to light.

Not only is it to the interest of the newspaper to give the news, but it is bound to do so as a condition of its existence. If it does not do so, no editorial page, however attractive, can keep it alive. Advertisers are well informed as to the real circulation and the influence of a newspaper. No paper can oblige the advertiser in the corrupt way suggested, unless it has first a following willing to buy what he has to sell. In the long run, public opinion is a fair test. The combination of honesty and efficiency will sell a newspaper, and it will continue to sell it when sensational and dishonest methods have ceased to secure their end. No single newspaper comes up to the ideal of what a paper should be. Many are working towards that ideal; and the fact that the brutal amenities of the journalism of thirty years ago would not be tolerated to-day, is fair evidence that we are improving, even if we do not boast great editors who are also proprietors of their newspapers.

There is no reason why a paper should not be efficient and useful, a great organ owing allegiance to no restricted party, even without a great personality for its editor. But something more than mere honesty is required, though that is indispensable. It is not sufficient that the proprietor shall have a great deal of money, and the editor be

correspondingly endowed with brains, unless the two can combine effectively. Two instances where the proprietor has been able to finance a large daily paper, and presumably to buy the best editorial talent in the market, may be adduced, in order to show the necessity for the highest technical knowledge in the conduct of a newspaper.

Some years ago, one of the wealthiest and most powerful of our magazine proprietors bought a New York daily newspaper. That paper had been a very profitable property. Its original proprietor had retired in comfort after establishing a special connection of a most useful kind. The circulation was on the East Side. The readers were largely the Tammany Hall element, but there was a most respectable Catholic following, and the paper also was popular with the Jewish element. Its sporting news was a feature, and its readers demanded that sort of news rather fully. It reported at length local and religious gatherings which would not receive more than a few lines of notice in any of the other dailies. Its editorial policy suited its readers, and it was careful not to write over their heads. Altogether it was a good and useful production, and a great deal more scrupulous about publishing anything which would really shock the rather scrupulous morals of its denominational readers than many more widely known sheets. The publisher, after buying the paper, decided that its readers did not know what was good for them. He cut out the local reports, and especially those which had appealed to the Irish Catholic element. The editorials were a good deal more pretentious, but the sporting news was much less accurate and full. Judged by what we may call the magazine standard, the newspaper was a more refined and impressive production. The trouble was that it did not give its readers what

they wanted. There were plenty of other newspapers appealing to people of fine literary taste, if the East Side reader had wanted to buy them. The result was the loss of an amount sufficient to buy the control of a newspaper of the first class, and the destruction of a property which might have continued valuable and useful.

It will be seen here that the combination of money and editorial ability was not everything, and that the public also had something to say in the matter.

Here is another instance. One of the most powerful financial interests in the country decided that it was not being fairly treated by the newspapers. Criticism among the more radical prints was of a most aggressive and searching character; while the record of the interest in question had been such that conservative newspapers did not choose to take up the cudgels in its defense even when it was in the right, fearing that a censorious world would immediately assume that such support had been bought. This interest, therefore, bought the control of a daily financial and commercial newspaper. They put it in the hands of a competent editor with good general and financial experience, and apparently they had an organ ready to their hand which could give the fullest publicity to their side of any question. What was the consequence? The public declined to buy the paper. Besides the loss on the transaction, presumably a matter of small moment to people of large wealth, the paper absolutely failed in the object for which it was acquired. Its subscribers rapidly transferred their allegiance to a competitor, owned by two brothers well known to be irreproachably honest, and competent to manage their own paper, even if their financial resources were moderate, judged by what the popular mind thinks necessary to conduct a newspaper.

Newspapers controlled by special interests are scarcely ever money-making propositions. It is not quite so easy to humbug the public as it looks, and it is impossible to fool the general reader for any length of time. Where the reader is really humbugged is in cases where he is a willing party to the fraud. A newspaper works up, by artificial means, a crusade of some sort. It may be three-cent fares, or anti-vivisection, or cheap gas, or anything that looks likely to get the crowd interested. To the expert, the creaking of the machinery is clearly audible; but numbers of well-meaning persons join in a movement which is never really disinterested, which is no factor in any reform that may come from a natural development of public opinion, but which is simply intended to swell circulation under the influence of popular excitement. The policy, so far as the newspaper is concerned, is of very questionable value. The dodge has been worked to death, and a big circulation, of a kind to convince incredulous advertisers, cannot be worked up by means of a few hysterical letters from 'constant readers,' genuine or concocted. Even when there is some temporary success, the collapse of the 'boom' is followed by a slump, and each succeeding agitation has to be more violent because of the increasing difficulty in arousing public interest. If the reader is humbugged in this way, he has only himself to thank.

Public taste has been educated (by the newspapers) to demand a better quality both in editorial comment and in news-matter. It is a mistake to suppose that people no longer read editorials. They read them gladly if they are attractively written. There is not the least need for shallow sensationalism. There is plenty of demand for the intelligent discussion of current events

in their relation to the unchanging principles of public and private morals. In this connection, there is in many newspapers a regrettable absence of that systematic training for the young writer which was insisted upon by some of our greatest pressmen. The late Samuel Bowles began his day with a copy of the Springfield *Republican* before him, on which was marked the writer of every item, however obscure. With each of his staff, every day so far as was possible, he discussed his work, pointing out its good and bad qualities with infinite patience and insight. A dozen men, now an honor to the newspaper profession, might be named who learned their business in that severe school. 'It was a kind of 'third degree' that few men would voluntarily undergo; but no man with the experience ever regretted the salutary discipline he went through.

It is men from such schools as this who are pulling up the standard for the rest. The public may be very sure that these editors are not imposed upon by 'write-ups' and 'reading-notices.' The interested suppression of the truth or suggestion of falsehood could not long survive such scrutiny. These are not men to allow themselves to be made the instruments of a dishonest proprietor. The efficient newspaper man commands his price as readily as any other worker in the market. There come occasions when his honor requires that he shall sacrifice position and pay. He retains the respect of his fellows, and he has a calling at his fingers' ends which will keep him. There is at least no class that has been less tainted by the modern haste to get rich. Newspaper salaries are not large, and the prizes are few; but the honesty of the newspaper-writer, thank God! is still not measurable in terms of dollars and cents.

THE TOMBOY

A PRATT PORTRAIT

BY ANNA FULLER

By the time Sophie Pratt had got to be twenty years of age, her father had all but given up hope of her ever getting married. This not because she was unattractive, — quite the contrary in fact, — but because he could not conceive of any man in his senses marrying an incorrigible tomboy.

The young lady herself, however, entertained no such misgivings. From childhood up she had looked forward with cheerful confidence to the married estate, to which she felt herself distinctly called by reason of her strong preference for playing with boys.

'As if getting married was games and stunts!' her brother Sandy used to argue, with much heat and no little show of reason. For Sandy, in whose mind weddings were fatally associated with velvet jackets and patent-leather pumps, cherished a deep-seated aversion to matrimony and all its attendant ceremonies. But to Aleck, their father, that sacred institution offered the only prospect of relief from a well-nigh intolerable cross.

Some there were who held that the intentions of Providence, usually so inscrutable, were never more plainly manifest than in the bestowal upon Aleck Pratt of a tomboy daughter. For while the good man would have been properly grieved had this eldest child of his developed some physical infirmity or moral twist, the circumstance could hardly have furnished that daily and hourly flagellation of spirit com-

monly regarded as beneficial, which was mercilessly inflicted upon him at the hands of his innocent child. The sight of a little girl — anybody's little girl — walking fences or playing hopscotch, was an offense to his well-ordered mind. In so much that when his wife Louisa sought to placate him by the confession that she herself had been something of a tomboy in her day, he could only render thanks that he had not been earlier made aware of the circumstance, since the knowledge thereof must inevitably have deterred him from what had been on the whole a very happy marriage. This guarded admission, made in the secrecy of his own consciousness, was characteristic of Aleck. His feelings of satisfaction were habitually under better control than his sense of injury.

In this, as in nearly every particular, little Sophie formed a sprightly antithesis to her excellent father. The delights of life it was that she keenly realized, — the joy of living that sent her scampering along the decorous thoroughfares of Dunbridge, that gave her the catlike agility which made nothing of the most contumacious apple tree or the dizziest barn-loft. It was sheer bubbling spirits that set her whistling like a bobolink under the very nose of her outraged parent. Scant comfort did Aleck derive from his brother Robert's assurance that the little bobolink whistled in tune.

'Might as well swear grammatically,'

he would declare, in cold disgust; thereby causing Robert to rejoice mightily at thought of the salutary discipline in store for the tomboy's father.

Nor was Robert alone in his unchastened triumph. Old Lady Pratt herself was not above breathing the pious hope that Aleck had got his come-uppance at last. And although she was forced to depart this life before the situation had fully developed, she did not do so without many a premonitory chuckle at her grandson's expense.

'You'll never fetch it over that girl of yours,' she assured him more than once. 'You might as well try to make an India-rubber ball lie flat.'

And Aleck's handsome, clean-shaven mouth would set itself in a straight line indicative quite as much of martyrdom as of resistance.

Little Sophie, meanwhile, who could no more help being a tomboy than she could help having curly hair and a straight back, took reprimands and chastisement in perfectly good part, all unconscious of that filial mission from which her elders hoped so much. For herself, she had but two grievances against Fate: namely, the necessity of wearing hoop-skirts, and the misfortune of having been christened Sophie, — a soft, 'squushy,' chimney-corner name, ludicrously unsuited to a girl who could fire a stone like a boy. But after all, there was compensation in the fact that she *could* fire a stone the right way, and not toss it up like an omelette as most little girls did; while as to the hoop-skirts, whatever their iniquities (which were legion), they had never yet deterred her from any indulgence of her natural proclivities. Why, there was a tradition in the neighborhood that the first time Sophie Pratt stuck her feet under the straps of her brother's stilts, she had walked off on them as a calf walks about on his legs the day he is born.

After which exposition of the child's quality it is perhaps superfluous to state that she was famous for hair-breadth escapes, or that she had a way of coming out of them with a whole skin. She was indeed a living witness to the efficacy of that spontaneous order of gymnastics which is independent of rule and regimen; for, now that she was past her teens, she could recall having been so much as ill-abled only once in her life, long, long ago, on which memorable occasion the doctor came and stuck a spoon down her throat and nearly strangled her. But he was so firm about it that she never squirmed at all, and when it was over he called her a good girl. She used in those childish days to wish it might happen again, just so that she might hear him call her a good girl. For the doctor had a beautiful voice, low and wise, — oh, very wise, — but somehow it went straight through you, and Sophie did like things to go through her. But she was incurably healthy and got no more compliments from the doctor, who never took the least notice of her when he came to attend the interesting invalids of the family. This was of course quite natural, since the doctor, being even then an elderly widower, — going on for thirty! — with a little girl of his own to look after, could hardly be expected to bother with a small tomboy who never had anything the matter with her.

Then all of a sudden, before anybody knew what she was about, the small tomboy had grown into a big tomboy, — a gay, flashing, exuberant girl of twenty, who could out-skate and out-swim the best of them, or ride bare-back when she got the chance, — who could even curl up in a corner, if circumstances favored, and pore over her Shakespeare by the hour together, — but who was never to be caught sewing a seam or working cross-stitch unless upon compulsion. And Aleck wondered

morosely why he of all men should have been singled out for this particular penance, and why on earth some misguided youngster did n't come along and take the girl off his hands. Youngsters enough there were, dancing attendance upon the young hoyden, but so far as Aleck could discover, all had heretofore warily avoided committing themselves.

'I doubt if she ever has an offer,' he declared impatiently, as he and Louisa were driving together behind old Rachel one day in early spring. The outburst was called forth by the sight of Sophie, tramping across-lots with Hugh Cornish, pitcher on the 'Varsity Nine.

'But you surely would n't want her to marry young Cornish,' Louisa demurred, 'seeing how you feel about college athletics.'

'I should be thankful to have her marry anybody!' Aleck insisted, treating Rachel to a sharp flick of the lash, which caused the good beast to jerk them almost off the seat.

Whereupon Louisa, in the interest, not only of corporal equilibrium, but of marital harmony as well, allowed him to have that last word which he looked upon as his inalienable prerogative.

After that they were silent for a time, while the excellent Rachel drew them at her own pace along the quiet highway. Sophie and her stalwart cavalier were long since lost to view, yet Aleck's mind still dwelt upon the picture, harassed perhaps by a gnawing conviction that the girl had not got into that field by the legitimate ingress. And presently Louisa, divining her husband's mood as a good wife will, cast about for a palliative.

'In some ways,' she remarked, 'Sophie is a good deal like your mother, Aleck. The dear woman was perhaps not quite so domestic as some, but

there never was her like for rising to an emergency.'

Here Aleck, as in duty bound, emitted a corroboratory grunt, though it must be owned that he had never more than half approved of his charming but undeniably erratic mother. And Louisa, encouraged by that grunt of acquiescence, deemed the moment favorable for pursuing her theme.

'Just think,' she urged, 'what a tower of strength the child was when little Henry was so ill last winter. After the first week the doctor was quite willing to have her left in charge for hours at a time. That was a great compliment to pay a girl of twenty.'

'Hm! He did say she was a good nurse,' Aleck admitted; for he was a just man.

'Well, he ought to know, for he was watching her as a cat watches a mouse. Especially that night when we were all so frightened, the night he spent with us. You remember?'

But Aleck, not to be drawn into any more concessions, abruptly changed the subject.

'What's become of that girl of his?' he inquired.

'Lily? Why, she has been abroad with her aunt this last year. Dear, dear! I often think how hard it was for the poor man to be left a widower so young!'

At which the talk trailed off into harmless gossip, and Aleck's face cleared, as a man's does, when he transfers his attention from his own perplexities to those of his neighbors.

Fate, meanwhile, was doing its best to set his wisdom at naught, and we all know Fate's resourcefulness in such matters. For at that very moment Hugh Cornish, fresh from an intercollegiate victory, was bracing himself for that categorical proposal which Aleck, too faint-hearted by half, had prematurely despaired of.

Sophie was as usual in high spirits, none the less so, if the truth be known, because of the glory inherent in the attendance of so distinguished a personage. As they tramped along together over the broad expanse of turf, elastic with the forward pressing of a thousand hidden, mounting urgencies of spring, she was deterred from challenging her escort to a race only by the well-founded conviction that he would win. She gave him a sidelong glance, of which he appeared to be quite unconscious, — a man accustomed to the plaudits of the multitude might well be oblivious of such a little thing as that, — and she concluded that she would have liked the inarticulate giant well enough, if it had not been for his ill-judged zeal in the matter of helping her over stone walls.

Presently, after a somewhat prolonged silence, Sophie, at sight of a pair of horns over yonder, was so magnanimous as to own that she was afraid of cows. One must find something to talk about, and Hugh's resources might be trusted to fall short even of the bovine level.

'I'm glad there's something you are afraid of,' he remarked, in his stolid way. Whereupon she had immediate resort to hedging.

'Oh, well,' she explained, 'I'm not afraid, really. Not with my brains, you understand. Only with my elbows.'

'With your elbows?'

'It's only that when a cow stares at me, or waves her horns ever so little, I get the jumps in my elbows.'

'You mean your nerves. I'm glad you've got nerves.'

Hugh was apt to be repetitious, but then, he was a personage, and fairly entitled to indulgence. So, —

'Why are you glad?' she inquired, willing to humor him for the battles he had won.

'Because,' he answered, standing

stock still and squaring himself for the attack, 'a girl who's got nerves needs a man to take care of her. And — and — Sophie, what I want is to take care of you — for always.'

And before she could get her breath he had added something fatuous about a strong arm, and Sophie, to whose self-sufficient spirit other people's strong arms were a negligible quantity, felt herself easily mistress of the situation. Good gracious, she thought, was that the way they did it? Well, there was nothing very alarming about that! And she rashly undertook to laugh it off. Upon which the popular idol, injured only to that order of opposition which may be expressed in terms of brawn and muscle, came suddenly out of his calm stolidity as he was said to have a way of doing when the game was on.

Then Sophie sprang to her guns, and so effectual was the repulse that, next thing she knew, she was climbing a stone wall to the road, quite unassisted, while Hugh stalked in great dudgeon toward the woods. And her silly tie-back skirt, lineal successor to the hoops of yore, played her one of those scurvy tricks that are in the nature of petticoats, and somehow or other a small stone tilted, and a big stone shifted, and there was her right foot caught in a kind of vise, and to save herself she could n't wriggle loose without danger of bringing the whole thing down on her ankle. It was not doing any harm for the moment, but it was ignominious to be squatting there like a trussed fowl. She only hoped Hugh would not look round and catch her in such a plight. She shuddered to think of his triumph. But he never once turned his head, as he went stalking away toward the woods. Well, so much for Hugh!

And here were wheels on the road, — not her father and mother, she hoped! But no, it was nothing but the doctor,

the very man she would have chosen for the emergency. It was not the first time he had caught her climbing stone walls; in fact he had once picked her off one and given her a ride home, telling her that he was to be put out to pasture himself in a day or two, going up with Lily to see the colored leaves. With this reassuring recollection, and reflecting also that he would understand how to get her loose without pulling her toes off, because he knew just how they were stuck into her foot, she promptly made a signal of distress.

Then the doctor drove on to the grassy border across the road, and making fast the weight, came toward her, looking exactly as he had looked years ago, when he stuck the spoon down her throat and called her a good girl, — wise and firm and very professional. Somehow, in spite of their later intercourse, much of it so important, and in which she was aware of having played a creditable part, Sophie always thought of the doctor as sticking a spoon down her throat and calling her a good girl, in a voice that went through her. How nice to be Lily and have a father like that!

The doctor meanwhile was finding it a ticklish job to lift that stone without hurting the foot. He said afterward that it was one of the most delicate operations he had ever been called upon to perform. When it was accomplished, and the foot drawn out, the impromptu patient said, 'Thank you, doctor,' very politely, and stood up on top of the wall to stretch herself. But as he extended a hand to help her down, she jumped lightly off to the other side.

'Still the tomboy!' he remarked indulgently.

'Yes,' she retorted; and then, with an exultant thought of her late encounter, 'Father says I shall die an old maid if I go on like this!'

It was a very flighty thing to say,

but Sophie was feeling flighty, as a girl does after a first offer, especially when it was based on the strong-arm plea. As if she were to be the beneficiary, indeed!

'Should you like that?' the doctor asked, studying the vivid young face with amused attention. She looked anything but a sick-nurse, the little fraud! A reversion to type, he told himself, complacently misusing the familiar phrase. He remembered having once stated in a moment of inspiration that a tomboy was an organism endowed with an overplus of vitality. Well, here was vitality with a vengeance! It emanated from her every feature, played in her lightest movement. It quite made the good doctor's nerves tingle! Nor was it all a question of youth, either. One did not lose that sort of thing with the years. And it crossed the doctor's mind, parenthetically, that he was himself on the sunny side of forty. He had just saved a man's life with a quick operation. He could never have done a thing like that in his early twenties, when he was a hot-headed medical student, making a runaway match with Jennie, poor child! Oh, yes, vitality had staying power, and this little friend of his certainly possessed it to an unusual degree.

'And how would you like that?' he repeated, a quizzical look gleaming in those wise, kind eyes of his.

'Oh, that would depend,' Sophie answered, with a little toss.

'On what?'

'On Mr. Right, I suppose.'

Old Mrs. Inkley was expecting the doctor that very minute, but, after all, there was nothing really the matter with her but temper, and if he found her more spicy than usual, all the better for him. So he lingered a bit, and remarked, in his fatherly way, — at least Sophie supposed it must be fatherly, since he had a sixteen-year-

old daughter of his own, — 'I wonder what a young girl's idea of Mr. Right is, now-a-days. A baseball hero, I suppose.'

'A baseball hero!' she flung back. 'Anything but that!'

'You don't say so!'

'They think they are so strong,' she explained. 'They want to take care of you.'

'Oh, that's it! I never understood before. I've got a daughter just growing up, you know, so I gather data where I can.'

Upon which, abandoning for the time being his strictly scientific investigations, he turned to regain his buggy.

But Sophie, tomboy to the last, was over the wall in a trice.

Coming up behind him, — 'Perhaps you would like to know more about Mr. Right,' she remarked, with a saucy challenge, — 'on account of your daughter.'

Startled to find her so near, he turned sharp about. But the quizzical eyes met hers with an answering gleam that was entirely reassuring. So, without a misgiving, and thinking to please the kind doctor, — 'Do you remember sticking a spoon down my throat years ago?' she inquired.

'I'm sure I don't,' he laughed. 'I've stuck spoons down the throats of half the youngsters in Dunbridge.'

His calling her youngster settled it. 'Well,' she observed demurely, 'I made up my mind that day that I should marry somebody exactly like you!'

Exactly like him! He looked into those dancing eyes, he felt the tingling contagion of that vitality he had been philosophizing about, again he remembered that he was on the sunny side of forty, and his heart leaped.

'Why not marry me?' he cried.

And Sophie's heart, being all unpracticed in the most primitive mo-

tions, knew no better than to stand still.

'Oh, — *could I?*' she faltered.

'Would you?' he urged vehemently, seizing both her hands.

But she snatched them away.

'How ridiculous!' she heard herself say. And the next instant she was over the wall, and speeding across the pasture, to the tune of a heart that had caught the rhythm at last.

With a long look at the flying figure, the doctor turned away and went back to his buggy: There he picked up the weight, climbed in, and drove straight to Mrs. Inkley, who lived in a boarding-house, where he was quite likely to find other patients with nothing the matter with them. But there was something the matter with the doctor himself this time, and later on he should have to take up his own case.

His case did not lack attention, for his friends and patients took it up with great vigor. One and all declared it to be a headlong affair; quite what might have been expected of Sophie, but so unlike the doctor, who had always been accounted a model of caution and good judgment, and of touching constancy to the memory of his first love. Old Mrs. Inkley went so far as to assert, as any Mrs. Inkley, old or young, might be depended upon to do, that there was no fool like an old fool. In this case, considering that she might have been the doctor's grandmother, the stricture savored of hyperbole.

But, for the culprits themselves, they were chiefly concerned to make excuses to each other, — Sophie declaring that she had not been headlong, for she had been in love with him ever since he stuck that spoon down her throat, — only she did n't know it. While the doctor, for his part, strenuously maintained that he had never given her a thought until the very moment that she offered herself to him! Naturally

he declined to admit, even to himself, that he had been thinking about anything but his patient during those long hours of the night when it had been professionally incumbent upon him to keep a close watch upon the interesting young creature whose overplus of vitality was standing them in such good stead. It had certainly been a revelation of the girl's character, in which he had taken a keen psychological interest, — but purely psychological, he would have himself understand. A pretty state of things it would be if a doctor were to go about falling in love with his nurses while they were on duty! He hoped he was old enough to know better than that!

And after all, the one thing that really mattered was to get the consent of Aleck and his wife to hurry up the wedding so that they might have a chance to get sobered down before Lily got back. For really, the situation was too surprisingly delightful just at present for reasonable behavior. The doctor was so far gone in recklessness that more than once he caught himself smiling at the way he had stolen a march on Lily. Lucky that she was the kind of girl she was, by the way, for if she had been a less vigilant guardian all these years, who could say what might have befallen him before ever Sophie thought of proposing! And that admission, that there might perhaps be other marriageable young women in the world than Sophie, if he had but chanced to observe them, was the only indication the doctor gave of having passed his first youth.

They had their way, of course. For when Aleck tried to conceal his satisfaction under cover of the perfunctory argument that a man who had once made a runaway match could not be very dependable, Sophie retorted that she thought that was the way such things should always be managed, and

she did n't know but she and the doctor might decide upon it themselves. At which Aleck was so scandalized that he felt, and not for the first time, as we know, that he should be lucky to get her married off on any terms. And when her mother asked how she could ever expect to cope with a grown-up stepdaughter, she said she was glad of the chance to show that a stepmother could be a real mother to a girl! And she said it with such ingenuous good faith that Louisa did n't know whether to laugh or cry.

And so the doctor and Sophie were married, and lived happily ever after, — until Lily came home.

Sophie had essayed a correspondence with her stepdaughter, but she had made little headway, though the letters were punctiliously answered.

One morning in early September, as she sat behind the coffee-urn, doing her prettiest, and very pretty it was, to look matronly, she glanced across the table and observed doubtfully, 'I've just had a letter from Lily. Would you like to read it?'

'Oh, I know Lily's letters pretty well,' was the lazy response. 'Can't you tell me about it?'

'Well, there's not much to tell. That's just the trouble. I wonder — do you think it possible that she may be afraid of me?'

And the doctor, who knew his Lily quite as well as he knew her letters, replied, with a somewhat artificial cheerfulness, — for the day of reckoning was at hand, — 'Oh, that will pass off. Just you see if it does n't. Shall you feel like driving me round this morning?'

'Feel like it!' the formidable stepmother cried, falling joyfully into his little trap; and straightway she forgot all about Lily.

This driving the doctor round was in itself a delectable function, and it was astonishing how quickly the rounds

were made, and how often the busy practitioner found time for a spin out into the open country. He said it was because Sophie was a so much better whip than he, and also because he did n't have to bother with the weight. But it must be confessed that those of his patients who had nothing the matter with them were inclined to feel neglected. Old Mrs. Inkley said that she had half a mind to send him about his business, only that nobody else understood her case!

And then, by the time these two young people — for they certainly felt near enough of an age to be twins — had ceased to be an object of interest to the community at large, and were settling down into that state of homespun content which is about the best weave there is, — especially when shot through with flashes of something keener and more stimulating which a youthful dynamo of Sophie's stamp may be trusted to set in motion, — the inevitable occurred, as the inevitable is forever doing, and Lily arrived.

Her father met her at the dock and brought her home, and Sophie was at the open door, her hands outstretched in eager welcome. And Lily was so polite, and so disconcertingly self-possessed, that Sophie instantly experienced that fatal sensation in the elbows which theretofore only one created thing had had the power to induce, and would no more have dared kiss her than — well, it would not be respectful to the doctor's daughter to pursue the comparison.

Thoroughly unnerved, and for the first time too in a career that had not been wanting in adventure, Sophie dropped the neatly gloved hand and took refuge in a conventional observation which smacked so strongly of her father that it gave the doctor quite a turn. To his intense relief, however, this proved but a passing seizure, and

before the day was out, Sophie was her own spontaneous, irresistible self. Irresistible that is, to Lily's father, — a fact which Lily was quick to perceive and to resent. That there was something seriously amiss, Sophie became aware to her cost, if not to her complete enlightenment when rash enough to venture upon non-debatable ground.

Coming into Lily's room next morning, — 'Won't you let me help you unpack?' she had the temerity to ask.

'No, thank you,' was the crisp reply. 'I don't like to have a stranger handling my things.'

And Sophie, rarely at a loss for a retort, bethought herself just in time of the peculiar obligations of her position, the which she so misconceived as to rejoin, with preternatural good humor, 'I hope we sha'n't be strangers long, Lily.'

'In a way, I suppose not,' Lily parried, while she measured her stepmother with a hostile eye, 'since we've got to live in the same house.'

Whereat Sophie, still rather new to the exercise of angelic virtues, made as dignified an exit as circumstances would permit.

'And I meant to be kind to her!' she gasped. 'I meant to be such a good stepmother! And I will be, too,' — this with an accession of high resolve, materially reinforced by a pinch of the Old Adam. 'I'll be a good stepmother, *whether or no!*'

Now Sophie was a young woman of strong will, unschooled to reverses, — had not everything always come her way, even to the most adorable of husbands that she had got just for the asking? — and she certainly had no mind to be thwarted by a snip of a girl like Lily. And thus put upon her mettle, and erroneously concluding that Lily's hostility was but an instance of that oft-incurred disapprobation of which her father was exponent-in-chief, she

unhesitatingly launched out upon the doubtful emprise of changing her nature. She would be a tomboy no longer, but, mindful at last of her father's admonitions, she would immediately institute a thoroughgoing reform, in deference not, alas, to her own filial obligations, but to those parental responsibilities which she herself had so confidently assumed. Above all, she would be invariably kind to Lily. And it never once dawned upon her that nothing in the world could have been so exasperating to the little rebel as this conciliatory attitude. She had come home armed to the teeth against a tomboy stepmother, and here she was confronted with a pattern of good manners and good temper, in face of which the poor child, at her wit's end, relapsed into a smouldering suspiciousness which found its account in the most pertinacious chaperoning ever administered to a pair of properly accredited lovers.

The doctor meanwhile had been not unprepared for trouble; for, young as he claimed to be, and as he firmly intended to remain, he had seen something of human nature in his day. If he was rather taken aback to find his daughter turning the tables on him in this highly original fashion, he was too fair-minded to begrudge the child any small indemnification she could devise for herself. What did bother him was the unlooked-for transformation in his wife, which he was inclined to regard as a violation of contract. He took her point, however, for he had had his misgivings touching the effect of her innocent but spirited lawlessness upon the discreet Lily. And he also entertained the hope that so precipitate a reform might prove short-lived.

'Could n't you relax a bit?' he inquired, at last, with a whimsical supplication difficult to withstand.

'But I simply must win Lily over,'

was the ardent, not to say obdurate, protest.

'And how about Lily's father?'

That expressive voice of his could be perilously appealing. But the young enthusiast was on her guard.

'Oh, he's too dead easy!' she retorted wickedly.

In which lapse from grace the doctor was obliged to find what consolation he could.

It was but a week after the reign of decorum had set in that they repaired to the mountains for the doctor's autumn holiday, Lily in assiduous attendance. The self-constituted chaperon had heroically sacrificed a seashore invitation, with all its allurements, to a sense of duty second only to Sophie's own; and this although she had been urgently admonished not to take the others into consideration at all. And so it came about that the proverbial three, almost as abhorrent to Nature in certain contingencies as the vacuum she more consistently repudiates, went to see the colored leaves. These latter did all that could be reasonably expected of them. They glowed and they gleamed and they shimmered; they splashed the mountain-sides with bronze and carmine; they spread a gold-embroidered canopy overhead and a Persian carpet under foot; and Sophie, who had never seen their like, found it difficult to refrain from an unbridled expression of delight.

Thanks, however, to Lily's repressive influence, she succeeded in keeping her spirits in check, — to such good purpose indeed that, when one day the doctor was summoned in consultation to a remote farmhouse, no child delivered into the hands of an unscrupulous stepmother could have felt the sense of utter abandonment that overwhelmed poor Sophie, as she turned from bidding him good-by and confronted the coldly critical eye of Lily.

True to her colors, however, she made a valiant rally.

'Shall we go for a walk later on?' she asked, with unflinching affability.

'Whatever you wish,' was the crushing response.

And accordingly just at the perfect hour of the day, they started on one of Lily's conventional promenades. Thus they circumspectly followed the dusty highway, though fields and woods were beckoning; and very rough going it would have been for Sophie, only that she was walking in step to that trumpet-call of color, and her thoughts were not of Lily, but of Lily's father.

Perhaps Lily suspected as much, and it may have been with a view to discountenancing the indiscretion that she remarked brusquely, 'I wish you would n't race so.'

'I beg your pardon,' said Sophie, bringing herself up short in more senses than one. 'I was n't thinking.'

'You appeared to be,' observed Lily, with veiled satire. After which brief dialogue, conversation became if anything less animated than before.

Presently Lily announced, as if she had really come to the end of her endurance, 'I'm going back across the fields. It's shorter.'

'Good!' cried Sophie, literally jumping at the chance. 'Here's a gate.'

A gate, indeed! Did Lily know how to estimate the concession?

'Oh, you'll not care to come,' she demurred, with a too palpable satisfaction in the circumstance. 'You're afraid of cows, you know, and there are sure to be some over the hill.'

And Sophie, yielding to the spirit rather than to the letter of the argument, meekly acquiesced.

'I'll meet you on the lower road,' she said. And then, having taken down the bars and put them up again, — for Lily was peculiarly liable to splinters, — she stood a moment, watching the

slender figure as it progressed, straight and stiff, across the field, the silk skirts swishing audibly from side to side.

Poor Lily! It *was* hard upon her, very hard, to be possessor of an incomparable father like the doctor, and then to have another girl, a perfect outsider, come along and insist upon going snacks. She only wondered that Lily bore it as well as she did. And, speaking of fathers, — what a pity that her own was not there to see how she was beginning to profit by his excellent bringing-up. He would certainly have had to approve of her at last. And somehow that reflection, which should only have confirmed her in well-doing, worked just the other way about, and in a flash she was all tomboy again.

Lily had disappeared in a hollow, and the general public seemed to be represented for the moment by one old plough-horse, temporarily out of business, and a vociferous flock of crows. Perceiving which, and shaking her head in a characteristic way she had, as if her mane of hair were loose and flying, the model stepmother caught at the chance for a run.

Then off came the scarlet jacket that the doctor thought so becoming, up went the tie-back skirt to her very boot-tops, and away went Sophie down the road. Oh, but it was good to run, — it *was* good! As she raced along the road, — really raced this time, — the swift motion going to her head like wine, she felt herself purged of alien virtues, as irresponsible as any young animal, bounding over the good friendly earth for the sheer joy of it. If only she might run like this forever! If only she need never arrive anywhere! If only —

She had rounded the great rolling pasture, and as she approached the lower gate, she slackened her pace. There were cattle as Lily had predicted, scattered about the field, grazing quietly, or standing here and there under an

apple tree, switching at belated flies. It was all very peaceful and rural, save for the intensely dramatic setting of the autumn foliage, and Sophie smiled to think that she could ever have imagined herself afraid of an innocuous cow. She did not know much about real life when she thought that!

And there was Lily now, a natural sequence in her train of thought. As she watched the sedate figure, appearing at the crest of the slope, she only hoped that there was nothing in her own aspect to suggest that she had been guilty of anything so undignified as a run, with skirts picked up and hat on the back of her head.

And still Lily came sedately on. Already Sophie could hear the swish of silk skirt and overskirt. She would never have ventured to question their appropriateness for a cross-country stroll, — so had the day of the stepmother waned, — but she was glad that she herself knew the comfort of jersey and corduroy. And Lily, giving no more sign of recognition than as if the waiting figure had been clad in a garment of invisibility, came sedately on, while the skirts swished from side to side, and — What was that?

A low rumble as of distant thunder, — then louder, and louder still. Good heavens! *There* was somebody disapproving of those swishing skirts who was not afraid to say so! One of the cows, her horns lowered, — no, no! — a cow did n't do that! It was a bull! And look, he was charging, head down, tail up, straight across the field at the unconscious Lily!

'Run, Lily, run!' Sophie screamed, vaulting over the bars, and tearing across the field in the general direction of the bull, who, fortunately, had yet much ground to cover. 'Run! Run!'

And Lily gave one glance over her shoulder, saw the awful brute bearing down upon her, and stood rooted to the

ground, stiff with horror. Run? She could no more have run than she could have flown!

And Sophie, wildly waving her scarlet jacket, and yelling with all her might dashed straight for the bull. Perplexed, not to say annoyed, he halted an instant. Which should it be? That mean-spirited blue thing just in his path, that was showing no fight at all? or that maddening red thing over there, flourishing defiance in his very eyes, and daring him, with vociferous insults, to come on? With a blood-curdling bellow he announced his choice, and as Sophie turned and fled before him, — 'Run, Lily, run!' she found breath to scream.

Then Lily looked again, and the horror lifted, — the horror that was paralyzing her. But in its place came another horror that lent wings to her feet; and, espying a passing team, she picked up her swishing skirts, higher than Sophie's had ever gone, and flew over the ground, shrieking, 'Help! Help!' But in her heart was a deadly fear, and she did not dare look back.

The men were at the gate, and making her a clear passage. And as she stumbled over the lowered bars aslant, 'Save her, save her!' she choked. 'Oh, save her!'

Then one of the men laughed. Was he mad? Was all the world mad? Or was she mad herself?

'I reckon she don't need no savin',' he opined, with slow deliberation fitting the bars back again, — for he was himself not over-anxious for an encounter with a bull on the rampage. 'Look, Sissy; she's up in the gallery, 'n' he's doin' the bull-fight act for her, all by himself. Ain't that pretty, now?'

Then Lily looked; and there among the higher branches of a low-spreading apple tree, sat her pattern stepmother, quite at ease, while the bull, with deep growlings and mutterings, trampled

and tore the offending jacket into flinders.

Such was the bucolic scene that met the doctor's startled eyes as he came driving home along the quiet country road, discussing congenital errors of circulation with his professional colleague.

'It was really great fun,' Sophie declared, with easy nonchalance when, the bull having been subjugated and led away, she found herself at liberty to resume communication with her agitated family. 'For I had my eye on that apple tree from the start, so that I knew there was n't the least danger.'

This with a tentative glance at the doctor, who struck her as looking not quite himself.

'But you are afraid of cows!' Lily stammered, still rather white and breathless. 'You said you were.'

'Yes; but you never heard me say I was afraid of a bull!'

With which gallant disclaimer, the heroine of the hour took on an air of buoyant unregeneracy, which proved so reanimating to the doctor that he was able to observe, with only a slightly exaggerated composure, that the tomboy had won out at last.

And yet, — was it then the tomboy, he asked himself that same evening, when, coming out on the moonlit piazza, he caught sight of two girlish

figures on the steps over yonder, leaning close, in earnest talk, — Sophie's voice low and caressing, Lily's subdued to a key of blissful surrender. Was it indeed the tomboy that had won out? Or was it that other Sophie, — the Sophie he had seen brooding over her little patient, mothering him so tirelessly through the long night-watches, — the Sophie whom the doctor had made such a point of not having fallen in love with?

A vagrant whiff of cigar smoke betrayed his presence, and instantly the two were on their feet and coming toward him, — Lily a bit shame-faced and disposed to reticence. But Sophie could brook no secrets from the doctor.

As they came up to him, — 'Only think,' she announced cheerfully, yet with a just perceptible vibration of feeling, 'Lily says she will have me for a mother after all. And, do you know,' — the shy note of feeling hurrying to cover, — 'I did n't have to offer myself, either!'

But there was no trace of banter in the doctor's tone, as he drew Lily to him and said, with a look that Sophie put away in her heart to keep there forever, 'It's what we've been in want of all our life; eh, little one?'

And at the word, that primal and essential three which Nature in her wisdom prefers above all others, came quietly into its own.

DOES IT PAY TO SERVE THE UNITED STATES?

BY AN EX-OFFICIAL

THE most recent issue of that inspiring government biennial, the *Blue Book*, otherwise known as the *Official Register*, sets forth the fact that the permanent employees in the Federal Civil Service, exclusive of those connected with the Post Office Department, but including the officers of the Army and Navy, number approximately one hundred and forty-six thousand. If the postal employees be included, and also the enlisted men in the military and naval service, the total number of persons on the federal pay-roll approaches surprisingly near half a million, which means that in 1910 about one American citizen in every 178 depends upon the national government for employment and support. As an occupation, therefore, the civil service of the United States is more important numerically than many of the more prominent callings, — such, for example, as the great profession of teaching, in which the census found but 446,000 persons employed in 1900. The employees of the federal government are much more numerous than all the physicians, clergymen, and lawyers in the United States combined, and almost as many, indeed, as the aggregate of all the manufacturers, officials, bookkeepers, and accountants, who together numbered only about half a million persons in 1900, if the occupation returns of the Twelfth Census are to be believed.

The prominence to which the government service as an occupation has thus attained, and the frequent and widely

heralded examinations held by the Civil Service Commission, justify the serious question: Does it pay to accept civil employment under the federal government?

The answer depends largely on the sex of the inquirer. If the questioner is feminine, the reply should be, 'Yes.' In spite of the increasing participation of women in the activities of business and professional life, self-support is at best hard and unremunerative. The government service offers work which is reasonably easy and agreeable, considerate treatment, generous vacations, sick-leave allowance, and a living salary. The girls in the department stores of the great cities often receive no more pay than do the floor-scrubbers in the department buildings at Washington.

If, on the other hand, the inquirer is a man, and a young one, the answer depends principally on his own temperament, ambition, and ability. If he is easy-going, indolent, and of moderate ability, possibly the government service may prove a welcome haven of refuge from failure and actual want. For such a man, a small income, so long as it is certain and attended by moderate exertion and little anxiety, is the most desirable end to be attained. If, however, the would-be servant of the United States is alert, energetic, resourceful, and ambitious, let him beware of the government service. He possesses qualities which in commercial life lead to success, but in the government service, surprising as it may seem, generally invite failure. In the

commercial world, the standard by which everything and everybody is measured, either directly or indirectly, is money. An employee is useful or useless, according as he aids, no matter how, in accumulating profit. Money is seldom wasted in salaries for which a clear return in money-earning is not evident. The superior officer is an owner or stockholder, or is employed to manage the concern, because he is a business-getter. His authority is seldom questioned; if it is, the doubter is discharged. Nobody talks of resignations or threatens 'influence.'

The federal government is the greatest of all corporations, but it exists without the standard of money value by which all other corporations are measured. For the money-value standard no satisfactory substitute has been found. On the surface there appears a rigid discipline, almost approximating that of the military arm, but below the surface there is a lack of sincere obedience. The subordinates know that the superior has no property or proprietary right to the position he temporarily occupies. They know that their own positions are probably permanent, but that the superior's position, if desirable, is temporary; hence that he is merely an accident, — merely important for the moment, — and that his departure is likely to be expedited at an early date, no matter how efficient an officer he proves himself to be. The official who rides to his office in a government carriage may go home, perforce, on a trolley. It has often occurred.

The average period of incumbency of a dozen important department and bureau positions ¹ in the last decade was

¹ Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury and of Commerce and Labor; first Assistant Postmaster General; Bureau Chiefs: Commissioner of Patents, Comptroller of the Currency, Director of the Census, Commissioner of Pensions, Commissioner of Labor, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and Commissioner of Immigration.

two years and eight months. In other words, forty-five individuals (including those now in office) have occupied twelve positions in ten years. In spite of the growth of the civil service reform sentiment, and the continuance in power of one political party, there is a vague but general notion that 'feeding at the government crib' should not be too prolonged. Hence it happens that any official, however efficient and expert he may be, if his position is important enough to be coveted, may expect at some time to be transformed overnight in newspaper parlance from 'a faithful public servant' to 'a mere office-holder,' and to find himself *persona non grata* with his superiors. For every man hastening joyously to Washington to be sworn in, there is another packing his trunk to depart; and however skillfully he conceals his feelings, he generally retires with sorrow. In short, official position is like a chair in a barber's shop, — many men take turns sitting in it for a longer or shorter time.

On the other hand, in the lower or clerical grades, tenure of office is indefinite. Good behavior and moderate ability to perform routine work are nowadays likely to be rewarded by lifelong employment. Between the chiefs, who are temporary, and the clerks, who are permanent, are the minor officials, who maintain a decidedly anxious permanency.

The average of ability among the female clerks is perhaps higher than among the male clerks, because the government offers, as suggested above, the best openings for women seeking employment, while on the other hand, the brighter and more progressive men are constantly leaving the service. It is possible, however, for male clerks, even though beginning at the bottom, to rise to high positions. But the process of promotion, always slow in the government service, means increasing

uncertainty of tenure, and thus may prove the undoing of an able man who has passed beyond the age to begin life anew. All of which seems so paradoxical that it is worth while to trace briefly the actual experience of scores of competent men.

Let us suppose a keen, well-educated, ambitious young man to have passed the portals of the civil service. He is dependent for support on his own exertions, and is therefore attracted by the immediately living salary offered, and the opportunity for life in Washington; he accepts employment under the general government in one of the executive departments. By so doing, he cuts loose from his home community, and leaves the locality in which opportunities exist and where success is bounded only by ability. Hence he misses such opportunities as constantly arise in American towns and cities for intelligent and ambitious young men, and seeks a locality in which no opportunities exist outside of those provided by appropriation bills. Washington, it must be remembered, is maintained solely for the transaction of federal business and as a place of residence for a wealthy leisure class.

Our young man, strive as he will, may become a typical government clerk. If so, he settles into a dull routine, loses both energy and ambition, generally marries, and is burdened all his life with debts incurred for illness or necessary expenses exceeding the moderate salary, even though it is increased by slow promotion through classes 1, 2, 3, and the longed-for and final class 4 (eighteen hundred dollars). On the other hand, he may develop well, prove very valuable to his superiors, and so attract favorable official attention. By sheer merit, or by political favor, or by both, after a dozen or twenty years of official life, at middle age, or later, he may reach a grade just below an of-

ficial position of some responsibility and importance. He has now the favor of the head of the department, whose tenure, it must be remembered, is generally but four years at most. The position above becomes vacant; to this a friendly cabinet officer offers to promote our clerk, now a minor official. The position we assume to be one of real responsibility, to which is attached a salary of some three to five thousand dollars a year. It is here that the crisis in the life of this government employee occurs.

To continue as clerk or minor official generally means permanent employment until driven out by old age. It also means clipping the wings of ambition and independence. On the other hand, if he accepts promotion to real responsibility, it means momentary dignity and increased usefulness, but it means also that the ground beneath him is no longer solid, that a position is being occupied which is sufficiently important and remunerative to interest politicians and others. A cabinet change, certainly a change of Presidents, suddenly rearranges the official map. The alternative is then placed before the efficient and ambitious official, it matters not whether courteously or bluntly, either to accept reduction in grade or to resign. The former means humiliation, the utter destruction of all influence and future usefulness, relegation to the junk-heap with those who cling to such positions as are contemptuously granted to avoid causing starvation. Resignation, however, means the sidewalk, until a position in private life can be found. But a suitable place is not easy to secure. The ties which bound to the old home were for the most part long since broken, and Washington is as bare of aid to a man looking for a position as the moon is bare of vegetation. Moreover, if some reputation has been acquired,

however unsubstantial, self-respect has become entangled with a sense of dignity and does not permit accepting any position which offers, although the question of bare existence may be at stake.

'I have been offered the headship of my bureau three times,' said a minor government official not long since. 'I never have dared to accept it. Of course it meant promotion, and greatly increased usefulness and pay, and I longed to accept; but I knew it also meant a short period of official life at the top, and then out — out into the street. Official position is a luxury. The man who accepts should have private resources to provide for the day when the newspapers publish a rumor that So-and-so "has decided to resign." As for me,' he added, 'I am a poor man. I can take no chances.'

The refusal of responsibility and advancement, for the reasons described, must always result in distinct loss of self-respect and ambition. Moreover, even as an official of minor grade, maintenance of one's foothold is not always easy or agreeable. A reputation for ability and knowledge of official business, earned as a trusted assistant to one chief, vanishes with the latter's departure; the next day in his place sits a stranger who must be persuaded and won. In other words, the battle for reputation, which most men fight but once in a lifetime, must be fought anew in the government service with every change of high officials. The first experience of this sort is little noticed, for ambition and interest are high; the second time, it becomes vaguely annoying; but to begin anew the process of demonstrating one's experience and value a third time, and again, and still again, each time to an absolute stranger, to some political accident, who probably does not possess any official experience, any special qualification for his

position, or even a tithe of the subordinate official's knowledge, grows actually unendurable. Sense of justice and self-respect revolt, and if the employee remains in the service, indifference and carelessness inevitably result.

In commercial life, responsibility is definitely fixed, and as a man is justly blamed for poor work, he is also praised for real efficiency. In the government service, inefficiency is not sufficiently condemned, and ability and fine service, even though of unusual quality, receive in the long run little consideration. Extravagance or economy also makes little difference, for if a balance of an appropriation is returned to the Treasury unexpended, no one knows it and no one cares. It is therefore much easier to spend it, and spent it usually is.

In commercial life, moreover, when one general manager succeeds another, the change is generally the result of an attempt to secure a better man; hence it is at least certain that the new officer is an expert in the business, and can be depended upon to appreciate technical knowledge in his subordinates. In the government, a newly appointed official usually enters upon his duties in utter ignorance, not only of the business and problems of his office, but even of official procedure. Yet the power of a greenhorn official is as absolute as if he possessed the ripest knowledge. This fact was recently illustrated by an editorial comment of a prominent western newspaper upon a retiring official: 'It remains to be seen whether any other officials akin to this one in point of view, if not in crassness of utterance, are still in the public service.' Yet for six months this man had been in absolute authority over ten thousand anxious employees, and had demoralized three bureaus before his departure.

Appointments to high positions made primarily from political considerations

often bring strange individuals into authority, as Washington tradesmen can sorrowfully testify. It is not remarkable, therefore, that the minor official and government clerk soon become victims of routine, but rather that so much faithful service is constantly rendered. No business machine has such an array of faithful routine servants as the federal government. Practically without hope of reward, they labor on with wonderful fidelity.

The conditions thus described turn many natures awry, and in such cases develop characteristics seldom found except in the federal service. It is among the minor officials, who are necessarily thrown into closest association with the frequently changing heads of departments and bureaus, that such temperaments are most noticeable. To such men, preservation of position becomes the principal objective, since they are without hope in long-forgotten home communities. They are, perforce, believers in the idea, *Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi*. They are followers of the official actually in authority, they favor those whom he favors, they agree with his opinions, but are wary of speech themselves, lest definite assertions attract unfavorable attention or criticism. They are men, in short, who travel the tight-rope of official life by dexterous balancing. Above them, chiefs come and go, good ones mildly regretted, crude or bumptious ones endured; it matters not, so long as they themselves remain. Such persons are in most instances but the burned-out shells of men who might have amounted to something better had they stayed at home.

This is not an attractive picture; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that in the government service the superior officer holds the reputation of his subordinates in the hollow of his hand. By a sneer, or insinuation, or baseless charge, if he is prejudiced

or unscrupulous, he can destroy the character of a good man or woman, and the victim has no redress.

Although it is not within the purpose of this paper to refer to the government work, as distinguished from the worker, it may be said in passing that no executive within recollection exerted such direct influence on the federal employees themselves as did President Roosevelt. His personal influence within the federal service was as profound as it was upon the nation. He was not content to listen to the perfunctory reports of cabinet officers, but claimed and exercised the privilege of dealing directly with any bureau chief or subordinate who could aid the executive by expert knowledge of complicated problems.

The effect of this policy, while not always pleasing to cabinet officers, was inspiring in the extreme to subordinate officials; it spurred them to unprecedented zeal, which in turn was diffused by them among their subordinates. A new and surprising energy, a genuine awakening of enthusiasm for tasks made dull by long routine, took possession of the federal service. The influence, however, of personality is short-lived.

All through the executive departments exists the feeling, constantly finding utterance in serious comment, that a man wastes his life in the golden age of the republic by lingering in the employ of the federal government. There are certainly few government clerks and minor officials who do not feel as if they were in a net, and from age, habit, or temperament, find themselves with each passing year growing less and less able to shake loose.

As every rule, however, has exceptions, so there are marked exceptions to the conditions here described; but no one who is familiar with the government service will claim that they are

very numerous. Such as there are occur generally among employees of the Treasury and the Patent Office, which to some extent offer technical training in banking and in patent law. In such cases, and here and there elsewhere in the government service, the opportunity for acquiring expert knowledge and making acquaintances is turned to their own advantage by some of the abler and more energetic employees.

But if conditions are thus unfavorable, what is the lure of the federal service, that thousands of alert and intelligent men and women should clamor for government employment?

It is easily summed up: expectation of easy and pleasant work, attractive pay at the outset, ignorance of the drawbacks, and desire to reside in Washington. It is surprising how effective is the last-mentioned reason. It leads the type-machine operator holding a good position in Omaha to exchange it for a few months' work in the Government Printing Office, or the school-teacher in Massachusetts to abandon her classes in order to stuff seeds into bags in the Department of Agriculture.

There is a subtle fascination about Washington: its buildings, parks, cosmopolitan population drawn from all the states, official atmosphere, lack of business, and vague languor resulting from its position at the gateway of the South. These things attract and steadily increase their hold upon the government employee.

'It is curious,' wrote a former government official now engaged in very successful mining operations on the Pacific Coast, 'what a hold Washington and its associations have upon a man! If I were at all independent, I think I should go back there just as rapidly

and directly as the trains would carry me. This is a form of grippe which the man who leaves the government service contends with for a long time.

'Washington is like automobiles, golf, and other forms of luxury that consume both money and time, and are only fit indulgences for the wealthy. It was summed up by a government employee who congratulated me on my departure and said he himself often longed to go, but that when he had opportunity he lacked the courage, and when he had the courage he lacked the opportunity.'

Nothing has better expressed the mingled desire and timidity of the federal employee, for whom the government is his only hope; yet by the act of serving it, he has removed himself from all the main traveled routes of commercial opportunity.

Good old James Thomson, he of *The Seasons*, described the situation, albeit in the stately English of the eighteenth century:—

O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting Fate
And gives the untasted portion you have won
To those who mock you. . . .

The man who amounts to anything and settles down as an employee of the federal government, whether of high degree or low, is an air-plant. He has no roots in solid earth, and any strong political breeze may blow him away. If you would have roots, settle in the home community and grow up in normal fashion; then, with a competence and with a town, city, or state back of you, seek Washington and find in the government service an agreeable incident, but only an incident, in your career.

THE POOR MAN'S FARM

BY DAVID BUFFUM

DOES farming pay? Can a young man of brains and ambition, who has his way to make in the world, find in agriculture a fair field for his efforts?

These questions have been asked from time to time for as long as I can remember, though more often and more earnestly of late years, when combinations of capital and the tendency to do business on a large scale have narrowed the field of individual enterprise. Many young men, chafing at the idea of being mere cogs in the industrial wheel, are looking earnestly for some opportunity through which they may become masters of their own business; and, almost as surely as the quest is made, find their faces, sooner or later, turned questioningly—and yet, I think, more or less doubtfully—in the direction of agriculture. For agriculture still remains a business conducted in the old-fashioned way of every man for himself; and, let me also add, every man, thank God! his own master.

And yet, though a farmer myself, I cannot satisfactorily answer the questions off-hand with a yes or a no; too much depends on what success means: too many conditions are involved. If the young man has capital and has learned the business,—for farming must be learned, like any other trade or profession,—I believe he will find the returns as good as in any other legitimate business where no greater risks are run. If he is poor and the goal at which he aims is an independent fortune, no, it is not a good business. But if he has a clear conception of what

success really is; if he desires the best in life that can be had as the commensurate reward of his labor from day to day; if he upholds no wrong ideals and is willing to work with his hands as well as his head—yes, it is a good calling, worthy of his best efforts, and more satisfying to his natural desires and cravings than any other.

The statement is often made that, despite certain examples of financial success that can always be cited, the majority of farmers are poor. This is true; and it is also true that, in all branches of business, those who make a conspicuous success are few in number. It is as true, too, of farming as of any other calling, that starting with insufficient capital means hard, unremitting work, and a great deal of privation and self-denial. But it is not true that the rewards are less. The road to riches that agriculture opens may be a long one, but in no other road is there so much to be had along the way.

But is this worth one's while? And is it not a lowering of the standard, a sacrificing of ambition, to regard the roadside and not look wholly to the greater splendor of some chosen goal, even though the latter be uncertain of attainment? Again, this brings us to the question of the different kinds of success, the things in life that are most worth striving for, and it must be answered by each for himself.

A young man recently said to me—he was twenty-three years old, of good but not phenomenal ability, earnest, ambitious, a good worker, and in the

business that for six long years he had been "learning" was receiving the munificent salary of fifteen dollars a week—that the goal at which he aimed was ten thousand dollars a year, that he could never be satisfied with less; and headed that, starting with nothing, he could never reasonably expect to make that much on a farm. This seemed so very probable that it was not worth disputing. Upon my pointing out to him that very few of the young men who started as he did in that particular line of business ever become owners or even high-salaried men, he gave me the time-honored rejoinder that 'there's room enough at the top.'

So there is; there is always room enough at the top. But of those who give the best in their lives to reach it—it must be remembered that it was a purely financial success the young man referred to—so few succeed, that, figuring mathematically the proportion of those who win out, the chances of hardly any starter are such as a gambler would bet upon very heavily. The relentless fact stares us in the face that the number is pitifully small; and that the overwhelming majority, so far from reaching the top, only form a part of the great mob that elbows and pushes and squabbles around the bottom. It is very far from my wish to discourage any young man from striving with all his might for the goal which seems to him best and most worth while; in every battle there are sure to be some killed and some wounded. But it is not wise for him to trust too implicitly to the oft-inculcated aphorism that material success is of certain attainment to him who strives sufficiently hard for it, and that there is no such thing as luck and chance.

That, strictly speaking, there is no haphazard element in human affairs, and that all events must happen as the direct and natural result of cause and

effect must, of course, be admitted. But a man can be the architect of his own fortunes only in so far as concerns the causes and effects which are within his control; there are always others, equally potent, which are beyond his control, and beyond his ken, and which are certain to have their influence upon his life. This fact must be evident to all who have brought much thought or observation to bear upon the subject, or who have seen very much of life; to hundreds it has been brought startlingly home by the discovery of unforeseen and unconquerable obstacles in the path of their most strenuous and hard-fought endeavors. Its knowledge is, in fact, as old as the world, and is aptly expressed in the words of Solomon:—

'I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all. . . . Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better, than that a man should rejoice in his own works . . . to eat and to drink and to enjoy the good of all his labor that he taketh under the sun all the days of his life, which God giveth him: for it is his portion . . . this is the gift of God.'

Yes, the natural portion of man—the gift of God; that is what I often think a country life really is. And this is the kind of success that farming offers to the man of small means: to work hard, but to be his own master, with such days of leisure and recreation as, in his own judgment, it is wise to take; not to accumulate a fortune, perhaps, but to have always enough for his wants; to live upon the fat of the land and 'to enjoy the good of all his labor all the days of his life,' as in no other calling.

All this plenitude, this fullness of life, is possible to any man who brings to agriculture a strong and willing mind and body, and sane, wholesome views of living — provided always that he has learned the business and has enough capital to gain some little foothold; this practical proviso cannot be dwelt upon too strongly. For the element of chance, which has wrecked so many well-laid plans and cherished hopes, has less play in farming than in other occupations, owing to the simple fact that agriculture is, primarily, a means of subsistence rather than a business. A business, indeed, it may be; and a business it should always, so far as possible, become. But it is a means of subsistence first, and this primary function is a conspicuous and important feature in the poor man's farm, and is a veritable sheet-anchor in the matter of home-building.

A picture comes to my mind of a country home that I once knew well and where I was a frequent guest. It belonged to a friend, a man much older than myself, who had possessed large means and had always lived the life of a man of leisure. He had a large family of children, most of them girls. Among other things that he possessed was a small farm; and in an evil hour — or, possibly, a good one, for, in view of the way things work out, it is often difficult at first to distinguish the good from the ill — practically everything he had was swept away except this farm, and he was obliged to move upon it and get his living as a farmer. The farm was near my own, and I saw much of the children. They were all of them, girls as well as boys, constantly out of doors. They knew all about sledding, skating, ice-boating; they became expert in rowing and swimming; and they rode horse-back, although they had nothing but farm-horses for the purpose. They had all kinds of pets, and were always rais-

ing dogs, pigeons, or poultry — and, incidentally, it may be said that they bred some very fine ones.

Their father had brought from his city home a fine library, and he also subscribed to a goodly number of magazines and periodicals; and his family, though really poorer than most of their neighbors, had plenty of time for reading. The old-fashioned 'great south room' of the farmhouse served as parlor, library, and living-room all in one; and its careless profusion of books, music, and chairs that were comfortable to sit in, would probably have shocked the tidy housewives of the neighborhood, whose 'best furniture' was arranged with mathematical precision, and whose parlors were rarely opened except for a funeral or the minister's tea-drinking. In winter there was generally a wood-fire in the fireplace; and if the dogs were allowed to sleep on the hearth (as they were), and if the air was sometimes full of tobacco smoke (as I have often seen it), these things only added to the impression of cheer and comfort and freedom.

This man never became an expert farmer; in some things — fruit-growing and gardening — he excelled; but, as a whole, the occupation was thrust upon him too late in life, when he had lost, to some extent, his faculty of readjustment. But, what is much more to our present purpose, he made a good living and he had considerable leisure. I often sat at his table, and though everything was very simple, — for he could not afford a servant, and his wife and daughters did the work of the household, — the food was of the best, and, as a rule, almost everything was produced on the farm. I recently dined with one of his daughters, now long since a woman grown and in easy circumstances, and she said as we entered the dining-room: 'I can't give you such a dinner as we used to have at the

old farm, for we can't get such things in the market at any price; they don't have them.'

It is such households as this that show, better than any amount of argument, the possibilities in country life for men of small means. Unfortunately they are not abundant; but in a corner of my native state is a young man who, after being graduated at one of our eastern colleges and working for some years as a salaried man in the city, decided to try his hand at farming on a small and much-neglected farm that was left him by his father. The young man was married and had two children, and it took several years of uncomfortable, pinching economy to get together enough money to stock and equip the place. Now, after five years of farming, he expresses himself as more than satisfied with the change. 'I don't handle as much money as I did in town,' he said to me lately, 'but I get fully twice as much, in one way and another, for my labor, and I have more time to myself.' And he told me that, as a rule, everything on his table, with the bare exception of sugar and spices, is produced on his farm—even the flour from which the bread is made being from home-grown wheat, ground in his own mill.

For a purely financial success, and considered apart from the advantages in living, one must look for examples to the larger agricultural enterprises, in which the primary function of agriculture—the means of support—is a less essential part. But money has been made, too, on the ordinary small farm; and there are men who, from a business where no one would suppose there could ever be much income above the necessary cost of living, have accumulated considerable sums. I am no despiser of money, but I would advise no young man to seek it by this road. The cost is too fearfully high; the dol-

lars are paid, for in the very stuff of which life is made. But, as no presentation of the poor man's farm is fair without showing its every side, let us take a glance at the life of a man who has made money on one of these small farms and see if it compares favorably with the pictures already drawn. I need cite no special case, for, unfortunately, he represents a class, and his prototype can be found in every country town in the older states.

He lives in a two-story house, facing and quite near the road, and the front-window blinds are always closed. The place is neither cheerful nor inviting. But there is a certain thrifty look about it—not exactly a look of neatness but an indescribable suggestion of 'forehandedness.' The farmer himself is getting old. He is weather-beaten, wrinkled, and a trifle stiff in the joints, but still able to work, and he does work. Early and late he has worked hard all his life. Nor is he the only one on his farm who has done this: he has seen to it that his wife, his sons, and his daughters have all done the same thing. But if he has been a merciless taskmaster, let us give him credit at least for this, that he himself has set the pace and kept the lead.

He has been frugal, too, as well as industrious. Though he keeps cows, cream is a rarity on his table; and with plenty of eggs in his store-room, very few are ever used at home. He never thinks of dressing a chicken for his own use—though he does now and then have an old hen that has 'laid out her litter'; and with a flock of sheep running in his pasture, he hardly knows the taste of mutton. Pork, potatoes, and Indian meal form the staples of his bill of fare.

Where is his wife? You will find her in the kitchen, for she is as tireless a worker as her husband; lean, wrinkled, and sour-tempered. Where are the sons

and daughters? All gone; for the young people do not linger around such a homestead. The daughters are teaching school, and the sons have salaried positions in the city.

This old man, who started in life with nothing, is now financially independent; his unremitting toil and tenacity of purpose have brought him to the goal he sought. But he has never lived, in the true sense of the term, never had any recreation, never known the joy of existence, and has deprived himself of the love and companionship of his children. Even in his vocation he has kept aloof from its more attractive features: tree-planting, or indeed anything to beautify his estate (unless it be, perhaps, white paint), he has never meddled with; and of that most fascinating of all branches of agriculture, the scientific breeding of live stock, he has no knowledge. His life is pathetic, as is the life of every man who to the hardships and privations that fall unavoidably to his lot adds others that are needless and of his own imposing.

Is the picture overdrawn? Surely every one who is at all familiar with the rural districts can testify to its faithfulness. The history of many an otherwise attractive old country homestead is marred by just such melancholy pictures: pictures of lives that were barren and meagre without cause, and in which there was a daily sacrifice of precious things to false gods.

A very slight analysis of the conditions that result so deplorably will show that one prime trouble is in trying to accomplish too much with the means at hand. There are plenty of large and well-equipped agricultural estates in the world in which money is made. But when a poor man starts out to do the same thing with his little farm, he is putting too heavy a task upon it; it is like requiring of one small horse the

work of a farm-horse team. It is not that the poor man's farm can never be relied upon to do more than maintain himself and his family comfortably: in very many cases it can, and should, be made to yield such small additional income as will enable him gradually to make needed improvements upon it, to surround himself with greater home comforts, and to have some funds in reserve for emergencies and reverses. But if the accumulation of money becomes his prime object, the inadequacy of the farm becomes at once apparent; something, clearly, must be sacrificed to the end in view, and that something is usually himself and his family.

This limitation of the poor man's farm should be looked fairly in the face by all those who contemplate going into farming. And there are also others which, although in my opinion they do not offset its advantages, should nevertheless have equal consideration. The publication of an article of mine in a recent magazine brought me quite a large number of letters from readers asking advice and suggestions about farming for poor men. Almost all of the writers stated that they were salaried men in cities; and the letters showed strikingly the land-hunger, the desire for a permanent home, and the longing for freedom and independence which, however they may be obscured by circumstances, Nature has planted in the breast of every living man. And yet I was very cautious in answering these letters. For the advantages set forth, like all good things, cannot be had without being paid for — and a part of the payment is in a coin that a great many city-bred men, accustomed to an easy, if perpetual, round of work, and unused to hard physical toil and exposure to the elements, would be unwilling to pay.

Let us take the item of labor. The city man who goes to farming will find

that there are times, intermittent, it is true, but often sufficiently prolonged, when he will have to work as he never did before. It is of no use for him to say that eight hours a day is long enough for a man to work. It may be long enough for his physical well-being, but he must plough and sow and mow at the right time, and he must make hay while the sun shines. He is working in collaboration with Nature, and the pace she sets is made without regard to the rights of the laboring-man or the eight-hour law. On our own farm, for instance, my sons and I have often been tired for weeks together; not the pleasant fatigue that wears off in a night of refreshing sleep, but the deep-seated weariness of overwrought muscles and too-long hours that is present even when one rises in the morning, and is thrown off only after a few hours of labor when one has 'warmed up' to one's work.

This is a part of the price that must be paid for freedom and the privilege of working for one's self and not for another. And yet I could never perceive that it did any harm, in the long run; and the fact that at the age of fifty-two I am in perfect health, my muscles like iron, and my body as fit for any test of strength or endurance as at any time in my life, would seem to indicate that I am not far wrong in the conclusion. And in the course of the year there is far more leisure to be had on a farm than in any other business. The early autumn — that golden period when the earth overflows with fruitage, and the days have a mellow sweetness that summer rarely gives — is proverbially the farmer's holiday, and during the winter a great many days off can be taken with no detriment to business.

I am reminded that leisure, without the means to spend money freely, is not usually considered a great boon.

But to those who have learned even the primary lessons in wholesome and natural living, leisure is not such an unmanageable thing that it cannot be handled without constant expense. For it is as important to know how to play, or even to do nothing, as it is to know how to work; to know how to release the tension when the necessity for it ceases, and to strike the easy gait that gives time for observation, thought, and enjoyment of life.

Burns, in a single quatrain, draws a picture of a farmer's leisure moments that every true farmer can understand:

Upon a simmer Sunday morn
When Nature's face was fair,
I walk'd forth to view the corn
And snuff the caller air.

To besure the mere growing of a field of corn or wheat is not a thing of great interest, although there is a quiet satisfaction, greater than may be supposed, in watching its development. But the country-dweller, if he is wise and wants all that can be had out of the situation, will do more than raise crops; he will also engage, to such extent as he may be able, in that most absorbingly interesting of all rural occupations, the breeding of fine live stock. It may be some time before a beginner can afford the foundation stock for raising fine horses or cattle, but he can have the full fascination of the occupation, right at the start, in the breeding of poultry. All the laws that pertain to the breeding of the larger animals are exemplified here, and there is also one great advantage, that poultry matures and reproduces itself every year, bringing the breeder to the result of his efforts in a very short time. For this reason, a great many of the laws that are operative in all animals in such matters as crossing, mating, reversion, and the formation of new breeds and varieties, were first worked out and proved by experiments with poultry.

But for the use of the farmer's leisure I shall attempt no advice or suggestion beyond a hint or two as to the privileges his situation bestows. By all means let him keep a good horse! No man who owns land should deprive himself of this blessing: the creature which, the Arabs tell us, Allah created from the wind and bestowed upon man as his last, best gift, his crowning triumph in the making of a beautiful animal. And if, like the writer, he live on the water-front, let him utilize that privilege too, and have a good boat. For the personal application of these hints: one of the greatest pleasures of my life has been in breeding and handling horses; and from the buoy in front of my house, where our good boat is moored, stretches the whole world, with a fair, free highway to its every port and every shore.

It must be admitted that the country life does not always satisfy; that there are times when we want the noise of the pavements, the rush of travel and traffic, and, perhaps, the opportunity to attend the theatre or some other place of entertainment that the country does not afford. There are times, too, when we miss the sharp contact with other minds — the mental attrition that keeps the wits keen. But these are trivial matters,

easy of remedy, and prove very little beyond the fact that no life is ideal, and that there is no situation in the world where one can be always and invariably contented.

I ploughed the land with horses,
But my heart was ill at ease,

says the old sea-captain in Longfellow's poem; and as a country-dweller, I confess freely to this occasional unrest, this sometime feeling of vague dissatisfaction. But in a somewhat varied experience, I could never discover that such feelings were any more incident to the country than to the town; and they were never sufficiently potent to change my preference in any degree, or to cause any real desire to cease the ploughing.

And in advocating agriculture for men of small means I am speaking with a full knowledge of all its drawbacks as well as its advantages, and with the firm conviction that, when rightly measured, the advantages greatly preponderate. The life is not perfect; but it gives to him who enters upon it his birthright as a man; it gives him the right to work for himself and to be one of the owners of the world; to maintain his family by the labor of his hands, and "to enjoy the good of all his labor all the days of his life."

THE RESTORATION OF RELIGION

BY GEORGE HODGES

THE pendulum swings, the hands move, and we count time. Even the comets, as Halley said, do not rush off into space on straight lines: after a while they turn about and come back. The current of human life is an alternating current. All progress is made in the manner of the pedestrian, who stands first on one foot, then on the other. The small child finds this a difficult accomplishment; and the primitive man, in the childhood of the race, may well have found existence a perplexing confusion of interests; but presently the pace is set, and on we go, hay foot, straw foot, into the future. It is one of the mercies of Providence that the heresies come in single file, now this controversy and then that; and the discoveries and inventions keep the same discreet order: first, powder and printing, then steam and electricity. We are profoundly interested in one thing at a time. The fact that the emphasis is placed here by one or two generations is itself a prophecy that the following generation will place it there.

A study of the successive solutions which man has brought to what Professor Eucken calls *The Problem of Human Life*¹ shows this continual play of light and shade, this unceasing movement of ebb and flood. First the traditionalists, then the prophets. The traditionalists receive without question the whole heritage of the past. They

agree with their grandfathers. They believe all that is written in the Theogony of Hesiod and in Homer's poems. Then, little by little, the growth of democracy awakens a sense of independence in the individual; philosophy begins to interpret the world and man and the gods in a natural way; astronomy, showing that even the stars are obedient to law, suggests that even the gods may conduct themselves not as they please but as they must; the study of medicine emphasizes the idea of causation; and the study of history develops a critical spirit, leading to an examination of authorities and a minimizing of the element of the supernatural. The result is an 'enlightenment.' The traditionalists are opposed, and finally overcome, by the prophets. The new teachers are alert and versatile, keenly sensitive to the conditions of their time, and intent on facts. They maintain that man is the measure of all things. They say that we must make up our own minds, regardless either of our ancestors or of our neighbors, and that we ought not to believe anything which we cannot actually and individually prove. There are no immutable and eternal standards of either truth or right. Truth is what seems true to us, and right is that which is good because it is profitable. Then comes Plato with the Doctrine of Ideas. The whole situation changes. The sophists are seen to be frivolous persons, occupied with the mere weather of life, measuring the wind. Earnest minds turn for substantial satisfaction to the idealists.

¹ *The Problem of Human Life, as Viewed by the Greatest Thinkers from Plato to the Present Time.* By RUDOLPH EUCKEN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1909.

Thus the pendulum was swinging and the tide was changing in the fifth century before Christ. The account of it reads like a summary of the progress of thought in the last half hundred years.

Then, after Plato, comes Aristotle; after poetry, prose. In the place of Plato's concern with the world invisible, we have in Aristotle a 'simple, serious, never-wearying effort to comprehend the objective world, to discover its actual state, and to trace all its relationships.' And after Plato and Aristotle, and all the resulting philosophy, and all the accompanying conditions of religion, come Paul and Augustine, the great disciples of the Supreme Spiritual Master; and after them, the Middle Ages; and after the Middle Ages, the Renaissance and the Reformation. First one foot, and then the other; first the emphasis here, then the emphasis there; now the general concern is about things tangible, then about things intangible and spiritual. Professor Eucken's luminous and un-failingly interesting book, tracing this progress in the work of great thinkers from Plato to the present time, is mighty encouraging. The tide goes out, and the pessimist is convinced that it will never come back; but it comes.

The inference is a prophecy of the Restoration of Religion. The inveterate process will be repeated. We have been standing upon our materialistic foot; now we are to take another step, and stand upon our idealistic foot. Professor Eucken states the present situation with all frankness. 'The main current of intellectual work runs for the most part counter to religion. There is still a steady secession from her ranks, and the secession is spreading from one social class to another. A devitalizing rationalism is now beginning to eat its way into the masses of the people.' At the same time, 'the re-

ligious problem is again knocking insistently at the doors of our intellectual life.' And this means two things: 'In the first place, there are other forces at work in man than mere intellectualistic reflection; and secondly, in the higher strata of the intellectual atmosphere, quite different currents prevail from those which are influencing the life of the people generally, and even the so-called cultured sphere. Do not previous experiences justify us in believing that man's own spiritual work will, in the end, prevail against him, and body forth in some new form the truths that are eternal?'

That there are such truths persisting through all changes, operating, indeed, to compel the ever-recurrent return to idealism after naturalism, is maintained by Professor Münsterberg in his *Eternal Values*.¹ The philosophical striving of his whole life has led him, he says, to a new idealistic standpoint from which he sees the ultimate problems of the world in a new light. He believes that our time is 'tired of the mere naturalism and positivism and skepticism and pragmatism of the past decades.' There are eternal values, constantly available for purposes of testing and verification, corrective and suggestive, related to our life as the pattern which was showed him in the mount was related to the work of Moses. These values are spiritual forces, 'that give us anchorage and guidance, no matter how tumultuous the sea. . . . Throughout our life a new wave is rising, a new seeking and a new longing, a new feeling and a new certainty.'

After this enthusiastic introduction, the book is at first disappointing. The ascent to the summit of the ideal and eternal is by a series of terraces, and

¹ *The Eternal Values*. By HUGO MÜNSTERBERG. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1909.

our guide seems to march us around the whole mountain on each terrace. However, the longest way round, according to the proverb, may be the shortest way there. Professor Münsterberg has carefully avoided the cross-cuts, and the leaps across the chasms, and the adventures for the fun of adventure, which he deplores in 'our younger philosophers,' whose aim seems to be 'the writing of philosophy in brilliant epigrams and clever discussions,' who 'dash down their thoughts in an impressionistic style.' Whoever goes with him must be prepared for hard climbing. Thus we ascend along the successive values of existence and of connection, of unity and beauty, of development and achievement. But the view at the top is worth the work.

The outer world with its logical values, the fellow world with its æsthetic values, and the inner world with its ethical values, meet and are interpreted and completed in the world whose values are estimated in terms of holiness. This is that world of ideals which is the domain of philosophy and of religion, the world of God. 'This world of God is real because our conviction, which in the sphere of religion we call belief, realizes it.' And this belief, as Professor Münsterberg defines it, 'has only the word in common with that other belief which confines itself to believing because it lacks sufficient hold for a full knowledge. . . . The belief in God,' he says, 'is not an uncertain tentative opinion which is satisfied with an unsafe hypothesis because no sufficient proof for full certainty is at our disposal. On the contrary, the religious belief carries in itself a certainty which is superior to all logical power of demonstration.'

In religion, thus exalted as both real and essential, the vital elements are creation, revelation, and salvation. The power of God, the Creator, is 'the

beyond of the outer world,' making the order of Nature intelligible. The revelation of God in history, in miracle, in inspired writings, and in eminent persons, is 'the beyond of the fellow world.' In the inner world the true salvation is 'the victorious arising of that will-attitude in us by which every opposition of values is overcome, and the full unity of the true, the harmonious, and the good is reached in our soul.' Dr. Gordon, in his discussion of *Religion and Miracle*,¹ declares that the eternal values, as thus defined, are no sort of equivalent to the Eternal Gospel. He points out that Professor Münsterberg's doctrine of the Absolute presents us with a very remote and vague idea of God, and that his uncertain grasp of the immortality of the soul makes his whole discussion vain; for eternal values are impossible without eternal beings to value them. But Dr. Gordon himself has failed to satisfy a great many of his religious readers. His main thesis, that the miraculous is of subordinate importance in religion, is excellently defended. The fact that one may put the miracles into the unconsidered background and yet be a good Christian is verified by Dr. Gordon's own experience, for his book makes light of the miracles and yet maintains both the Christian faith and the Christian fervor. But a good many people shake their heads, and are of the opinion that Dr. Gordon is worse than Professor Münsterberg, because he ought to know better. Indeed, in this matter, the professor is more orthodox than the preacher; for not only is his definition of the miraculous in terms of will superior to Dr. Gordon's definition of the miraculous in terms of wonder, but he affirms that 'the miracle belongs to the most necessary manifestations of the

¹ *Religion and Miracle*. By GEORGE A. GORDON. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1909.

evaluating consciousness.' The plain reader of Dr. Gordon has not much idea of the 'evaluating consciousness,' but he somehow feels that the phrase rings true.

The fact is that in both these books we have a sense of getting on. Dr. Gordon's quarrel with the miraculous is inspired by his conviction that a miracle is a mere material basis for spiritual truth, and that it is no more vitally related to true religion than a piano-stool is related to great music. He would press on past the natural into the spiritual. And that is Professor Münsterberg's purpose and spirit also. These books are to be taken in the large; and, thus taken, they are signs of the tendency of our time. With their very different appeal, they voice the minds of great numbers of thoughtful people who are weary of materialism, and are awaiting that return of the soul of man to the love of the ideal, which shall carry with it the restoration of religion.

This desire to free religion from material entanglement by the liberation of the soul of it from the body, of the spirit from the letter, holds together even such diverse books as that of Professor Foster on *The Function of Religion in Man's Struggle for Existence*,¹ and that of Father Figgis on *The Gospel and Human Needs*.² Dr. Foster is a professor in the University of Chicago, Dr. Figgis is a member of the Community of the Resurrection, and their writings are quite as remote, the one from the other, as the institutions with which they are connected. It is plain at a glance that these brethren would be unable to carry on any conversation upon any subject without resorting to

¹ *The Function of Religion in Man's Struggle for Existence*. By GEORGE BURMAN FOSTER. University of Chicago Press. 1909.

² *The Gospel and Human Needs*. By JOHN NEVILLE FIGGIS. London: Longmans, Green and Company. 1909.

the imprecatory Psalms. And this impression is confirmed by a certain extemporary manner which is common to both. Professor Foster confesses that his book was 'dashed off at white heat in about thirty days as a sort of "by-product" of a more difficult task.' Several pages bear evidence of this journalistic haste. As for Father Figgis, the contrast between the greatness of his themes and the slightness of his treatment is like the difference between a high mountain and a hasty sketch of it on the back of an envelope. The fact that the writer in his preface acknowledges with gratitude the assistance not only of his friends who read his proofs but of his friends who helped him by their prayers, shows that the value of the book is in its spirit. And the spirit of Dr. Figgis, like the spirit of Dr. Foster, is an enthusiasm for ideals; the purpose is to present Christianity as an essentially idealistic religion.

Dr. Foster would accomplish this purpose by the abolition of all spiritual authority, the ejection of the miraculous, and a complete subordination of the facts of history. To him, as to the cardinal, the appeal to history is heresy. He goes to great pains to prepare us for the time when the very name of Jesus of Nazareth shall be forgotten. We are not to be dismayed, he says; all that is essential in Christianity will remain. It is a relief to know that this obsolescence of the Gospels is not to be expected for a billion of years. Father Figgis, on the other hand, would abolish nothing. He would exalt authority, emphasize the miraculous, and make the four Gospels the four cornerstones of the whole fabric of religion. His contention is that naturalism, with its testing of all things by reason and experience, reduces religion to the barest prose. He is the champion of the romance of religion. Rationalism, he says, is deadly dull, and the world

as thus interpreted is to the last degree commonplace and stupid, unrelieved by any element of mystery or imagination. He points out, with Chesterton, the impossibility of even fancying Swinburne hanging up his stocking on the eve of the birthday of Victor Hugo. 'It is just that strangeness,' he says, 'that conquering charm, which men are feeling just now, and for whose lack they are crying out from other refuges, — culture, philosophy, fancy religions, and what not. . . . As I conceive it,' he adds, 'the human spirit, in its eternal Grail-quest, has entered upon a new path. It has turned from the middle-aged prose of the nineteenth century once more to the poetry of the child.'

When we look about to discover the special form of juvenile poetry to which the soul is now turning from its dusty reading of naturalistic prose, we find it most notably in Christian Science. This is the first large, evident, popular revolt against the conventions and the respectable authorities and the materialistic view of the Universe. It is an endeavor to establish an idealistic religion. The pendulum swings, after its fashion, from the extreme to the extreme. Here is a burning of the books such as college students used to celebrate after the last examination in calculus. All the achievements and appliances of naturalism are set at naught by this new idealism. The whole *materia medica*, and all the doctors with it, are turned out of doors. And this movement is not only a New Medicine but a New Religion. Tired of the commonplaces of ethics, and the complications of theology, and the contentions of the critics, with their minimizing of the miraculous and their laborious rendering of the poetry of the Bible into a prose translation, these people suddenly appeal straight to God, and begin to work miracles. It is like the

appearance of the Montanists in the face of the philosophers and priests of the second and third centuries.

The philosopher had reduced all truth, terrestrial and celestial, into a rational system. The priests had made laws to the effect that the prophets — unauthorized, eccentric, and unmanageable laymen — should no longer preach in the churches. The story is told by Professor Gwatkin in his *Early Church History*,¹ and by the Abbé Duchesne in his *Early History of the Church*.² Everything was ordered and settled, as it seemed, upon enduring foundations. All that was free, original, spontaneous, informal, was under the ban of the dominant proprieties. In theology, the Gnostics were interpreting the world in terms of Orientalism; that is, with the problem of evil, philosophically considered, as the heart of interest, and the infinite remoteness of God from the world, as a solution of the difficulty. At the same time, the ecclesiastics were securing a quiet and undisturbed rendering of the services, and a manner of sermon that should not interrupt the serenity of the congregation. Into this situation the Montanists came like a gale of wind and a storm of rain in a dry time. They were a company of mystics, in immediate communication with God. Professor Gwatkin shows how they opposed themselves alike to 'the intellectual pride of the Gnostics and to the dignified traditionalism of the Church'; how they accounted all human learning as a delusion and a snare; how they preached, like the Quakers, on every occasion, in defiance of all the canons, and with such excesses that they made

¹ *Early Church History to A. D. 313*. By HENRY MELVILLE GWATKIN. London: Macmillan and Company. 1909.

² *Early History of the Christian Church, from its Foundation to the End of the Third Century*. By MONSIGNOR LOUIS DUCHESNE. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 1909.

the very name of a sermon odious to all peaceable people. The Montanist uprising 'threw preaching into the background for a thousand years, and helped to form the mediæval conception of the priest's duty, — to say mass and to be a spiritual director, but by no means to preach.' Monsignor Duchesne describes the Montanist expectation of the descent of the New Jerusalem upon a plain in Phrygia, and the occupation of people's minds with the immediate realization of the heavenly ideals.

The permanent element in Montanism was in part this direct consciousness of God, and the accompanying sense of the absolute supremacy of the Spirit, both divine and human, over the material world; and in part an instinctive revolt against the increasing bondage of conventions. The Montanists rebelled against the monotony of order. They awaited the motion of the Spirit, and relied upon it to lead them into the unexpected. They regarded the precise statements of doctrine, and the formal quiet of the service of the Church, as did the bishop who had a desperate hope that certain exact and dreary parsons of his diocese might do something improper. Nothing else, he felt, would wake them up enough to save their souls. The present restoration of religion proceeds in the same direction. It appears in the endeavor to see old truth in new lights and to state it in new words. It impels men to make spiritual experiments. It is impatient of precedent and tradition. The desire is to 'revivify and reshape religion through fresh and spontaneous experiences.'

Thus Modernism is not accidental or local, but general and characteristic. It is in the air. The modernist has no serious definite quarrel with the teachings of the Church. He is contending, not for a new doctrine, but for a

new attitude. What he objects to is, not orthodoxy, but finality. He maintains the right to examine the assertions of the old divines and of the new alike, with equal freedom; he sees nothing sacrosanct in creeds; believing in the Holy Spirit, he expects a constant progress in religion, out of the imperfection of the past into the improvement of the future. He is not inclined to agree with Mr. Chesterton when he says, 'An open mind is a mark of folly, like an open mouth. Minds, like mouths, were made to shut.' He finds that a closed mouth may belong to a man who is dumb, or ignorant, or afraid; and he infers that the closed mind is a sign of similar conditions. He claims the right to make experiments — and mistakes. His supreme purpose is to restate religion in the terms of current thought for the better application of it to the needs of current life.

This is what Professor Bowne has admirably done in his *Studies in Christianity*.¹ The doctrines of inspiration and incarnation and atonement and the meaning and function of the Church are here taken out of the old words and stated anew in the language of the present day. 'The old-time naturalism,' he says, 'with its naïve fancy, the more Nature, the less God, is falling into discredit. The immanence of God in natural processes permits us to affirm a supernatural natural and a natural supernatural, to which the old-time naturalistic objections have no application. The supernaturalism of to-day,' he adds, 'is concerned only to find God in Nature, life, history, miracle, no matter where, so long as it finds Him; but it finds Him predominantly in law and life. This is producing a sanity of religious thought beyond

¹ *Studies in Christianity*. By BORDEN PARKER BOWNE. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1909.

anything known in the past, and it is prophetic of still better things to come.'

Dr. Bowne is occasionally tempted to express his opinion of the belated church officials with the eloquent frankness of St. Stephen, but he realizes the important part which conservatism plays in progress, and makes allowance for the caution which goes with the sense of responsibility. He remembers how Mr. Morley denounced the principle of compromise which, as Lord Morley, he afterward used so prudently as Secretary for India. But he sees with plainness that 'the old religion, while remaining true to type, is gradually freeing itself from the conditions of early thought'; to which freedom he makes his efficient contribution.

This spirit animates those industrious modernists, the biblical critics, who go a step further in the reshaping of religion, and proceed to details. That subjective method which is so frequent, and sometimes so exasperating, in their writings, is their way of emphasizing the fact of freedom. It is their record of a spontaneous experience. Having a choice between two interpretations of a text, — one commended by a hundred excellent but dusty commentaries, and the other occurring at that moment to the mind of the critic, — they instinctively take the new. Their grandfathers would instinctively have taken the old. It shows that the revivifying of religion is a dominant tendency. The critic desires to bring new life into the old text, to find new gold in the old mine. And the result is that the Bible, which has again and again been a potent factor in the restoration of religion, is becoming more interesting every day. For example, Professor Bacon, in his *Beginnings of Gospel Story*¹ makes

¹ *The Beginnings of Gospel Story*. By BENJAMIN WISNER BACON. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1909.

the reading of St. Mark a succession of surprises. The untechnical reader who looks into this commentary will find hardly anything that he has ever seen before. He may thus come upon much that he hesitates to accept, but the total result is a new translation of St. Mark, with a treasure of new meaning, and a new sense of reality. This comes from a free first-hand treatment.

A critic who uses the modern appliances of his art finds no difficulty in accounting for the fact that Mr. Münsterberg's page 357, and Mr. Foster's page 112 are identical. They describe, in the same words and in the same series of sentences, the dancing of a tribe in Ceylon around a huge arrow stuck in the ground. Of course, either one of these writers inadvertently copied from the other; or else, more probably, they both copied from some unnamed source, which, for convenience of reference, the critic will call Q, or XYZ. But the critic nowadays will not stop here. He will show how the same source appears again in Mr. Münsterberg's page 13, and Mr. Foster's page 23, in which nobody else would have dreamed that there was any similarity whatever. Thus he makes an original contribution to the subject.

This fresh and spontaneous experience, when it is freed from all relation to texts or material facts, becomes mysticism, which is to be set beside modernism and criticism as another assisting force in the renewing of religion. The mystic has no interest in cause and effect, in the distinction between physiology and psychology, or in any of the concrete phenomena which satisfy the naturalist. From these he turns, as the mere wrappings and husks of truth, and looks through the visible into the invisible. Mysticism, as it is defined by Professor Rufus Jones of Haverford, in his *Studies in Mystical*

*Religion*¹ puts its emphasis on the 'immediate awareness of relation with God,' on direct consciousness of the Divine Presence. Dr. Jones, as a Quaker, leads out with sympathetic understanding the long, mysterious, queer, brilliant, and unfailingly fascinating procession of the Christian mystics. He begins with the essentially and abidingly mystical element in Christianity, as seen in St. Paul and St. John, and comes on slowly down the centuries, past the Montanists, and Dionysius the Areopagite, and Erigena, and St. Francis, and the Abbot Joachim, and Meister Eckhardt, — whose names are like the syllables of an ancient incantation, — past the Friends of God and the Brothers of the Common Life, to the period of the English Commonwealth. The interest lapses a bit with the Anabaptists and the Ranters, in whom eccentricity and even insanity seem to exceed their scant measure of inspiration; though even among the Ranters one comes with pleasure upon a smoking prayer-meeting, every saint having a pipe in his mouth; and we gladly make the acquaintance of Captain Underhill, of Dover, New Hampshire, who told Governor Winthrop of Massachusetts that 'the Spirit had sent him into the witness of Free Grace while he was in the moderate enjoyment of the creature called tobacco.' But 'there are as many unveilings of God,' said John the Scot, 'as there are saintly souls.' And the *Studies* bring us into the high and helpful friendship of a hundred saintly souls, obnoxious, indeed, to the established order, despisers of authority, but restorers of religion, whose sayings, which are liberally quoted, open, as one says, 'the east window of divine surprise.'

¹ *Studies in Mystical Religion*. By RUFUS M. JONES. London: Macmillan and Company. 1909.

When the essential motive of modernism, and criticism, and mysticism, is applied to daily life, it appears as idealism. It speaks in terms of philosophy, as in Dr. Henry Jones's *Idealism as a Practical Creed*;² or in terms of sociology, as in Dr. Francis Peabody's *Approach to the Social Question*.³ The appeal is to a generation successfully engaged in business and in science, making discoveries and money, but greatly occupied with the material side of life. Dr. Jones is Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, but he is addressing the students of the University of Sydney, in Australia. 'You have long been engaged,' he says, 'in an absorbing struggle with outward and secular things. You have been striving to tame a vast continent to your use, and to establish therein an independent and self-sufficient state. If the task has taxed all your strength and claimed all your powers, and if the spirit of your people has been so immersed in it as to leave little of the leisure or the mood for aught else, who can marvel or blame? To live well, man must first live.' He might have said this without the alteration of a word at the University of Chicago. 'Now,' he continues, 'the time has come when you can with a more serious intent and a more deliberate purpose devote yourselves to the contemplation of the world within yourselves, the world in which ideals are the only powers.' Already, in the realm of science, the Idealism of Evolution is making the supernatural commensurate with the whole horizon of the universe; and in the realm of business, the Idealism of Love is bringing back the freshness and enthusiasm of apostolic

² *Idealism as a Practical Creed*. By HENRY JONES. Glasgow: James Macklehorse and Sons. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1909.

³ *The Approach to the Social Question*. By FRANCIS GREENWOOD PEABODY. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1909.

religion. The temper of the time is changing. 'Those who have turned the world upside down have come hither also.' 'In this enterprise,' says Dr. Jones, 'the speculations of the philosopher, the inspirations of the poet, and the tumultuous strivings of the man of action, blend together.'

Dr. Peabody concerns himself with the man of action. The problem is the betterment of this present life. Business and science have built the house, strong and high, but far more important than the house is the tenant who shall occupy it. What thoughts shall he think, what ideals shall engage his soul and shape his plans, what life shall he live, what manner of man shall he be? These questions are essentially religious. They are to be answered, not in the 'plaintive feminine voice of mediæval piety, the voice of a weary pilgrim and sojourner, longing in a vain and unsubstantial world for the native land of the soul,' but in the robust tone of him who cries, 'Here, too, is our home, for God is here; and the true Shekinah is in the soul of man.'

'What is the new note,' says Dr. Peabody, 'in modern jurisprudence? It is the determination of rights and duties within the social order of the community, the nation, or the world. With what does modern legislation concern itself? It deals in an unparalleled de-

gree with the obligations of associated individuals, with combinations of industry, with functions of government, with adjustments of economic and domestic life. What is modern ethics? It is no longer an enumeration of the virtues and vices of the individual, but an inquiring how the good man may make a better world. And what is modern religion? Modern religion has for its subject, not the individual detached from the world, but the world itself in whose redemption the individual has his share.' This large service is inspired and directed by ideals. Whoever undertakes it proceeds straightway out of materialism and naturalism and pessimism into a region where the guides are philosophers and poets and prophets. The spirit of it, the splendid enthusiasm of it, possesses the souls of youth. It is characteristic of our new time. It makes its way into every department of life, and determines every worthy ambition. In the light of it a hundred lesser interests fall into the shadows of the background. It is the native air of the spirit. Here all that is essential in religion grows and thrives. The conditions are right for spiritual renewal. Christ speaks, and men are ready to listen and respond. The Kingdom of God is at hand. Already the restoration of religion is begun.

A YEAR AT THE NEW THEATRE

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

THE New Theatre has seemed to many observers not unlike the New Thought — somewhat vague and not particularly new. Just what artistic advance the theatre intends to further by its choice of plays, is not much clearer at the conclusion of the first season than it was at the beginning; just what the theatre stands for in the dramatic world is not yet definitely outlined. And, in its physical proportions, the New Theatre is a reversion to the auditorium of a half-century and more ago — it is at least fifty years behind the times; while, in its scheme of highly privileged support, its utterly undemocratic horse-shoe of founders' boxes, around which the auditorium has in reality been built, it is a direct product, almost a copy, of conditions pertaining to that fashionable and exotic pastime of the very well-to-do, — grand opera. In these important respects, there is nothing new about it.

In the New York *Evening World* of March 28, 1908, was published an interview with the late Heinrich Conried, then director of the Metropolitan Opera House. In the course of this interview, he said, 'I have been chosen to plan the New Theatre in every detail. The architects made their plans in accordance with my suggestions, and I now have in preparation the plans for the stage, the mechanical arrangements necessary for the proper production of plays.' And he further stated that the New Theatre, though it was not supported by the government, would be a truly 'national' theatre, an 'educa-

tional' institution. Unfortunately, his first statement was correct — unfortunately, because Mr. Conried's entire dramatic experience in America had been confined to his German playhouse, and later to the Metropolitan Opera House. His own training as an actor had been gained in the old-fashioned Teutonic plays of long ago. He was ignorant of many obvious conditions on the modern stage, especially the English-speaking stage, and, furthermore, he was ambitious to continue his operatic management, so profitable to him in many ways. Mr. Conried died, and when the group of thirty wealthy men whom he had gathered together as founders of the New Theatre, each subscribing at the start \$35,000, summoned Granville Barker from England to consider the post of director, Mr. Barker found an auditorium, already nearing completion, which was so vast and so badly constructed for the performance of modern drama, that he took one look and went back to London.

The auditorium was designed by the architects on its present scale not only to meet the needs of opera (since opera cannot be profitably presented without large audiences), but also to make prominent display of a horse-shoe of twenty-three founders' boxes. The founders of the New Theatre are chiefly men financially interested in the Metropolitan Opera House and pillars of its social prestige. Their idea, and presumably the idea of their wives, — whose influence cannot be left out of the reckoning, — was to duplicate at

the New Theatre operatic conditions, 'to dramatize the diamond horse-shoe,' as Henry Miller puts it. Now, quite aside from the utterly undemocratic nature of such a social display in a playhouse loftily announced as 'national' in scope and 'educational' in intention, this horse-shoe of boxes, ranged at the rear of the orchestra-chairs, threw the whole scheme of the auditorium out of scale for a theatre. In order to make the occupants of the boxes prominently visible, the balconies could not be slung forward over the orchestra floor. The first row of the balconies is no nearer the stage than this row of boxes, and the last row of the third, and highest, balcony, is thus distant from the stage almost double the depth of the large orchestra pit, besides being raised an enormous distance in air. Over this orchestra pit yawns a mighty void, wherein the voices of the actors wander tentative and dim. From the balcony not only is it a strain to hear, but the stage is so far off that it seems to be viewed through the wrong end of an opera-glass. Any intimacy with the play and players is utterly out of the question. Thus, as a result of the double blunder in the original scheme of the New Theatre, the plan to mix drama and opera in the same house and the plan to make of it a social diversion for the wealthy founders, the theatre has started on its career under a well-nigh insurmountable handicap.

It would seem that the founders and their families, if we may judge by the infrequency of their use of the boxes, recognize this fact. The truth is that the dramatic performances at the New Theatre do not interest them. And a potent cause is the lack of intimacy in the auditorium, for which they themselves are to blame. It should require no argument to convince one at all familiar with the stage that the modern intimate auditorium is an integral part

of the modern intimate drama and acting; that we can no more go back with pleasure and profit to the old vasty spaces where Forrest thundered, than we can go back to the old plays which gave him ammunition. And it should require no argument to convince any thoughtful observer that men, however wealthy, prominent, and philanthropic, when they announce that they are going to build a playhouse for the public good and the uplift of the drama, and then, for the exotic pastime of grand opera and the prominent display of their own persons, erect an auditorium utterly destructive of dramatic illusion, especially in those regions where the poorer classes must sit, need not be surprised if the public does not hail them unreservedly as benefactors, or flock to their theatre. There is a distinct taint of insincerity and snobishness in the New Theatre, which has perverted its physical design and threatens its usefulness. To deny this, or to try to disguise it, would be, to put it mildly, a waste of time.

The crying need of the New Theatre before another season begins, then, is a radical alteration of the auditorium, which of course means, first, the abolition of the incongruous grand opera. Fortunately, the abolition of opera is certain, and some consequent changes will undoubtedly be made in the auditorium. The founders of the theatre, who are its absolute owners and who will bear the heavy deficit, have a right to their boxes, and neither critic nor public has any voice in the matter. But possibly a lessening of the deficit might atone to some extent for the loss of the boxes; and possibly, too, the greater usefulness of the theatre to the public, the greater vividness and interest of its productions, might act as compensation, if the founders are sincere in their expressed desire to serve the stage in America. By alternate

occupancy, a lesser number of boxes ranged (no less prominently!) to right and left of the proscenium, as in an ordinary theatre, might conceivably suffice. Then the balconies could be slung forward, the top balcony — at present a pocket to catch and deaden sound — eliminated, and the too-high ceiling lowered. If some of the overload of ostentatious decoration were lost in the process, so much the better. Thus arranged for greater intimacy, the house would hold enough people, say fourteen hundred, for probably profitable operation, with eight performances a week, if it was kept reasonably full. At present it seats twenty-three hundred people, at least half of them farther from the stage than the rear of the orchestra pit. Certainly the gain in intimacy, vividness, and enjoyment of the play would be incalculable. Until something of the sort is done, the New Theatre will remain an opulent semi-failure, be the company never so fine, and the plays presented never so worthy.

But the New Theatre in its opening season has at least demonstrated anew the value and possibilities of the stock company, playing in repertory. There have been errors in casting, and an unfortunate disposition has been shown to engage stars instead of standing bravely out for the resident-stock-company idea. The engagement of Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe was ill advised, for example, as was that of Miss Annie Russell. In the classic revivals, no less here than on the commercial stage, the lack of adequate training in our present-day players has been apparent — which is further proof of the need for just such a company. But, especially among the men of the company, many players have given striking proof of the value to the actor of frequently varied impersonations, and the public has watched their growth

with steadily increasing interest. Even two such recognized artists as Ferdinand Gottschalk and Albert Bruning have for the first time been able to show to the public the full ripeness and resources of their art. And, in modern plays (like *Don* and *Strife*) the New Theatre, in its first season, has increased the public appreciation of ensemble acting, demonstrated vividly its superiority over a 'one man' performance.

In his *Life and Art of Richard Mansfield*, William Winter quotes a letter from that actor to him, dated 1905, which contains these words: 'The actors themselves are all only too glad to get a good salary and study only one part a season, and this they can do, with Mr. Frohman and others. I stand quite alone, for both the Frohmans and other managers, and all the actors, are against me.' If Mansfield suffered from what Shaw calls 'the solitary despotism of his own temperament,' if that was what killed him, it was also what made him great, fed the flame of his ambition and his genius. The endowed stock company can seldom breed, and probably almost never keep, a dramatic genius like Mansfield. But in one winter the New Theatre has shown that it can recruit a company of intelligent artists, both young and old, who are cheerfully willing, nay, eager, to learn more than one part a season; and that, under this spur and with this opportunity, many of them develop and ripen in their art with encouraging rapidity. In spite of the lack of training which has hampered it in presenting the classics, the New Theatre company is already a potential force in the dramatic life of America. It is training players to varied impersonation, and the public to an appreciation of impersonation rather than personality, to an understanding of acting as an art.

Let us turn now to the repertory of the first season.

The New Theatre opened on November 6, 1909, with a dress rehearsal, amounting to a public performance, of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*. Although the prospectus of the house shrewdly pointed out the evils of the star system, the theatre opened with a star play, if ever there was one, and engaged for the two star parts Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe, 'for a limited period.' Here was a departure from the stock-company idea at the very start. Furthermore, not only are Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe too habituated to the star system to work genially in stock-company harness, but they are manifestly unfitted for the rôles of Antony and Cleopatra. Had a Shakespearean play been chosen for the opening bill wherein they could appear to advantage, — say *Twelfth Night*, — at least the desolate dullness of that inaugural performance would have been avoided. As a matter of fact, those in charge of the New Theatre did not have the courage of their convictions. They were themselves so habituated to the popular estimate of a name (and a novelty) that they called in two prominent stars and chose a play long disused, to give their theatre this dubious advantage, in defiance of the repertory-company idea.

Antony and Cleopatra was a dismal failure. Even the minor parts were not well played, and the performance dragged sluggishly. Gloom rested on the New Theatre, and it was not visibly dispelled on November 11, when the second dramatic production was made, of a light fantastic comedy by Edward Knoblauch, called *The Cottage in the Air* — a play adapted from the story, *Priscilla's Fortnight*. It was a trifling affair, not so well written as a comedy of similar theme then current on Broadway. It disclosed no originality of fancy, no depth of feeling, no cleverness of dramatic design. It was of a

conventionally romantic type long familiar on our stage through much better examples. The only reasonable excuse the directors of the New Theatre can offer for staging it is that they had nothing else.

Six days later, however, on November 17, a play was disclosed of quite another stamp — John Galsworthy's *Strife*. This astonishingly gripping dramatic argument was staged with careful and seemingly artless realism, and acted by the long cast, headed by Albert Bruning and Louis Calvert, with clearness, force, and emotional sincerity. *Strife* tells the story of a factory strike; it presents by turns the laborers' side and the employers' side; it shows the fiery, passionate labor leader broken at the end, and the stern old leader of the capitalists broken, too. It does not spare details of the suffering of the mill-people, nor does it fail to show their unreasonableness and vacillation. It makes out a case for each side, and then solves the strike by arbitration on terms considered by both sides before the fight began. In this ironic conclusion it points a silent finger toward the coöperative commonwealth. *Strife* is a powerful and thoughtful play, written in a restrained but truly nervous style, and superbly acted by the New Theatre company. And it is safe to say that no American commercial manager would have produced it. When it came on, the friends of the New Theatre for the first time took heart.

On December 4, *The Nigger* was produced, the second play written by an American author, but the first to treat of American subjects. The author is Edward Sheldon, who recently emerged from Harvard College with *Salvation Nell* and sold it to Mrs. Fiske. This youthful dramatist has the courage of large themes. In *The Nigger* he plunged boldly across the Mason and Dixon line and endeavored to set forth the trag-

edy of a high-spirited and high-minded Southerner — the governor of a state — who finds suddenly that his blood is tainted by ancestral miscegenation, and renounces (perforce!) all he has held most dear, to go down and labor among his black kind. Here, unquestionably, is a big, vital theme, however unpleasant to some palates. But Mr. Sheldon has as yet neither the maturity of mind and heart to present it adequately, nor the technical facility to weave it into a convincing narrative. His play, at first raw with the bravado of extreme youth defying artistic restraint, is later discursive and dull. Nor was it acted with any distinction. But it was an honest attempt at significant native drama, and worth doing.

Next of the dramatic productions was a second classic, *The School for Scandal*, made on December 16. In spite of the inadequacy of its representation, it has proved the most popular play in the repertory, thanks to its immortal charm. A company that in *Strife* played exquisitely in one key, the key of realism, here played in almost as many keys as there are characters. Mr. Corbin, the literary director, has written that Mr. Calvert, the producer and exponent of Sir Peter, 'made it his artistic aim to play for the reality and essential humor of the comedy. . . . Sir Peter became a warm-hearted old fellow, sorely tried and often vexed, to be sure, but above all a gentleman and deeply in love with his mad-cap wife.' But 'the essential humor of the comedy' was just what was lost. It was a comparatively mirthless performance, without sparkle, because half of the company tried evidently for a modern key of realism and missed their 'points.' Does Mr. Corbin fancy the deep-hearted Sir Peter of William Warren was less of a gentleman, or less in love with his wife, than this toned-

down and colorless Sir Peter of Mr. Calvert? Hardly! If you are going to play Sheridan, play Sheridan. And to play Sheridan with a modern company, we should perhaps bear in mind, requires, after all, some heart-breaking experiment and training.

Then, on December 30, came a one-act play, called *Liz, the Mother* (over which we will hastily draw the veil of silence; it slumbers now in the storehouse, after the single performance), and Rudolph Besier's *Don*. This last is a comedy, produced with success in England, setting forth with sufficient plausibility for comedy purposes, and with much humorous irony, the adventures of a young idealistic philanthropist, a sort of modern Shelley, plus propriety, who tries to take an unhappy wife away from her husband and bring her to his parents' house. His father is a conventional canon of the church, his mother a conventional canon's wife, his fiancée's father a conventional army officer, and the pursuing husband a fanatic member of the Plymouth Brethren. Here, surely, are the materials for ironic comedy. The young philanthropist emerges wiser, if no less philanthropic; the Plymouth Brother takes his wife back, to treat her to less religion and more love; and the boy's mother does not understand anything that has happened. The piece was almost faultlessly acted, with a gay dash, clean-cut characterization, and abundant feeling. It was perilously near farce, yet with intellectual tang and real point. It was distinctly worth doing.

Next, on January 26, 1910, the third classic was produced, *Twelfth Night*. It had an unimpressive performance. The roistering scenes, to be sure, were amusing, though Sir Toby and Sir Andrew rather rioted to rule. But Miss Annie Russell was utterly inadequate as Viola, and the Malvolio was no better. When Viola is neither romantic nor gay-spir-

ited, and Malvolio neither comic nor tragic, *Twelfth Night* is hardly brought to life. Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothorn had left the company, but Miss Matthison had joined it. The play was inexcusably miscast, and its charm was lost.

On February 14 *The Witch* was produced, — a play adapted by Hermann Hagedorn from the Scandinavian of H. Wiers-Jenssen. It proved gloomy, unreal, stilted, theatrical, and was so acted. Mr. Hagedorn shifted the scene from ancient Scandinavia to the Salem, Massachusetts, of 1692. There can be little excuse for this sort of thing, at such a house as the New Theatre. A foreign drama should either be played as it was written, or not at all. Adapt an alien plot, with its inherent motives and characters, to an American setting, and you ruin the original without producing anything genuinely and sincerely American. *The Witch* as it came to the stage of the New Theatre suggested that Sardou had visited Salem, Massachusetts, and fogged his melodramatic fervor in the gloom of traditional Puritanism. The Puritans of *The Witch* were unreal beings, spouting endless streams of tiresome, unreal talk, in a dreary sing-song. Actually, the Puritans of witchcraft days were deep-hearted religious zealots, and Cotton Mather, leader against the witches, has left writings of a beautiful simplicity and eloquence. Nor does the motive of illicit love, treated not in the deep spiritual key of Hawthorne but in the key of Sardou, make for pleasure or profit in a Puritan drama. *The Witch* did not have even the excuse of sustained theatrical interest. It was dull as well as false.

On March 14 a double bill was presented, Act Four of Ibsen's *Brand* (condensed), and Maeterlinck's *Sister Beatrice*, a morality play originally written as a libretto. The plays were not well

contrasted for one evening's fare, there being something too much of severity. And *Brand* was very badly played, into the bargain, though it is hard to sympathize with those who find this fourth act unintelligible without the others. *Sister Beatrice*, the title part beautifully acted by Miss Matthison, was mounted in an exquisite setting, one of the most exquisite ever shown on a New York stage. The play, however, just failed of its true effect because the management, ignoring completely the author's directions to play the second act in sunlight, played the entire piece in a night gloom, thus at one stroke destroying the atmospheric contrast between the human frailty of Beatrice and the joyous, divine forgiveness of the Virgin, and tinging a naïve legend, essentially fresh, with artificial solemnity.

On March 28 *The Winter's Tale* was revived, on a stage simply dressed in the Elizabethan manner. The presence of Miss Matthison in the cast — an actress admirably adapted for a company presenting classic and poetic plays — and the interest of the archaic setting and the complete and coherent text, combined to make the production well worth while, and certainly as 'educational' as Mr. Conried could have desired. Another production had been promised, of René Fauchois's 'dramatic biography,' *Beethoven*. But this production, postponed through lack of time for rehearsal, was ultimately made by other actors, after the season of the New Theatre company had closed. It need not, therefore, concern us here, any more than the production of *A Son of the People*, on February 28, by John Mason and his company.

Counting the fourth act of *Brand* as a separate production, and forgetting *Liz, the Mother*, in kindness to all concerned, we find that the New Theatre, in its first season of twenty-four weeks, has made eleven dramatic productions

with its own company, four of them classics; that is, according to the definition of the literary director, plays which 'after one hundred years are still alive and welcome to the public.' *Antony and Cleopatra* was n't very warmly welcomed, but possibly Shakespeare could not wholly be blamed! Thus one-third of the repertory was classic, a just and admirable proportion, to be maintained in future seasons. Of the remaining seven plays, only two were original works by American authors, and only one of them was a treatment of American characters and conditions. This is neither a just nor an admirable proportion. Of the five modern plays that completed the first season's repertory, three — *Strife*, *Sister Beatrice*, and Act Four of *Brand* — represent widely different types of style and thought, but each is the work of a man of power; each is large, significant, and was wisely added to the New Theatre's list. *Don*, also, striking a lighter note, almost a farcical note, without being commonplace or cheap, added welcome spice and gayety. *The Witch*, as it came to the stage, was neither foreign drama nor American, and did not justify its production.

The repertory for the first season, then, especially in the light of the fact that the intrusion of grand opera prevented more than eleven productions, contained a hopeful number of significant and worthy plays, and trained the company in a wide variety of parts, including those of classic poetic drama, artificial comedy, modern realism, modern farce-comedy, and allegory. Where it was deficient, woefully deficient, was in American drama. The excuse is offered that, from two thousand manuscripts submitted, nothing better could be picked. And this excuse is probably valid, hard as the uninitiated will find it to believe. The New Theatre has not yet the prestige to attract the

work of such native writers for the stage as possess real and tested talent. It cannot offer to them, even at the high rate of one hundred and fifty dollars a performance, sufficient royalties to draw their work away from the commercial theatre. And right here lies the most important field of future effort for the New Theatre.

If it is to be only a house where a resident stock company presents the classics and such European novelties as are not likely to reach our stage through the ordinary channels, its usefulness is limited, and its purpose rather vague. Its appeal will remain to a narrow circle of patrons, and for the democratic mass of theatre-goers it will bear an academic taint. But if it can add to this appeal the appeal of vital American drama written without any thought of happy or unhappy endings, any consideration of the demands of a star performer, any need to conciliate the prejudices of ignorant or vulgar managers, or to pander to supposed popular taste, then the New Theatre will come to stand for something definite, progressive, and fine in American dramatic art, something national and truly new. We have had 'art theatres' before. As a flower of the field, so they flourished. We have had, also, stock companies in the past. William Warren was a wonderful example of the artist a stock company can produce. There were kings before Agamemnon. But we have never before had a theatre backed by such unlimited capital, equipped with such resources, founded upon a basis strong enough to endure the strain of financial loss, public neglect, and critical attack, until it can make for itself a new public and draw to itself the most daring and stimulating work of native playwrights.

In America to-day it is difficult to secure production for a native play with no star part. It is doubly difficult to secure production for a poetic play,

or one with sectional appeal, or one that might conceivably offend this, that, or the other class. It is difficult to secure production for a 'literary drama' (which is not, to be sure, an unmixed evil!) or an intellectual farce or a satire. It is almost impossible to secure production for a tragedy. Native plays of all these descriptions the New Theatre should — and doubtless even now would — welcome. Probably it can never promise to the writer such financial returns as he would gain from a successful play in the commercial theatre. But, on the other hand, the native dramas the New Theatre should seek are those that are not certain of success in the commercial theatre, because they are written utterly for the delight of the author in free and frank self-expression, with no thought of star or manager or public in mind. Have we no playwrights who create sometimes from inner impulse, for love of their craft, and not solely from motives of sordid gain? Until we have such playwrights, we shall never have a truly vital and worthy American drama; we shall, indeed, have no playwrights deserving the high title of artists.

The New Theatre, then, if it can find and produce from season to season, not one play like *The Nigger*, but half a dozen, — and better plays than Mr. Sheldon's, — mounting them in the best possible manner, with well-balanced and forceful acting, will come, in our largest American city, to stand for something definite and American. It will train a public to be interested in new plays for their own sake, in the art of the drama, not merely to follow the mob to the latest success; it will attract

fresh and solid and daring American work, and gain a prestige which will stamp the play of a new author with the sterling mark. It is going to take time to bring this about; that we must expect, and be patient. But, in spite of the pitiful showing of native drama in the first season's repertory, the dream is not Utopian. It can be brought to reality.

What, in working for the realization of this dream, the New Theatre must guard against with unceasing vigilance, however, is the insidious danger of immediate popularity. It will not do for the New Theatre to mount American plays no different from and no better than a dozen visible on Broadway, and then bask in the comfortable luxury of possibly full stalls. This is robbing the future to pay the present. The New Theatre must, perhaps for several years, reverse the process. It must rob the present to pay the future. It must gain for itself, at any sacrifice, a reputation not alone for an excellent company, for fine acting in the least as well as in the largest parts, but for a repertory of native dramas with a distinction of style, a daring or originality of thought, a freshness of observation, or ripeness of humor, or pungency of satire, that cannot be found except in scattered instances in the commercial theatre. Thus, and thus alone, will it build up for itself a solid reputation and an enduring public, so that it can attract an ever-renewed supply of the best work of our best dramatists, and come to occupy in time the position of leader in American theatrical affairs. Thus alone, at any rate, can it become truly a New Theatre.

A DIARY OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD

BY GIDEON WELLES

IV. THE WAR ON THE PRESIDENT

Tuesday, May 1, 1866.

IN Cabinet the President brought forward the subject of reconstruction as now before Congress in the report of the Committee of fifteen. He said his purpose was to know the opinions of the several members of the Cabinet in regard to these propositions of the Committee, and his own policy, which was different.

Seward in a very long talk expressed himself opposed to the plan of the Committee. Stanton broke in upon the President before Seward, was very glad the President had brought the matter before the Cabinet in this formal manner. He had, like all the members of the Cabinet, approved the policy of the President from the beginning. With one or two others he had, he said, taken at the inception a different view of Negro suffrage, or, as he expressed it, of allowing all the people of the state to vote. But in all his talk, which was very loud and emphatic, he expressed no opinion on the subject before us, either of sustaining or opposing the scheme of Thad Stevens and his Committee.

Mr. McCulloch was very decided in his opposition to the plan of the Committee, and equally decided in favor of the President's policy. He declared himself not so hopeful as Mr. Seward, especially since reading the scheme of the committee.

Dennison, who interposed out of the

usual order, thought it premature to express any opinion, for it was not yet certain what course Congress would take.

Stanton, who should have followed McCulloch, was silent, evidently intending to be passed as having already spoken, though really giving no opinion. I was not disposed to permit any such get off and, therefore, waited.

The President, whose feelings were very intense, spoke at some length in regard to the condition of the country, [and] the effect which these schemes must have on the efforts to reestablish the Union.

Mr. Dennison again spoke at some length, expressing himself opposed to many things in the programme of the Committee, and was not prepared to say how long representation should be denied to the Southern States. Thought four years too long.

Mr. McCulloch, who has important business at his department almost always when we have grave and important questions, obtained permission to leave, having stated his views.

The President, holding the paper in his hand, said he had brought the subject forward, that he might know how each one viewed it. I remarked that was very proper and I trusted each would state his opinion, that I thought it due to him, and I then turned towards Stanton. Thus appealed to, and the President turning towards him also,

Stanton said he did not approve the propositions of the Committee in the present form, he believed they might be amended and essentially improved, and thought it worth the attempt to reconcile action between the President and Congress.

I declared myself unequivocally opposed to the whole scheme which I considered an outrage and a wrong. That I was not in favor of any constitutional amendment in the present condition of the country, that I knew not what right Congress had to pass amnesty laws or prescribe terms to the States.

Stanton interrupted to say that I was opposed to any terms with Congress, that I was ironclad on this subject of reconstruction, and had not only fifteen-inch guns levelled against Congress, but was for running my prow into them.

I replied that I was not aware that I was unreasonable, but my convictions were that Congress had no authority to prescribe terms on which states should be represented, that the Constitution had done this, that each House was entitled to pass on the election and qualifications of each member of its own body.

Stanton said that the convictions of Congress were exactly opposed to mine, and, therefore, I could make no compromise with them. I told him I could compromise no principle, nor consent to any usurpation.

Dennison again said he was opposed to the plan, but repeated that he did not know how soon the people or States should be represented. I said immediately, if the representatives were loyal, — I wish they could be sworn in to-morrow.

Harlan was very reserved. He agreed, he said, with Mr. Stanton in pretty much all he had said, and had no doubt a majority of Congress wanted to be in harmony with the President.

The session was very long, extending over nearly four hours. Most of the time [was spent] on the subject of reconstruction, the President speaking twice at considerable length, and objecting to all conditions precedent to admitting loyal members to the seats.

Wednesday, May 2, 1866.

The papers to-day contain a synopsis of what took place yesterday in the Cabinet on the subject of reconstruction. I have no doubt that the President himself furnished the information, and probably the report, precisely as it is published. He has shown tact and sagacity in doing it. The report of the position of each member is accurate, although I think Stanton was less decided than stated. Nevertheless he intended that the President should take that impression, and I appreciate the adroitness of the President in giving publicity to Stanton's position as he represented himself in the Cabinet. The radical friends of Stanton will be incredulous as to his position in the Cabinet. He must, however, content himself with exposition made or openly deny it. He can no longer equivocate or dissemble.

In a conversation which I had with the President yesterday after the other members left, he remarked that the time had come when we must know whether we had a united or divided Cabinet, that the radicals had strengthened themselves by constant representations that portions of the Cabinet were with them.

To-day Seward remarked to me that while he should say nothing in regard to the opinion of his associates, he had said and should repeat to others that he was not misrepresented in the report. I told him I was glad that Stanton's position was so clearly defined, for I had not so understood him. Seward said Stanton had gone along with

us so far, that Stanton had come into Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet under peculiar circumstances, and had said to him (Seward) that he should stand by his (Seward's) policy while he remained in the Cabinet and go with him on all essential questions.

Friday, May 18, 1866.

Seward has gone home. He told me he intended to make a speech while absent in favor of the President and his policy. Originating no measure himself, and cautious and calculating in adopting the plans of others, he, nevertheless, supposes that what he says has wonderful influence. I do not think he has ever made a speech which gave shape or character to a party. Often his remarks have been more harmful than beneficial. His harangues at Auburn are studied orations, perhaps after consultation with his confidants, and he is now pregnant with one. If it is a quiet baby, passive and pliant, I shall be satisfied, — if it has some deformities I shall not be surprised.

Tuesday, May 29, 1866.

The Senate, after much debate and many caucuses on the part of the Republican members, have an amendment of the Constitution modified from that reported by the construction or obstruction committee. This amendment may be less offensive than that which passed the House by [means of] excluding some of the States from any voice or participation, but it ought not to receive the sanction of the Senate. Yet I have little doubt that it will, and that the canvassing has been a process of drilling the weak and better-minded members into its support. Disgraceful as it may seem, there is no doubt that secret party caucus machinery has been in operation to carry through a constitutional amendment. Senators have committed themselves to it without

hearing opposing arguments, or having any other discourse than that of a strictly party character in a strictly private meeting. Of course this grave and important matter is prejudged, predetermined. Eleven states are precluded from all representation in either House, and of the senators in Washington, all not pledged to a faction are excluded from the caucus when the decision is made. This is the statesmanship, the legislation, the enlightened political action of the present Congress. Such doctrines, management and principles, or want of principles, would sooner or later ruin any country.

I happen to know that Fessenden had long interviews with Stanton last week, though I know not the subject matter of their conferences. Fessenden sometimes hesitates to support a wrong man. Seward has a personal party in Congress, men who seldom act on important questions in opposition to him and his views. All of these men vote in opposition to the President's policy. Raymond alone vacillates, but this is with an understanding, for Raymond and Seward could, if necessary, carry others with them, provided they were earnestly disposed to do so.

Wednesday, June 6, 1866.

Montgomery Blair still persists that Seward is false to the President and that he and Stanton have an understanding. There are many strange things in Seward's course and he is a strange man. I am inclined to think he is less false to the President than an adherent of the Secretary of State. He does not like Johnson less, but Seward more. Seward is afraid of the Democrats and does not love the Republicans. But he feels that he is identified with the Republicans, thinks he has rendered them service, and considers himself under the tutoring of Thurlow Weed as, more than any one else, the father of

the party. The managers of the party dislike him and distrust him, fear that he will by some subtlety injure them, and do not give him their confidence. The Democrats look upon him as a puzzle, a Mephistopheles, a budget of uncertainties, and never have and never will trust him.

The President believes Seward a true supporter of his administration. I think he means to support it. The President finds him a convenience, but does not always rely upon his judgment. His trust in Seward begets general distrust of the administration. It is remarkable that none of Seward's devoted friends, men who under Weed breathe through his nostrils, sustain the President on his great measures. Raymond has been a whiffler on public measures, but no others have ever doubted or dared express a doubt of the radical policy. This puzzles me.

Stanton is very anxious to retain his place, and yet he has a more intimate relation with the radical leaders than with the President or any member of the Cabinet. His opinion and judgment I think the President values more than he does Seward's, yet he distrusts him more, feels that he is insincere. But Stanton studies to conform to the President's decisions and determinations when he cannot change them, apparently unaware that he occupies an equivocal position, both with the President and the public.

Friday, June 8, 1866.

But little of information at the Cabinet. I had some conversation with the President after adjournment, and in the evening McCulloch and myself called upon him by appointment. Our conversation was frank, extending over more than an hour. We all concurred that it was not possible to go on much longer with a view of preserving the integrity of the Republican party, for

the radicals are using the organization to injure the President. There is direct antagonism between the leaders who control Congress and the administration. The Democrats in Congress are more in harmony with the administration than are the radicals; — then why repel the Democrats and favor the radicals?

We, McCulloch and myself, spoke of the want of cordial and free intercourse among the members of the Cabinet; that important questions touching differences in the Republican party were never discussed at our meetings; that it was obvious we did not concur in opinion, and, therefore, the really important topics were avoided. The President admitted and lamented this, as he has done to me repeatedly. He expressed his surprise that Harlan and Speed should, with these understood views, desire to remain. I asked if there were not others among us as objectionable and more harmful. McCulloch, he said, could not believe Seward faithless, that he fully agreed with him whenever they had conversed. I admitted the same as regarded Seward and myself, — still there were some things I could not reconcile. He is not treacherous to the President, but is under the influence of Stanton and acts with him. His intimates, as well as Stanton's, in Congress voted steadily with the radicals; his speech at Auburn was a whistle for the Republicans to keep united, and repelled Democrats.

Wednesday, June 20, 1866.

The President and myself had a little conversation. I expressed my apprehension that there were some persons acting in bad faith with him. Some men of position were declaring that he and Congress were assimilating, especially on the constitutional change. He interrupted me, to repeat what he had said to McCulloch and me, that he

was opposed to them and opposed to any change while any portion of the states were excluded. I assured him I well knew his views, but that others near, who professed to speak for him, held out other opinions. I instanced the *New York Times*, the well known organ of a particular set, which was constantly giving out that the President and Congress were almost agreed, and that the Republican party must and would be united. Yet the facts that every Republican representative had voted for the changes, that the State Department had hastened off authenticated copies to the State Executives before submitting to the President, promulgated the idea that special sessions of the legislatures in the States were to be called, to immediately ratify the amendment.

[The results of the fall elections of 1866 were the subject of such anxious thought by both parties that the proceedings resembled those of a presidential year. Four national conventions were held. The first of these conventions was held in Philadelphia during the month of August, in the interest of the Johnson policies.]

Thursday, June 21, 1866.

Senator Doolittle took tea with me. He wished me to go with him to the President, when some friends were to assemble to consider and decide in relation to the proposed call for a national convention. Senator Cowan, Brown-¹ing, Randall,² and three other persons whom I did not know, but who seemed attachés of Randall, and who, I understood, belonged to the National Union Johnson Club, composed the sitting. The call, which had been modified in

slight respects, still omitted any allusion to the constitutional changes, the really important question before the country. This I thought a great and radical defect, and Cowan and Brown-¹ing concurred with me, as did McCulloch. Randall, who is flattered and used by Seward, opposed this, and his principal reason was that he would leave something for the convention to do.

I asked why the convention was called, if not on this great issue which stood prominent beyond any other. Well, he said, it would hasten the calling of the state legislatures to pass upon it. That, I told him, if properly used might be made to weaken them and strengthen us; we would demand an expression of popular sentiment through the instrumentality of an election, and thereby expose the recent hasty action which was intended to stifle public opinion.

Much of the conversation between eight and eleven o'clock was on this point, during which I became satisfied that Randall was prompted by Seward and used for the party purposes of Weed and Seward. The President evidently was with me in his convictions, but forebore taking an active part. My impressions are that Randall is aware of it. The President finds that R[andall] agrees with Seward and it carries him in that direction. While R[andall] means to reflect the President's wishes, he is really the tool of Seward and Weed, and is doing harm to the cause and to the President himself. But this matter cannot be corrected and will, I fear, prove ruinous.

I left soon after eleven and came home, desponding and unhappy. The cause is in bad and over-cunning, if not treacherous hands, I fear. The proposed convention has no basis of principles. It will be denounced as a mere union with rebels.

¹ O. H. Browning, who shortly succeeded Harlan as Secretary of the Interior.

² A. W. Randall, soon to succeed Dennison as Postmaster-General.

[Congress had recently passed the measure embodying the Fourteenth Amendment.]

Friday, June 22, 1866.

When I went to Cabinet meeting only Seward was there with the President. I was prompt to time; Seward was in advance. Directly on entering, the President handed me a message which he had prepared, with an accompanying letter from Seward, relative to the proposed constitutional changes which Congress had requested him to forward to the State Executives. The whole was very well done. As Seward had sent off authenticated copies to the governors, the officious act was very well gotten over by a declaration in the message that it was a ministerial act which was not to be understood as giving the sanction of the Executive or of the Cabinet to the proceeding.

I made a complimentary remark on the message, with my regret that there had not been more time and consideration in sending off copies to the States. Seward was annoyed by the remark and said he had followed the precedent of 1865, but the President was, I saw, not at all displeased with my criticism.

Subsequently when all the Cabinet were present, except Stanton and Speed, the message and papers were read. McCulloch expressed his approval of the message, and said he should have been glad to have had it more full and explicit. In this I concurred.

Dennison took exception, which served to show that he had been consulted by the radicals and had advised or consented to the course previously adopted. He and Seward each made some remarks, and Dennison showed much indignation because Seward had used the word 'trick' on the part of Congress in sending this resolution to the President. Seward disclaimed the word and denied he had used it. I was not aware he had done so.

Dennison proceeded to say that Bingham introduced, or had been the means of introducing, the resolution; had consulted with him; that his object was pure; that he approved; that although the proposed amendment was not in the precise shape he wished, he, nevertheless, gave it his support; that it had been approved by the Republicans of Ohio and were he at home in October he should vote for candidates who favored it.

I assured him that therein he and I differed, for that I would not vote for the amendment, nor knowingly vote for any man who supported it.

Seward said he had no doubt that the Republicans of the Auburn District would oppose it very generally, and that if he was at home in November he expected to vote for men who would oppose it.

I took higher ground. I cared not what parties favored or what parties opposed it, my convictions and opinions were in my own keeping, and I would vote for no man or any party who favored that amendment.

Dennison said that with the explanations of Mr. Seward he took no exceptions, but he expected to act with the Union party of Ohio. Harlan said he thought the views of each would be reconciled. I doubted if we were a unit. Party seemed to have a stronger hold than country.

When the others had left, the President told McCulloch and myself that he had struck from the message the concurrence of his Cabinet. This I regretted, but he said Dennison's assent even with his explanation was not full and gave him an opportunity to evade, if convenient hereafter. He, therefore, chose to stand alone, not trammelled by others. Before sending off the message, which he had done while we were there, he had erased the words referred to.

Dennison has evidently been tampered with and has made up his mind to go with his party, though aware that the party organization is being committed against measures of the administration. He certainly does not yet anticipate leaving the Cabinet on that account, but will soon come to it. How the President is to get along with such a Cabinet I do not see. McCulloch spoke of it and said there were four in opposition. "Yes," said the President, "from what we now see of Dennison, and if we count Stanton after his patched-up speech; but it is uncertain where he wishes to place himself." There is no uncertainty on the part of any but the President. Speed and Harlan should from a sense of propriety and decent self-respect resign. This the President has repeated to me many times. Why he should cling to Stanton, who is working insidiously against him, and to Seward, who works with and shields Stanton, either doing more against him than the two feeble men of whom he speaks so freely, I do not understand. Stanton he knows is not in accord with him, though he does not avow it; and if Seward is presumably friendly, the fact that all the influence he can exercise is dumb, or hostile, is obvious.

Saturday, June 23, 1866.

The President sent me a note this A. M. to call upon him this evening at eight. Although under the doctor's care and ordered to remain perfectly quiet, I rode over at the time. Doolittle called and went with me. Seward soon came in, followed by McCulloch, Cowan, Browning, and Randall. We went into the library, where the proposed call for a national convention was finished up. Seward, who with Weed and Raymond, drew up or arranged this call which Doolittle fathers, now suggested two or three verbal alterations, most of which were adopted. It

is intended that these "suggestions" shall cover up Weed's tracks.

In all that was said and done Seward fully agreed. He intends to keep within the movement, which has become a New York scheme, in order to control it. His belief is that the Republicans, of New York at least, will respond promptly to the call and make the President's cause (which he means shall be his and the old Whigs') their own. How this is to be done, and the course of the senators and representatives of that State be sustained by the administration, he does not disclose. The Democrats, who, in their way, are the chief supporters of the President's measures, are snubbed. I perceive Seward is satisfied with both the President's and his and Weed's positions. The President, I think, is aware of this discrepancy, yet tries to believe all is right.

Saturday, June 30, 1866.

Had a long talk this afternoon with the President on the condition of affairs, and especially in regard to the proposed national convention. He does not like the composition of the Cabinet, yet does not, in my opinion, perceive the most questionable feature in it. Harlan and Speed, he does not conceal from me, are in the way. The course and position of Dennison do not suit him. Dennison, like others, has been drawn into the radical circle against his better judgment, is committed to the Republican party, and is appointing extreme radicals to local post-offices, carrying out the views of the radical members and strengthening them by displacing friends of the President. In this I do not think D[ennison] intends antagonism to the President, although it is that and nothing else. But he does not permit himself to believe that the President and the party, which is now a mere machine of Thad Stevens, are not identical.

Seward knows the distinction and yet

contrives to persuade the President to acquiesce, while favoring the radicals. It is curious, but by no means pleasant, to witness this proceeding. The President, usually sagacious, seems not to discern the management and ultimate purpose of the Secretary of State, who is prompted by Stanton, one of the radical chiefs. Stanton has an assumed frankness, but his coarse manner covers a good deal of subtle duplicity. Seward never differs with the President. If he has taken an opposite view from or with others, or before the President's opinion is known, it disappears forever when the sentiments of the latter are ascertained. His knowledge and estimate of men are weak and erroneous in the extreme.

The President understands the political dexterity of Seward, and yet does not apprehend that it may even operate adversely to himself, nor does Seward intend to antagonize his chief. Some recent proceedings, connected with the schemes of the radicals, are to me inexplicable, and in our talk I so informed the President. I could not understand how all the Republican members from New York, a considerable portion of whom are under the influence of Seward and Weed, should vote steadily with the radicals and against him, if Seward and Weed are his true friends.

The *New York Times*, Raymond's paper, controlled by Weed, declared that the President and radicals were pretty much reconciled on the constitutional changes, and by this representation multitudes were entrapped into the measure.

Wednesday, July 11, 1866.

Although Stanton has been fully with the radicals in all their extreme measures from the beginning, he has proposed to abandon them when the President made a distinct stand on any

subject. I am, therefore, uncertain what course he will take; but if he leaves he will be likely to be malevolent. He is selfish, insincere, a dissembler, and treacherous. Dennison,¹ however, is honorable and manly. If his radical friends have finally succeeded in persuading him to go with them, he will do it openly and leave the Cabinet, not remain to embarrass and counteract the President, or, like them, strive to retain place and seek the confidence of his chief to betray him.

I read to Blair my answer to Doolittle concerning the national convention. He is highly pleased with it, and suggested I should make a point on the imminent danger of another civil war. Blair repeats a conversation with Boutwell, a Massachusetts fanatic, who avows that the radicals are preparing for another war.

Blair says the radical programme is to make Wade President of the Senate, then to impeach the President. Having done this the radicals will be prepared to exclude the Southern members from the next Congress, and the Southern States from the next Presidential election.

Thursday, July 12, 1866.

The radicals held a caucus last evening at the capitol to determine in relation to their future course, and also in regard to the adjournment of Congress. It was resolved that their proceedings should be secret, but the doings are published. They appear to have come as yet to no conclusion. The plan, or conspiracy, for it is nothing else, seems to be some contrivance first of all to embarrass and hamper the Executive, some scheme to evade an honest straightforward discharge of duty, some trick to cheat the President

¹ On this very day Dennison sent in his resignation to the President. Harlan and Speed promptly followed his example.

out of his prerogative and to arrogate to themselves an unauthorized Executive power.

Raymond is reported to have played the harlequin and again deserted. Although it is difficult to believe that one of his culture and information could make such an exhibit of himself, I am prepared to credit any folly of his. He has clearly no principles, no integrity, and is unconscious how contemptible he appears. Under Weed's teaching he has destroyed himself.

The President informs me that Denison has handed in his resignation. His reasons are his adherence to the Republican party. He was President of the National Convention which nominated Lincoln and Johnson and has imbibed the impression that his character is involved, that his party obligations are paramount to all other considerations. He has been trained and disciplined. In due time he will be a wise man.

Friday, July 13, 1866.

The morning papers contain my letter to Senator Doolittle, in response to his inquiry, conveying my views of the Republican convention. It is very explicit and much complimented.

Seward read to the President and myself a letter which he had written on the same subject. I told the President I ought, perhaps, to apologize for not having read my letter to him also, that I had thought of it, but concluded I ought not to make him in any way responsible for my unofficial acts. He said he would cheerfully assume the responsibility of every sentiment of my letter, which he had twice read and heartily approved.

Sunday, July 15, 1866.

There are flying rumors that Speed and Harlan, and some say Stanton, have sent in their resignations. It is excessively warm and I have not thought proper to call on the President and en-

quire. Possibly Speed has resigned, though I have some doubts, — more as regards Harlan, — and I am incredulous as regards Stanton.

Monday, July 16, 1866.

We are having, I think, as warm weather as I have ever experienced. The papers have a curt letter from Speed resigning his office. He has also written an elaborate but not very profound letter to Doolittle, dissenting from the Philadelphia convention.

The President sent in a veto on the new bill establishing the Freedman's Bureau, or prolonging it. His reasons against it were strong and vigorous, but the two houses, without discussing or considering them, immediately passed the bill over the veto, as was agreed and arranged by the leaders, Stevens and others. Very few of the members know anything of the principle involved, or even the provisions of the bill, nor if informed had they the independence to act; but they could under the lash of party vote against the President. Two or three of the members, in telling me the result, spoke of it as a great triumph in the manner of the final hasty passage without any consideration.

Tuesday, July 17, 1866.

Still excessively warm. Not much at the Cabinet to note. Stanton read a strange despatch from General George H. Thomas at Nashville, stating that some of the Tennessee members of the legislature would not attend the sessions and asking if he should not arrest them. The President promptly and with point said that if General Thomas had nothing else to do but to intermeddle in local controversies, he had better be detached and ordered elsewhere. Stanton, who should have rebuked Thomas, had, I thought, a design in bringing the subject to the President, who has warm personal friend-

ship for the General. On hearing the emphatic remark and witnessing the decided manner of the President against Thomas's proposition, Stanton dropped his tone and said he had proposed to say to T[homas] that he should avoid mixing up in this question. But shall I add your remark, said he. My wish is, replied the President, that the answer should be emphatic and decisive, not to meddle with local parties and politics. The military are not [our] superior masters.

Wednesday, July 18, 1866.

The President tells me that Dennison did not intend to leave, — that his purpose was to maintain his party relations but conform to the administration in his action. He did not want nor expect his resignation to be accepted. These were the President's impressions. He looked upon it as a refined partyism to which he would give no attention. Speed, he says, meant to be very short, and he, therefore, did not reply to Speed's note resigning, but considered it a fact in conformity with the terms of the note.

The authentic published proceedings of the radical leaders are disgraceful to the members who were present and took part. It shows their incapacity as statesmen, and their unfitness as legislators.

Montgomery Blair is possessed of the sentiment that another civil war is pending and that the radical leaders design and are preparing for it. I am unwilling to believe that a majority of Congress is prepared for such a step, but the majority is weak in intellect, easily led into rashness and error by the few designing leaders, who move and control the party machinery. There is no individuality and very little statesmanship or wise legislation, and as little in the Senate. The war on the President and on the Constitution, as well

as on the whole of the people South, except the Negroes, is revolutionary.

The President, while he has a sound and patriotic heart, has erred in not making himself and his office felt as a power. He should long since have manifested his determination to maintain and exercise his executive rights, and as soon as the spirit and hostility of the radical leaders was apparent, have drawn the lines and made his own position known and felt. I so said to him on more than one occasion.

Saturday, August 4, 1866.

The Philadelphia movement is gaining strength, but at the same time encountering tremendous and violent opposition from the radicals. I trust and think it will be successful, but the convention will be composed of various elements, some of them antagonistic heretofore, and the error is in not having distinctive principles on which these prevailing opposing elements can center. The time has arrived when our countrymen must sacrifice personal and mere organized party hostility for the general welfare. Either the radicals or the Government are to be overthrown. The two are in conflict.

I have confidence that all will come out right, for I rely on an over-ruling Providence and the good sense and intelligence of the people. Hatred, deadly animosity towards the whole South, a determination to deny them their constitutional rights, and to oppress and govern them, not allow them to govern themselves, are the features of radicalism. It is an unsavory, intolerant and persecuting spirit, disgraceful to the country and age. Defeat in the elections will temper and subdue its ferocity, while success at the polls will kindle it to flames which will consume every sentiment of tolerance, justice, and constitutional freedom.

(To be continued.)

RAINY WEATHER

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

Up comes 'Bouncing Bet' again,
Pink and lusty in the lane.
Tansy's odor keener is
Than all incense-mysteries.
Oh, the trees, —
How they strain
In the driven windy rain!

All the marsh-grass bows its head,
All the tide-ways blur and spread,
And the bay
Is as gray
As the roof o' the miller's shed.

Up the hill I run, together
With the wet and windy weather.
Hair in eyes and dripping cheek
(Oh, how cool and soft and sleek
Is the hand-touch of the rain!)
'Bet' and I bounce up the lane.

There the Dead Folk's decent rows
Flank me, and the church upstands
With its high gray shoulders, close
On the Dead Folk's silent lands.
— Oh, the trees,
How they strain!
Writhe and reach and fear the rain!
— 'Bet' and I bounce up the lane.

All the houses' eyes are shut.
Still are they, as Dead Folk. But
Here a face, and there a bloom
Nodding scarlet to the gloom

MY MOTHER'S GARDENERS

Say the Dead alone do lie
On the hill, against the sky.

Oh, the wind, the driven rain!
How the silver poplars strain!
How the world seems wide and low
As along the lane I blow,
All alone, and glad to be
For a little. Beat on me,
Wild wet weather! Strike me, wind!
Flare my brown cape out behind; —
Wingèd as a gull I fly
All alone beneath the sky.

Oh, the trees,
How they strain!
How they clamor and complain!
Reckless in the sea-tinged rain,
'Bet' and I bounce up the lane.

MY MOTHER'S GARDENERS

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

OF gardens 'so much has been said and on the whole so well said,' that I might perhaps restrain my pen from turning up that overworked soil. But yet the gardens of which I write have not been like the gardens of the published page. They have not brought forth generously either prose of lusty vegetable or poetry of spicy blossom. Although the gardens have been many, they might almost be described, so alike have they been, as if they were one, an itinerant garden that has accompanied us from one little hill village to another; for I write of the stony, arid,

sterile garden-plot of a country parish.

Now, however forbidding the garden that has stretched rearward of each new domicile, my mother has always fallen upon it with a valiance of hope that neither years nor disappointment can destroy. She always thinks that things are going to grow in her gardens, and things do grow in them, too; but they are not always the things my mother has led me to expect. For her, I hope she will find the garden of her dreams in Paradise; for me, this earth will do, even this small, hill-circled scrap of it; for I am no gardener in my

heart, only an observer of gardens. I own to an unregenerate enjoyment in watching my mother's vegetables misbehave, just as, surreptitiously, I can't help loving the whimsical goats of my father's rustic flock.

As I glance back over the unwritten journal of my childhood, I find the words Choir, Vestry, Garden, always printed in capital letters. The Gardener was a figure as momentous in my infant horizon as was the Senior Warden. In respect to gardens my mother has never had any confidence in the assistance of her own family. There have been occasions when some son or daughter, temporarily in favor, has been allowed to hoe softly, under supervision; but as to her husband, banishment is the sole decree. In fact, my father, genuine old English, imported direct from Trollope, does not show to best advantage in a garden. In general I have observed that our country clericals are likely to be at quarrel with the soil, that arid independent old soil which will grow things in its own way, in utter despite of parsons. My father's original sin was due to the usual pastoral reluctance to let the tares and the wheat grow together unto the harvest, and it was when he mistook our infant carrots for Heaven-knows-what seed of the Enemy that the decree of banishment against him as a marauder occurred. Rather than initiate one of her own home-circle into her garden mysteries, my mother has chosen the unlikeliest outsider, and solicited advice from the most unprecedented sources, or by any methods of cajolery; she has been no stickler in regard to any man's creed or practice when it has been a question of so vital a matter as cucumbers.

My retrospect shows our gardeners stretching back to the bounds of my memory, a lean, gnarled, hoary procession. One of the earliest of them is Fa-

ther Time himself, with hoe instead of scythe, and with white locks rippling down his back. Father Time's frank admission when engaged might have daunted some, but did not daunt my mother, for he confided to her at once that he could hoe but could not walk. He proved useful when carefully hauled from spot to spot, but our garden was cultivated that season in circles, of which the hoe was the radius and Father Time the centre.

Another of our ancient hoe-bearers was a veteran. I do not know whether he had lost his eye on the battlefield or elsewhere, but certainly he had not exchanged it for wisdom. That is why he is the favorite of my mother's recollections. She likes her gardeners a little imbecile. They are more manageable that way. The burden of their intelligence is the more usual trouble. A simple faith united to an instant obedience is the desideratum in gardeners; usually a gardener is as obstinate as he is conservative, and this is not at all to my mother's mind. She loves to glean garden-lore from every source, but better still she loves to invent garden-lore of her own. She likes to be allowed to set out on an entirely new tack with some poor erring cabbage, and it is all she can do to hold on to her ministerial temper when she finds that her gardener has ruined the work of regeneration by some old-fashioned disciplinary notions of his own. Our ancient warrior, however, had no notions of his own, disciplinary or other, and that is why he possesses a shrine apart in our memories. He was as meek in my mother's hands as his own hoe, and he never did anything she did not wish him to do except when he died!

On a bad eminence of contrast my memory declares another figure. I do not remember whether it was an invincible audacity, or an utter despair of securing likelier assistance, that led

us that year to employ our own sexton. It is an axiom known to every ministerial household that it is unwise ever to put any member of your own flock to domestic use. A brawny Romanist, if such can be obtained, for laundry purposes, a Holy Roller for the furnace, and a Seventh-Day Baptist for the garden — these are samples of our principle of selection. I do not know just why those of our own fold are undesirable, — it is wiser perhaps that the silly sheep should not see the antic gamboling of the sober shepherd behind his own locked door, or guess what internal levities spice the discreet external conduct of his family. I do not know how it was that we fell so utterly from the grace of common sense as to employ our own sexton that summer. Apart from sectarian issues, a sexton is the most mettlesome man that grows, and not at all to be subdued to the ignoble uses of a hoe. This sexton was an agony to my father in the sanctuary, and an anguish to my mother in the garden. He went about with a chip in his mouth, and he always held it in one corner of his lips and chewed it aggressively and bitterly, and with the other corner he talked, just as bitterly. Within his own house he must have exchanged the chip for a pipe, for although I never saw him smoke, the fragrant tobacco fumes of him were spread through the house after every back-door colloquy. He talked more willingly than he worked, and that summer was a lean and sorrowful season, when the garden languished and my mother was browbeaten, unable, all because he was the Sexton, to bring the man to order with the sharp nip of her words across his naughty pate.

We were more cautious next time and availed ourselves of one no less meek than a certain village ancient prominently known to be an Anarchist and a Methodist. The combination is

unusual, I admit, but you may look for almost anything in a gardener. As an infant, I used to scan his person for a glimpse of the red shirt, and his lips for a spark of the incendiary eloquence, but no symptom of either ever showed. He was old and underfed and taciturn, and he gardened exactly as he wished to, without paying the tribute even of a comment to my mother's suggestions. He had such original methods of his own that, for very amazement, she gave up her own initiative for the pleasure of watching his. Once when he was seen solemnly planting stones in one earthy mound after another, he did break his icy reserve to answer her irrepressible inquiry; he believed that potatoes grew better that way, since the roots did not have to pierce the earth for themselves but could wriggle through the friendly interstices of the stones. That summer was one of cheerful surprises. This singular spirit had, I believe, a genuine sympathy for the poor toiling vegetables; I remember that he spent one afternoon in tying up his tomatoes in copies of a certain sectarian sheet he brought with him for the purpose. A sportive wind arose in the night, to die before the Sabbath morning, on which we beheld not only our rectory lawn, but the utterly Episcopal precincts of the church, bestrewn with *Glad Tidings of Zion*. He was a lonely soul and dwelt apart, chiefly in a wheelbarrow. The vehicle was one of his idiosyncrasies. He never appeared without it. Up and down our leafy streets would he trundle it; but yet I never saw anything in the wheelbarrow except the gardener. He appeared to push it ever before him for the sole purpose of having something to sit on when he wished, from the philosophic heights of his theological and sociological principles, to ruminate upon the evil behavior of 'cabbages and kings.'

As I look back over a long succession of gardeners, I see it, punctuated as it may be here and there by some salient personality, for the most part stretching a weary line of the aged and infirm of mind and body, and I wonder by what survival of the unfittest society devotes to gardening purposes only those already devoted to decrepitude. As a matter of fact, the more one becomes acquainted with the vagaries of growing things, the more one is convinced that it requires nimble wits and supple muscles to subjugate the army of iniquitous vegetables the humblest garden can produce. The more you know of the deception and ingratitude to be experienced in the vegetable world, the sadder you become. In addition to sharpened brain and taut sinews, the worker in gardens needs a heart packed with optimism. This last my mother possesses, and though garden after garden may have gone back on her, nothing can prevent her running with overtures of salvation to meet the next little grubby potato-patch life offers her. With hope indomitable my parents survey each new glebe, while I, the incredulous, secretly meditate upon the kinship in conduct of all parochial gardens, expecting only that the sheep and the potatoes will find some new way of going astray; and may Heaven forgive me that I should be diverted by their versatility of naughtiness! For example, you can never tell what you may expect from a tomato, for your tomato is a vegetable of temperament. Poetically sensitive to atmospheric environment, it fades to earth under the mildest sun, wilts at a frost imperceptible to its more prosaic neighbors. Capricious ever, it will sometimes, in mock of its own cherished nervous system, exhibit a sturdiness out of pure perversity. One chill June morning we found our young tomato plants flat to earth, a black and

hopeless ruin. We bought new ones and set them out in their stead, whereupon the old plants popped up and sprouted to wantonness,—nothing but the elemental energy of jealousy. The tomato is like to be as barren of production as the human sentimentalist, either bringing forth a green bower of leafage, or drooping to earth with the weight of crimson globes that, lifted, show a corroding hole of black rot.

In homely contrast consider the bean. The bean is the kindest vegetable there is. From the seed up, it is well-intentioned, for the bean may be eaten through and through by worms, and yet, planted, will sprout and spring, and bring forth fruit out of the very stones.

The beet is another simple-minded, dependable member of the congregation, and even more generous in contribution to the minister's support than is the bean, for the beet yields top and bottom, root and branch. In summer the beet-top furnishes the first succulent taste of green, and afterwards the round red root of him is a defense against the lean and hungry winter months.

But for the most part vegetables are an ill-behaving lot. The cabbage inflates itself with an appearance of pompous righteousness, the longer to deceive our hopes and the more largely to conceal its heart of rot. The radish sends up generous leaves as if it meant to fulfill all the mendacious promises of the seed-catalogue, and when uprooted exhibits the pink tenuity of an angleworm. The cucumber is at first, for all our ministrations, hesitant and coy of leaf within its box, and then suddenly bursts into a riot of leafiness whereby it does its best to conceal from our inquiring eye its swelling green cylinders. Corn, deceptive like the radish, is prone to put forth a hopeful fountain of springing green, only to ear out pre-

maturely, and reward us with kernels blackened and corroded.

In the parochial garden the pea is one to tease us always with its might-be and might-have-been. If peas are to grow beyond 'the kid's lip, the stag's antler,' they require the moral support of brush, and brush is something a minister's family, aided only by a decrepit gardener, cannot always supply. Unsupported by brush, our fair peas lie along the ground, an ever-present disappointment.

Two vegetables have always haunted my mother's aspirations, in vain. I hope they grow in heaven, for it is in the nature of things that celery and asparagus should be denied to a nomadic earthly clergy, requiring, as the one does, richness of soil, and as the other, permanence. Illusory asparagus, it takes three years to grow him! Of course if some disinterested predecessor had planted him, we might in our turn eat him. But our too itinerant clergy do not give overmuch thought to their successors. Barren parochial gardens hint just a shade of jealousy about letting Apollos water.

But it is not the vegetables alone that strain my mother's sturdy optimism. All gardens are subject to invasion by marauding animals, differing in size and soul and species, all the way from the microscopic tomato-lice, past woodchuck and rabbit and playful puppy, up to the cow, ruminating our young corn-shoots beneath the white summer moon, on to my father himself, planting aberrant feet where his holden ministerial eyes behold no springing seedlings in the blackness of the soil. But our worst enemies are hens, and as it happens at present, dissenting hens, sallying forth from the barnyard fast-

nesses of the Baptist parsonage upon our helpless Anglican garden, plucking our young peas up out of the soil, and then later and more brazenly prying them out of the very pod! Forthwith they fall upon our lettuce-beds, scratching away with fanatic fervor, as if for all the world they meant to uproot Infant Baptism from out the land. All this is too much for my mother. On the vantage-ground of the back door-sill she stands and hurls coal out of the kitchen scuttle at the sectarian fowls, — coal and anathema, low-voiced and virulent. Hers is no mere vulgar many-mouthed abuse. There is nothing of so delicate pungency as the vituperation of a minister's wife, really challenged to try the subtleties of English and yet offend no convention of seemliness. Add to the fact of the challenge another fact, that she is of Irish blood, and that her gallery gods are just inside the door, and it is a pity her audience should be merely the hens and I.

Thus do I ever hover at hand, softly applausive of my mother's defense of her garden, secretly appreciative of the devious ways of vegetables, witnessing — to forgive — the wanderings of my father's flock. For if all the flock were abstemious and orthodox instead of being, as some are, frankly given over to alcoholism and agnosticism and what not; and if the gardens grew, as gardens should grow, into honest, God-fearing cabbages and potatoes; if the righteous corn parted green lips from kernels firm and white as a dentist's placard, how then should the parish gardens that dot our hill-strewn countryside bring forth that fruit of laughter which consoles the dwellers in these our tiny strongholds of lonely effort?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE DISCROWNING OF AUTHORS

CRITICISM, like most things, is mel-
lowed by the advance of time; but there
is one point in which it retains even to-
day a great deal of its primitive cruelty.
It cannot forgive an author's inferior-
ity to himself; it is alert for every token
of the decline of his powers, and it is
eager to declare that the falling-off is
irreparable. The living English man
of letters best known to the outside
world is subjected to a fate not unlike
that which he has touchingly sung in
his *Gentlemen-Rankers*. The greatest of
the women novelists of contemporary
England is accused of having 'written
herself out.' An English dramatist
and lyric poet of rare gifts is spoken of
in language which implies the efface-
ment of his power. The greatest, or
all but the greatest, of contemporary
German dramatists is thought to be
the survivor of his own genius.

Let an author publish two or three
works of a stamp inferior to early work
or public expectation, and the cry of
decadence is heard on all sides. The
fact is pointed out with great regret,
though with singular promptitude;
and the news is sped from mouth to
mouth, from press to press, from na-
tion to nation, with that cheerful ala-
cidity with which we share with one an-
other the sources of our own depression.
The appeal of such a fact (or fiction) to
ordinary human nature is intelligible
enough. We regard it as an attestation
on the part of destiny of that early-
formed and cherished intuition of ours,
that nobody is after all much better or
abler than ourselves. We are rejoiced
to learn that the instances of apparent

exception to this wholesome and grati-
fying law were after all illusory. We
are thankful to Providence for the just
retribution which an author suffers for
the affront to mediocrity implied in
the previous display of a presumptuous
superiority. Another motive works to
the same end. The mere pleasure of
reading books — a tame affair at the
best — is as nothing compared with
the two great excitements of making
and breaking a literary idol; and when
an author's fame has put it out of his
power to oblige the public with the first
of these sensations, it is only fair that
he should indemnify it with the other.
Anything rather than the tameness of
established worship. Every authority
tends to enlarge its own functions: the
public's power in authorship is not to
write, but to crown and discrown; and
it will multiply occasions for the exer-
cise of these privileges.

What do we ourselves gain by our
prompt consignment of living authors
to the infirmary or asylum? Let us
suppose the facts to be on our side. Is
the world better off for the demonstra-
tion that it has one great man the less,
and are our lives richer for the know-
ledge that one source of pure and re-
fined pleasure is permanently exhaust-
ed? Is genius so superabundant on the
planet that we should run hither and
thither to spread abroad the glad tid-
ings of its depleted quantity or its
shortened span? Is any nation, in any
age, so affluent in intellectual splendor
that men should be not only forward
to announce, but eager to anticipate,
the obscuration of any brilliant in its
tiara of majestic lights?

But this is by no means the most

serious aspect of the case; the question is one of justice and humanity. It is one thing to say that one book, two books, three books, are secondary or weak or bad; it is quite another thing to declare that a mind is impaired. It is one thing to weigh the present, and another to prejudge the future. Inequality of performance need not imply decay of faculty; and the inequality may often be referred quite as justly to the fluctuations of a variable and volatile public opinion as to changes in the actual quality of the work. The breath of the public acts upon the reputation of a contemporary like wind upon a torch, now fanning it to feverish and unnatural brightness, now reducing it to extreme and morbid obscurity. Again, is it fair to any man to pit him against himself, to indict him at the bar of his own past, to impale him, as it were, upon his own achievements? Ought it to be as hard for a man to live down a triumph as a crime?

In pointing out distinctions between this and that product, and this and that period of an author's career, it is well for us to bear in mind that there is another old-fashioned distinction worthy perhaps of our serious and self-probing meditation, — the distinction between rudeness and courtesy. Were the imputations of decay or dotage uttered in a London or New York drawing-room in the hearing of their objects, they would brand the speakers as forever after ineligible to the society of well-bred men. The very critics concerned would be the first to rebuke. But is not any word uttered on a well-known living writer in a magazine or newspaper of wide circulation a word uttered to all intents and purposes in the writer's presence? The drawing-room is a wide one, certainly; but the acoustic properties are wonderfully good. Are gentlemen to be publicly and openly told by other gentlemen

that their minds are falling into decay?

The slightest doubt should act in such a case as a seal on all gentle lips; there is only one thing that should seal them more firmly than the slightest doubt, and that thing is the fullest certainty. If it were indeed true that one of the most painful of human possibilities had realized itself in one of the brightest of living souls; if there were no doubt that his May of life had fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, that the prime of his years was the old age of his genius and his power, what louder call could there be to every Christian and chivalric and manly impulse in the human heart to drop the veil of its reverent silence between its own bowed and humbled thought and a calamity too sacred even for sympathetic words? Let us appropriate a part of that fine instinct, which forbids us even to canvass in thought, much more to exploit in public, the failing powers and growing infirmities of our parents and benefactors, to the defense of those other purveyors of noble and exquisite service to whom the lives of all of us are so deeply indebted for refinement, interest, and cheer. Let their misfortune be a sanctuary, impenetrable to any harsher sound than the tender and grateful acclaim in which a sorrowing world records its sense of their excellence and glory.

I have permitted myself to assume for the moment the reality of the deterioration; let us glance at those other cases in which it is largely a figment arising from the pessimism of critics and the levity of newspapers. Where this is true, it is well to remember that great authors hold in their hands the option of requiting our light and thoughtless speech with the most effectual of all revenges, — the revenge of their silence. Could they forget their humanity and self-restraint, other forms of retaliation might be open to

their use. Critics who assail or decry the masters of literature might read with profit the account of Coriolanus amid the teasing servants in the hall of Aufidius; or, better yet perhaps, they might recur to another story on which the vividness of childish memory has impressed, it may be, a more poignant emphasis. Let the sons of the Philistines beware how they lead out, for the pastime of a gaping populace, the infirm and despised Samson, weary and bowed perhaps with the grinding of sordid corn for profane appetites in their commercial mills; let them beware how they make a mock in the market-place of his relaxed sinews and his shrunken loins; lest the hour come when they turn with wonder and fear to behold the pillars of their vain and idle temple reeling and crashing into nameless fragments before the wrath of his revived and invincible power!

PARABLES IN MOTORS

THE other day I was escorting an elderly philanthropist across a crowded street. She is a lady of vigorous opinions and free speech, gems of which I herewith string together without exhibiting the thread of my own colorless rejoinders.

'Did you ever see anything so outrageous as these motors!' she exclaimed in righteous wrath, as we just escaped being crushed between a taxi-cab and a huge touring-car. 'Automobiles are such insolent advertisements of wealth! I don't see how their owners can endure being either hated or envied by that portion of the world that has not yet lost the use of its legs. For every human being automobiles kill, they create a socialist. They are vulgar, hideous, death-dealing machines, put in the ignorant hands of the fools who own them and the knaves who run them. Now look at those little child-

ren trying to cross the street, — and that poor old lady! I declare the chauffeur is simply chasing her for his own cruel sport, — hunting her as he would a fox, and blowing his horn.' Then, — in italics, — '*I can't see how a self-respecting person with any love or regard for humanity can own a motor.*'

The next time I saw my vindictive friend she was tucked up in borrowed plumage, and comfortably installed in the limousine of an acquaintance who had kindly placed her car at our disposal to visit some distant charitable institution of which we were both directors. It was my friend's maiden trip in an automobile, and as we bowled gayly along she seemed to have forgotten entirely our last meeting and conversation.

'I must say the motion of these cars is delightful,' she said, sinking back among the cushions with an air of perfect ease and familiarity. 'How safe we seem! I really think it would do no harm if the chauffeur should go a little faster. Do look at those stupid women rushing across the street like frightened hens! I should think they'd see that we're not going to run into them. Now look at those children! It's outrageous that they should make it so hard for the chauffeur to avoid running over them. If we killed one of those fool hardy little idiots, people would blame *us*, and it would n't be our fault at all, — it would be simply a case of suicide.'

I acquiesced in her views, as I had done once before.

'After all, there is a great deal to be said for these motors,' she continued judicially. 'They are not only perfectly delightful to ride in, but they make all kinds of difficult things easy, and really most of the people who own them are apt to be very considerate to those who are less fortunate. There are certainly two sides to automobiling.'

There you have the chief function of the motor. There is nothing else I can think of which changes one's point of view so completely and so suddenly. A logical mind must therefore ask itself, 'If by simply stepping into an automobile I can see motors and motoring from an entirely different point of view, cannot I believe that the same metamorphosis would take place if I could jump into a mental motor and speed rapidly from one side of a question to another?'

Surely the parable of the motor should make us believe in the existence of a missing link in the chain of mutual understanding which ought to bind all humanity together. And if that lost link cannot be found, may we not ourselves manufacture one? (As a moral-monger it is with difficulty that I here refrain from alluding to the 'flaming forge of Life' as an appropriate workshop for the manufacture of missing links.) It is, at least, in harmony with my parable to suggest that every good chaffeur should be a skilled mechanic as well as a driver.

By way of an irrelevant postscript, I will mention that when I stepped in yesterday for a cup of tea with the lady who 'could not see how any self-respecting person could own a motor,' I found her snowed under a pile of circulars stating the rival claims of various automobiles.

'Should you advise me to get a run-about, or a touring-car?' she asked with perfect seriousness.

But I could not choose between them, for what I consider the most important part of motors—the parable—was equally sound in each.

LIVES OF GREAT MEN

SPEAKING at the London Institution the other day, on the Ethics of Biography, Mr. Edmund Gosse—himself

a biographer—discharged him of several daring propositions. First of all, he blamed the modern biographer for showing overmuch consideration for the family of the Great Man, and not enough for the public curious as to his life and personality. 'Certain fashionable biographies of the present day deserve no other comment than the words, "A lie," printed in bold letters across the title-page.' For the writer, instead of searching for truth, has striven only to show us his subject 'in a tight frock-coat, with a glass of water in his hand, and one elbow on a desk, in the act of preparing to say, "Ladies and Gentlemen."'

This is clever journalism on Mr. Gosse's part, but, one may respectfully inquire, is it just? We do not defend the 'official' biography: the kind of work that rivals the tombstone epitaph in fatuous, monumental ineptitude. To know such books is to yawn; it is, in spite of Mr. Gosse, a question whether they are truly 'fashionable.' But are not their authors preferable, at least, to those other biographers who rake the *coulisses* and gutters of the centuries, and write books that would be frankly prurient but for touches of insincere prudery?—books on the 'affairs' of great musicians and painters and poets. Without deciding, however, on the relative blackness of these extremes of biographical vice, let us praise that not rare type of chronicler who finds it possible aptly to combine candor and good taste, maintaining, on occasion, a golden silence, or want of particularity, as to his hero's goings-on. Such a biographer seems to us a much pleasanter fellow than he who, following Mr. Gosse's formula, 'drags the coy, retreating subject into the light of day.' It is often the knowing just when to be realist, just when to 'indicate,' as the painters say, that distinguishes from the

incompetent biographer the historian whose fame cannot be hid. A matter of emphasis, as the dramatic critics like to remind us. We don't want our biographers to choose Mrs. Grundy for their ideal Gentle Reader; yet Mrs. Grundy herself is surely no worse a type than the reader who insists upon having it all blurted out in black and white. Biography, like every kind of writing, is a fine art, and as such depends in part upon reserve.

These matters have, as it happens, more than a passing significance. For more than a handful of yester-years poets and romancers bid fair to hold their reputations rather as writers of friendly correspondence and memoirs than as the productive men of letters they professed to be. Dr. Johnson, as we were reminded at his recent bicentenary, is better known to-day as the subject of a biography by one Boswell than as the author of *London* and the *Lives of the Poets*. Stevenson and Lamb are almost as much tasted in their epistles as in more studied compositions. FitzGerald's correspondence is placed on the level of his *Rubáiyát*. The ultras of Paris sneer at Chateaubriand's novels and *Genius of Christianity*, but find his *Memoirs* 'colossal.' Readers everywhere, whatever their education and whatever their language, delight in every manner of reminiscences and confessions, — even when they're not brand new. Nor is this necessarily one more evidence of our literary falling-off. There is at hand a far more cheerful explanation. It is because memoirs escape all the literary conventions, if one may believe Anatole France: in them, *on ne doit rien à la mode — on ne cherche rien que la vérité humaine*. While only a few circles are deeply interested in 'art,' all the world — not excepting most artists — is interested in human nature. The 'Life' has still its lure in

an age grown deaf to verse. The 'flesh and blood reality of Cellini' is not staled either by time's passage or by the fact that contemporary readers know little of the Renaissance. A compulsive quality in the best writings of this category appeals to all men alike: to fops and frumps, to Puritans and Lotharios. Long live the 'Life'!

DICTIONARIES AND THEIR USE

Few people realize how much entertainment one can get out of a dictionary, if properly used. That rather ponderous volume is seldom given a fair chance, but is treated like a household drudge from year's end to year's end, till finally it becomes as uninteresting as a washing-list. All the charm of a dictionary vanishes if it is used as a book of reference: for one thing, because it so often has an awkward way of putting one in the wrong. That is a lesson I learned early in life. As a child I was in the habit of referring to the 'beheadal of Charles the First,' that being one of the few dates in English history of which I felt at all sure. One day I happened to mention that melancholy event in the presence of an older school-mate, who, justly annoyed by my air of conscious erudition, jumped on me with vigor and dispatch.

'Beheadal? There's no such word.'

'I'll bet you anything you like there is,' I cried, making for the nearest dictionary with the comfortable conviction that I was betting on a certainty. Need I own to the well-read reader that I lost my bet?

However, the dictionary, though a bad umpire, can be a delightful companion. Every one knows what it is to have twenty minutes to spare when one feels just in the mood for reading, if only the right thing were at hand. The morning paper has been read; so have the magazines; it does not seem

worth while to take up a real book merely to put it down again the moment one is fairly started. To any one placed in this predicament I say: 'Try the dictionary.' You will find plenty of good reading, a variety of subject and wealth of vocabulary such as you have never met before, as well as a style which for brevity and exactness is rarely equaled; you can begin anywhere and end at any time. To the over-conscientious I would give a word of advice, — do not be afraid of skipping.

Lately I have been far afield in a small Japanese-English dictionary, from which I have culled a choice collection of words peculiar to the country, such as: —

An: A small house inhabited by a Buddhist priest.

Araigome: Washed rice offered to idols.

Onden: Rice fields about which a false statement has been made in order to diminish the tax.

Now, idols are all very well, for even in this country we have idols (of sorts) to whom we devote more precious gifts than much-washed rice. Also, no idol nourished merely on rice will be able long to withstand the assaults of the higher criticism. But it is rather melancholy to find that tax-dodging is not unknown to that most patriotic though by no means lightly taxed nation.

On the strength of this chunky little volume I have formed an affection for the *baku*, 'an animal said to swallow bad dreams and make them good.' Some enterprising importer would find a ready sale for so benevolent a beast. A *baku* should certainly be attached to every well-regulated household. Not by children alone would he be received with open arms. In many of the loftier walks of life he would find countless other equally stanch and devoted friends. What prime minister, no matter to which party he belonged, could

refuse a certainty of being delivered from the Irish Question, at least during his sleeping hours? What speculator would not hail with joy a release from bearish onslaughts or the fierce attacks of savage bulls, once his head was on the pillow? Thus, wherever the *baku* went, the gentle creature would grow fat and sleek from much plying of his friendly trade.

As one would suppose, in a Japanese dictionary the words describing various aspects of nature are very numerous, as for instance: —

Ari-ake: A morning in which the moon is seen.

Yukan: The quiet, tranquil appearance of a distant landscape.

Asayake: The glorious appearance of the sky at sunrise.

Asakage: The long shadows caused by the morning sun.

Yukimi: A party or excursion for looking at the falling snow.

One could quote indefinitely, but this is enough to prove the poetic possibilities of what is supposed to be a prosaic volume.

A dictionary of the Russian language should throw some light on the present state of affairs in that country, and show how it happens that with a government quite incapable of governing, the Revolutionary party is nevertheless powerless to put through the revolution they have been dangling for so many weary and bloody months before the eyes of the world. But what can one expect of a people who, besides the curse of a corrupt bureaucracy, have the double burden of the Russian language to handicap their efforts? Take the alphabet alone: its principal object, apparently, is to distract and madden the most long-suffering race in Europe. It pursues this object with a malignant perversity, a diabolical ingenuity, that is positively startling in these days of half measures and milk-and-water con-

victions. It is all very well to say that the Russians are used to it; so they may be; but this very use has left an indelible imprint on the national character. Eels get used to being skinned, but the skinless state can never be conducive to a bold and active life. How can any one take a word like *gara* and pronounce it 'datcha' without doing violence to his finer feelings? While to go through life pronouncing *crem*, 'schott,' cannot fail to have a most deplorable effect on a man's mind by destroying all belief in the connection between cause and effect.

No, the Russian dictionary is too annoyingly perverse to afford much pleasant reading. It may be instructive, to those unhappy wretches who are struggling with the language, though even in their case one may be permitted to have serious doubts. Certainly, unless one has already a good knowledge of the language, one should never turn to a dictionary for information save in cases of dire necessity, for any dictionary, when degraded from its proper sphere to fill the position of maid-of-all-work, knows how to take a fitting revenge on those who thus misuse it.

Every traveler has his collection of side-splitting assaults on the English language wrought by the luckless foreigner through the perfidy of the dictionary. My latest treasure-trove of this sort is a small twenty-page pamphlet, called *Nouvelle Méthode pour Apprendre l'Anglais*. And so it is, quite new, — startlingly so in places. At the 'Silk Mercer's,' for instance, the obliging salesman, trying to make things easy for the traveling Englishwoman, remarks while displaying his wares, 'Here is some blue the of green a she-this rosa very pretty.' This is sheer gibberish, though in comparing it with the French one cannot but admire the ingenuity which turned *celle-ci* into 'she-this.' But the author gives him-

self and his methods away completely when, mistaking a noun for a feminine adjective, he boldly puts 'a discovery cab' as the English equivalent for *une voiture découverte*, and translates *mais je vais conserver vos bagages en garantie, jusqu'à ce que vous me régliez* by this never-to-be-forgotten sentence: 'maize I am going to conserve your luggage in guarantie till you me rule.'

Doubtless we have all made many such mistakes, of which we are likely to remain blissfully ignorant to the end of our days, luckily for our self-esteem. But as few Americans have the epic courage, the heroic temerity, to follow in the footsteps of our anonymous Frenchman, the moral of this brief exhortation is not, 'Do not write a French phrase-book unless you have some slight knowledge of the language.' No, it is merely a hint as to the whereabouts of a rich treasure-house and the proper manner of using its contents. If put to base and utilitarian uses, these will prove a very pitfall for the unwary. Or, to change the metaphor, the dictionary is a rich meadow sprinkled with rare and beautiful flowers which should be sought out one by one and prized for their own sake, not cut down with a mowing-machine and made into bales of useful, but oh, how uninteresting, hay!

THE BRANCH ROAD

HE who lives on a branch road has compensations. The trains run more slowly than on the main lines. They stop at every crossing and show a friendly interest in every farmhouse and stock-pen. On the branch road we sit down; we have time to sit down. The main-line traveler has a strained expression on his countenance. Minutes before he has arrived at his destination he stands in a long line in the aisle, suit-case in hand, waiting for the train

to stop or to approach stopping. On the branch road nobody stands in the aisle, nobody is in a hurry. Only the commercial traveler gathers his dented and curiously constructed baggage around him and stands up in the aisle in the main-line fashion, waiting for the train to make a landing. We, old stagers at the business, do not stir until the conductor has called the station the third time; it would be useless. Slowness is a branch-line virtue. He deserves congratulation who has found that speed and restlessness are not essential to human happiness. Along the main line there is often lack of this knowledge. In the whirlpool dwell the Children of the Unquiet Heart.

Acquaintanceship is an acquisition to those who travel or reside on the side streets — the branch lines. When we come to the branch-road town we find that we know everybody and everybody knows us. We have more faith in our fellows because we know them better. We lend more money without security in the branch-road town; that is, the few who have money to lend. We laugh at each other's jokes. We smile with the joys, and sorrow in the griefs. Hermits dwell in the main-line towns, not along the branch road.

The branch-road train is democratic. There are no parlor cars and no Pullmans on it. Bank presidents and farmhands, society belles and negro mamies, politicians and philanthropists all ride together. The branch-line train is to grown-ups what the public school

is to children — it levels them all down to the same plane. It is compulsory democracy. If all the other characteristic attributes of the branch-road train were disadvantages, the compensation which its enforced democracy brings would outweigh them all.

Akin to the democracy is the freedom of the branch train. No one may be very dignified off the main traveled road. He forgets that he is preacher or doctor or lawyer or millionaire and remembers that he is only a man. The traveler who will, in a Pullman smoking-car, hardly ask his neighbor for a match, will, when he is shut up for an hour with the motley, mixed, and miscellaneous crowd on the branch road, carry on an animated conversation with any comer. To the average man of the world, a thing of starch and society, this is refreshing compensation. No traveler is really free outside the branch-road train. Here he may laugh and smoke and go without a necktie, and none is there to molest or make him afraid, for all are thus privileged.

The end of the branch road is Peace. The branch road brings time for rest, a moment for reflection, a taste of the amenities of life, and a slowing-up in the all-pervading struggle. Here is acquaintanceship, democracy, a glimpse of open air and freedom. Here is time for development. Near to the main thoroughfares grow many graceful and polished saplings. For the gnarled and towering kings of the forest one must needs go along the by-paths.